(Rejected?) Per Rm 4

Paul Johnson on the First Education President

U.S. $3.00
CANADA $3.25

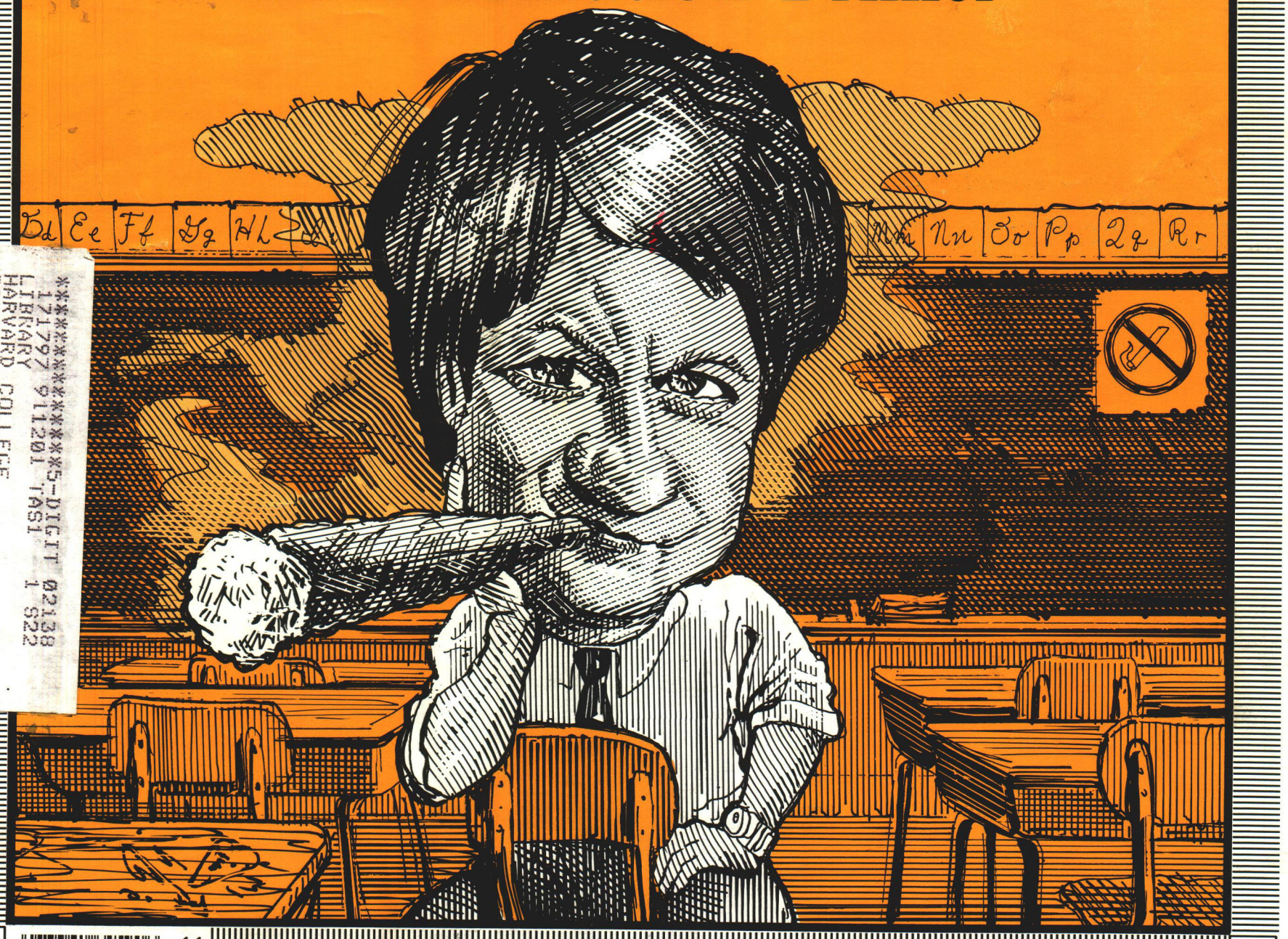
THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

NOVEMBER 1991 A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

• *Special 'Back In School' Issue* •

HARVARD UNIVERSITY LIBRARY OCT 11 1991

P. J. O'Rourke: A Re-education Primer



**********5-DIGIT 02138
121797 911201 TAS1 1 S22
HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY
SERIAL RECORDS DIVISION
CAMBRIDGE MA 02138

11
0 73361 64590 6

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We Help Students From Left To Right

When the campuses have offered students a steady diet of Angela Davis, Jane Fonda, and Jesse Jackson, Young America's Foundation has been there with conservative speakers.

When professors have slanted their courses against America and free enterprise, Young America's Foundation has been there with books and literature.

When conservative students have been isolated and harassed, Young America's Foundation has been there with advice, assistance and scholarships.

When students have wanted to know what they could do to change the university, Young America's Foundation has been there with leadership conferences and seminars.

The Campus Is Where The Battle For The Future Is Being Fought.
We've Been There For 20 Years.

- Summer Leadership Conference
- Publications
- Scholarships
- Student Newspaper Assistance
- Speakers Bureau
- Activist Training

YOUNG AMERICA'S FOUNDATION

Ron Robinson
PRESIDENT
110 Elden Street, Herndon, Virginia 22070
1-703-318-9608

Please call us for additional information.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American Spectators . . . more than observers.

Hon. Ronald Reagan
Hon. Malcolm Wallop
Charlton Heston
Ron Phillips
Theodore J. Forstmann
Linda S. Tafoya
Alex Parkhurst
Ken Grubbs
Ben Wattenberg
Hon. John Sununu
Robert Ferrell
Eugene Meyer
William L. Garwood
Charles C. Spalding
Tom Tarzian
Mr. and Mrs. James A. Abele
Benjamin Stein
John Cardinal O'Connor
Lt. Gen. Daniel O. Graham
William Schulz
Chuck Colson
Cynthia Grenier
P. J. O'Rourke
Robert C. Walker
Richard Allen
Melvin Lasky
Robert Bleiberg
Jeff MacNelly
Charles Horner
David Broder
Mark Fowler
Jack Griffitts, M.D. and author of Call Me A Doctor.
Lionel Linder
Karl Rove
Joshua Gilder
Stephan M. Peck
Edmund Morris
Stanley Rothman
Hon. William E. Simon
Roger Starr
Dan Burt
Christopher DeMuth
Dick Wagner
Susan Dickson
Jude Wanniski
Frank S. Ruddy
James Q. Wilson
Charles Wohlstetter
Frank F. Hirschman
Thomas J. Bray
Peregrine Worsthorne
Clayton Fritchey
William McGurn
Margaret G. Browne
Tom Wolfe
George Ball
William Rusher
Konrad P. Monti
John G. Graboski
Fred Silverman
Christabel Hitchens
Richard Vigilante
Clive Acker
James R. Schlesinger
Thomas Murphy
D. J. Culbertson
Gen. Wm. Westmoreland
Dave Henderson
William C. Bodie
Rolf Kaltenborn
Robert Poole
Richard W. Rahn
R. C. Whalen
Raymond C. Avansino, Jr.
Paul J. Schmitt
Lee C. Bradley, Jr.
Hon. Gordon J. Humphrey
Paul Gigot
Jeffrey Coman

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR® thinks *you* **can be one of us. The few, the proud . . . the literate. To subscribe, call us at 800 341-1522, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week; we will send you twelve issues for a mere $33—the price of a half-hour consultation with our ad designer. And, glasnost or no glasnost, we promise to keep your name off the mailing lists of GUM, NAMBLA, and Neiman Marcus.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You deserve a factual look at...

Myths About Israel and the Middle East (2)

Should we re-examine endlessly repeated clichés?

In a previous installment in this series of clarifying messages about Israel and the Middle East, we examined certain myths which, by dint of constant repetition, had acquired currency and acceptance. We looked at the myth of "Palestinian nationhood", the myth of the Gaza Strip and Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") being "occupied territory", the myth that Jewish settlements in these territories are "the greatest obstacle to peace", and the myth that Israel is unwilling to "yield land for peace". And we cleared up the greatest myth of all, namely that Israel's administration of the territories and not Arab determination to destroy the state, is the root cause of the conflict between the Arabs and Israel. But these are not all the myths; there are more.

What are some of these myths?

■ **Myth:** The Arabs of Israel are a persecuted minority without civil and political rights.
Reality: The 700,000 non-Jews (mostly Arabs) who are citizens of Israel have the same civil rights that Jews have. They vote, are members of the Knesset (parliament), and are part of Israel's civil and diplomatic services. Arabs have full access to the Israeli legal, health and educational systems, including Arabic and Moslem universities. The only difference between the "rights" of Arabs and Jews is that the Jews must serve three years in the military and at least one month a year until age of 50. The Arabs have no such obligation. For them, military service is voluntary. But, very few avail themselves of the privilege.
■ **Myth:** Israel should give up Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") because strategic depth is meaningless in this age of missiles.
Reality: Israel is a mini-state – about half the size of San Bernardino county in California. If another, even smaller mini-state were carved out of it, Israel would be totally indefensible. That is the opinion of 100 retired U.S. generals, and admirals as conveyed to the President of the U.S. If the Arabs were to occupy whatever little strategic depths Israel has between the Jordan River and its populated coast, they would not need any missiles. Artillery and mortars would suffice, since Israel would be only nine miles wide at its waist. Those who urge such a course either do not understand the situation or have a death wish for Israel.
■ **Myth:** If Israel would allow a Palestinian state to arise in Judea/Samaria and in the Gaza Strip it would be a democratic state and would be totally demilitarized.
Reality: There is no prospect at all that anything resembling a democratic state could be created. There is not a single democratic Arab state – all of them are tyrannies of varying degrees. Even today, under Israeli administration, the PLO, the Islamic fundamentalists, and other factions fight for supremacy and ruthlessly murder each other. A country torn apart by civil strife like Lebanon is likely to be a much better prospect. As for demilitarization, it is totally unlikely that – with Syria, Iraq, Jordan and Saudi Arabia, all of which are in a declared state of war with Israel at its borders – a power vacuum would be possible. Despite pious promises, the arms merchants of the world would find a great new market and the neighboring hostile Arab countries would be happy to supply anything else that might be needed.
■ **Myth:** Israel should make "confidence building" gestures for the sake of peace.
Reality: What really is it that the world expects Israel to do for the sake of peace? Twenty-one of the 22 Arab countries consider themselves in a state of war with Israel and don't even recognize its "existence". That has been going on for over 43 years. Wouldn't it be about time that the Arabs made some kind of a "gesture"? Could they not for instance terminate the state of war? Could they not finally abolish the economic boycott against Israel that has been in place for over 40 years – long before Israel came into the administration of the "West Bank"? Could they not stop the yearly charade of attempting the expulsion of Israel from the United Nations? Could they not withdraw that slanderous resolution ramroded about 16 years ago through the General Assembly of the United Nations that Zionism, the liberation movement of the Jewish people, is racism? Any single one of these would be such a "gesture", but none is forthcoming.

It appears likely that, sometime quite soon perhaps, the parties to the Mid-East conflict – Israel, the Arab nations, and the Arab residents of Judea/Samaria and the Gaza Strip – will finally get together in a peace conference. And chances are that all the old clichés will be trotted out, all the old myths resurrected in order to pressure Israel to make "concessions". Israel is America's staunchest ally and certainly its only true ally in that area of the world. It is in our national interest that stark reality, not myths, govern any peace negotiations.

Yes, I want to help in the publication of these ads and in clarifying the situation in the Middle East. I include my tax-deductible contribution in the amount of

$ _____ AS /37

❑ My contribution is in the amount of $50 or more. Please send me your booklet containing 24 of the ads that you have published in national media over the last few years.

My name is _____

I live at _____

In _____ State ___ Zip _____

Mail to: FLAME, P.O. Box 590359, San Francisco, CA 94159

This ad has been published and paid for by

FLAME

Facts and Logic About the Middle East
P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159

FLAME is a tax-exempt, non-profit educational 501(c)(3) organization. Its purpose is the research and publication of the facts regarding developments in the Middle East and exposing false propaganda that might harm the interests of the United States and its allies in that area of the world. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages in national newspapers and magazines. We have virtually no overhead. Almost all of our revenue pays for our educational work, for these clarifying messages, and related direct mail.

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

Volume 24 Number 11, November 1991
Copyright © *The American Spectator* 1991
Editor-in-Chief: R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.
Publisher: Ronald E. Burr

Managing Editor: Wladyslaw Pleszczynski
Assistant Managing Editor: Christopher Caldwell
Editorial Intern: Shawn Miller
Executive Assistant: Jenny Woodward
Advertising Manager: John Funk
Production Manager: Thomas G. Neubert
Production Assistant: Mirza Zaki Aftab
Business Manager: Pamela R. Young
Circulation Manager: Vanessa A. Bergh
Customer Service Manager: Rex C. Vardeman
Subscription Manager: Joseph W. De Bolt, Jr.
Circulation Assistant: Eric M. Reckner
Assistant to the Publisher: Stormy Love
Staff Assistant: Michael Y. Sun
Visiting Intern: Michal Sedláček

Senior Editors: Adam Meyerson, Karl O'Lessker

Art Advisor: Sheila Wolfe
Washington Correspondent: Tom Bethell
New York Correspondent: William Tucker
National Correspondent: Victor Gold
Roving Correspondent: Micah Morrison
New York Editor: Whit Stillman
Indiana Editor: Kent Owen
Rocky Mountain Editor: Dave Shiflett
Movie Critic: James Bowman
Kapellmeister: Baron von Kannon
Chief Saloon Correspondent: Joe Mysak

Contributors:
Aram Bakshian, Jr., Fred Barnes, David Brock, Richard Brookhiser, John R. Dunlap, Terry Eastland, Gregory A. Fossedal, Malcolm Gladwell, George Sim Johnston, Roger Kaplan, Michael Ledeen, Thomas Mallon, William McGurn, William H. Nolte, Franz M. Oppenheimer, P. J. O'Rourke, John Podhoretz, Joe Queenan, Jeremy Rabkin, Francis X. Rocca, Andy Stark, Benjamin J. Stein, Irwin M. Stelzer, George Szamuely, Terry Teachout, Cathy Young

Legal Counsel:
Solitary, Poor, Nasty, Brutish & Short

• • •

The American Spectator was founded in 1924 by George Jean Nathan and Truman Newberry over a cheap domestic ale in McSorley's Old Ale House. In 1967 the Saturday Evening Club took it over, rechristening it *The Alternative: An American Spectator*; but by November 1977 the word "alternative" had acquired such an esoteric fragrance that in order to discourage unsolicited manuscripts from florists, beauticians, and other creative types the Club reverted to the magazine's original name.

A one-year subscription (12 issues) costs $33; outside the United States, $37. Foreign airmail rates sent on request. Toll free subscription number 800-341-1522. All correspondence (manuscripts, subscriptions, threatening letters, federal grants, etc.) should be sent to *The American Spectator*, P.O. Box 549, Arlington, Virginia 22216. (703) 243-3733. In accordance with the rights granted by the First Amendment and as a matter of policy, the opinions expressed in the magazine are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect the views of the board of directors of *The American Spectator*. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes. U.S.A. newsstand distribution by Eastern News Distributor, Inc., 1130 Cleveland Road, Sandusky, Ohio 44870.

Published remarkably without regard to sex, lifestyle, race, color, creed, physical handicap, or national origin.

Economic reporting funded partially by The Pew Charitable Trusts.

The American Spectator (ISSN 0148-8414) is published monthly at 2020 N. 14th Street, Suite 750, Arlington, Virginia 22216. Second class postage paid at Arlington, Virginia, and additional mailing offices. One-year subscription is $33. Vol. 24, No. 11. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to: The American Spectator, P.O. Box 549, Arlington, Virginia 22216-0549.

The Audit Bureau

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

C O N T E N T S

Commies—Dead but Too Dumb to Lie Down...P. J. O'Rourke 12
In time for the Tailgunner's birthday, the second annual readers' update of the Joe McCarthy Memorial New Enemies List.

BACK IN SCHOOL

A Bizarre Province.....R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. 16
Preliminary findings from The American Spectator*'s Amnesty in Academia campaign.*

So You Want to Go to College?..... 18
Sage advice from leading educators on how to survive on a modern campus without rotting your brains and bankrupting your parents.

A Barzun Sampler..... 21
Wisdom, reproach, and advice from one of America's most distinguished men of letters.

Just Say No to College.....Aram Bakshian, Jr. 23
Washington's most formidable dropout recalls the road not taken.

The Class of '96.....Nina Nilson 24
A high school teacher's memoir from hell.

DEPARTMENTS

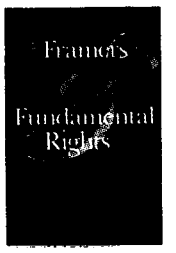
The Continuing Crisis..... 6
Correspondence..... 7
Editorials/After the Plague/Ghoulish Hungary.....
.....R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. 8
Capitol Ideas/The Center Folds.....Tom Bethell 9
Spectator's Journal/Casey's Final Mission.....Michael Ledeen 27
Coup Document/Three Days in Riga.....Ojars Kalnins 29
Soviet Presswatch/Free at Last.....Cathy Young 32
Ben Stein's Diary/Terminate MacGyver.....Benjamin J. Stein 35
Presswatch/Anti-Borking.....Terry Eastland 37
The Talkies/Who Am I?.....James Bowman 40
Current Wisdom.....Assorted Jackasses 51

BOOK REVIEWS

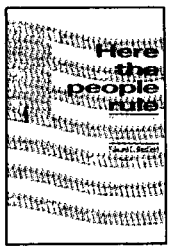
Woodrow Wilson, by August Heckscher.....Paul Johnson 42
Peter Lawford, by James Spada.....M. G. Lord 45
My Favorite Summer 1956, by Mickey Mantle, and *I Had a Hammer*, by Henry Aaron.....Matthew Scully 46
The United States of Ambition, by Alan Ehrenhalt.....
.....Peter Hannaford 47

Cover illustration by Elliott Banfield

NEW FROM
★ AEI PRESS ★

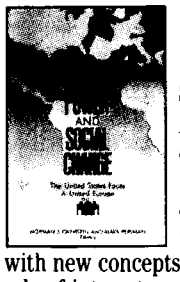


The Framers and Fundamental Rights
Edited by Robert A. Licht
In this volume, seven eminent authors—Benjamin Barber, Judith A. Best, Robert A. Goldwin, Lino A. Graglia, Thomas L. Pangle, Mark V. Tushnet, and Michael P. Zuckert—confront the question, What are the fundamental rights, and where are they in the Constitution?
1991, 165 pages
Cloth, ISBN 0-8447-3788-7 $19.95



Here the People Rule
Selected Essays, Second Edition
By Edward C. Banfield
Collected here are Edward C. Banfield's most important insights into the American political system.
"Ed Banfield's incisive and clear-sighted examination of the dilemma of popular government—and the ways in which we may destroy it by 'improving' it – is a classic of conservative political thought."
– Judge Robert H. Bork
"...subtle and sophisiticated analysis of our political process..."
– Milton Friedman
1991, 390 pages
Cloth, ISBN 0-8447-3769-0 $24.95

On Character
Essays by James Q. Wilson
Believing that "public interest depends on private virtue," the author here explores cultural dilemmas such as why economic progress has failed to reduce lawlessness and why we have lost our ability to speak of morality.
"Wisdom, clarity of language, broad erudition."
– New York Times
"To understand the large questions about democracy in America today, read the essays in this volume. They frame the argument about social policy in the remainder of this century"
– George F. Will
1991, 230 pages
Cloth, ISBN 0-8447-3786-0 $24.95



Political Power and Social Change: The United States Faces a United Europe
Edited by Norman J. Ornstein and Mark Perlman
Americans are reminded of the difficult process of their own unification as Europe grapples with new concepts of federalism, with the growing role of interest groups and lobbies in Brussels, and with public opinion.
1991, 190 pages
ISBN Cloth, 0-8447-3757-7 $28.75

THE AEI PRESS
Please send your order to:
University Press of America • 4720 Boston Way
Lanham, Maryland 20706 • (301) 459-3366
Or fax your order (301) 459-2118. Add shipping charges of $2.50 for the first book, 50¢ each additional book.
Distributed to the trade by
NATIONAL BOOK NETWORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CONTINUING CRISIS

• Like the earlier summer months of 1991, September sizzled in record heat and many of the world's statesmen lost their cool. President Bush tore a page from Pat Buchanan's playbook and took on the Israeli lobby, Mr. Saddam Hussein made it known that his nuclear installations will require new rounds of carpet bombing, aging inquisitor Lawrence Walsh dropped all charges against Lt. Col. (ret.) Ollie North, Cuban charmer Fidel Castro recognized the renewed independence of the Baltic states, and for a brief, shining moment, Senate Judiciary Committee chairman Joseph Biden dared to disagree with a kvetching feminist. It happened at the Clarence Thomas hearings, and the woman's name was Ms. Kate Michelman. She had just regaled the committee and a nationwide television audience with an account of the advance work behind her 1970 abortion, the basis for her assertion that Judge Thomas had indicated that he was opposed to the idea of a constitutional right to abortion. Not so, the senator interjected: "I did not find anywhere in the record where he evidenced those extreme views." Biden also did not find in the record the proper pronunciation of this magazine's Anglo-American name, though how badly he botched it we'll let history decide. Referring, on the hearings' first day, to Lewis Lehrman's 1987 *TAS* essay which Judge Thomas had praised in a speech to the Heritage Foundation, Biden said it appeared in "The American Sector," this in tribute to the magazine's devotion to the private sector. Other ears, however, are convinced the senator called it "The American Specter," an instinctive bit of senatorial courtesy directed at Republican borker Sen. Arlen Specter of Pennsylvania. Doubtless, as befits a pol with a stupid grin, Biden intended both versions.

• Heat or no heat, a host of hapless Democratic hopefuls tore off their sandals and T-shirts and plunged into icy presidential waters. Among the most formidable is Iowa Sen. Tom Harkin, who after some indecision announced, "I'm going to run as a Democrat." Why? "Because I know who I am, I know what I am"—and so do we. Next. Of the professed candidates for the 1992 Democratic presidential nomination, the murkiest character is that of "dark-horse" ex-mayor Larry Agran, the former Evil Emperor of Irvine, California, whose future will depend on having his name cleared of any involvement in the failed August coup in what is now the former Soviet Union. As a preview of his 1996 run for the Republican nomination, Secretary of State James Baker barnstormed through Latvia, Lithuania, and Estonia and drew crowds in the tens and twenties—this in constituencies where he enjoys excellent name recognition. He is, however, expected to carry Kazakhstan, where Mr. & Mrs. Abai Kulmagambetov have named their new baby boy James A. Baker Kulmagambetov. Russian President Boris Yeltsin visited Nagorno-Karabakh, ostensibly to mediate longstanding ethnic disputes, but in fact to scout the site of an ideal new federal capital that each night is home to countless shootings, kidnappings, and other acts of violence. Mme. Raisa Gorbachev recounted her days of rage while in Crimean captivity, where for a time she'd feared the Gorbachev dynasty would go the way of the Romanovs. In Houston, Texas, Mrs. Wanda Ann Webb Holloway, 37, of Channelview, was found guilty of plotting to murder the mother of her daughter's rival for a final spot on a high school cheerleading squad.

• In other schoolyard news, New York state, city, and borough officials have moved to outlaw sales of popular Taiwanese syringe-shaped novelty pencils to students matriculating in the Bronx, Brooklyn, and Queens. There is fear that said students will use the items to poke holes in the condoms said officials hand out to them before and after each and every class, lunch break, recess, and pep rally. Owing to their alleged discriminatory practices against pre-adolescent homosexuals, the San Francisco Board of Education has forbidden the Boy Scouts of America from operating on school property, the first such effort in California if not the world. One institution that keeps its doors open to kids of all sexual proclivities is Candlestick Park, which on September 14 hosted the San Francisco Giants' Gay and Lesbian Day game against the San Diego Padres. Alas, the event renewed speculation about which players on the home team are closet gays, which closet lesbians, and which—probably the utility men—a mixture of the two. It goes without saying that the Giants lost, 3-1, but that doesn't mean the team will be holding a Ladies' Night anytime soon. Where is God when you need Him? In Canada, dropping a 55-ton block of concrete from the ceiling of the Montreal Expos' Olympic Stadium onto an empty playing field. The Expos were to play their remaining home games on the road.

• As the baseball season wound down, Topps, the baseball card company, announced it will no longer include a stick of gum with its products, depriving many youngsters of hours of cardboard-sniffing pleasure. A factor in the Topps decision appears to be the work of Miss Sandy Ross, the "chemically sensitive" president of Health & Habitat, a Mill Valley, California foundation devoted to a healthy environment, who is seeking widespread prohibitions against the indoor use of perfume and other heretofore pleasing fragrances. "We're talking about shared air here," Miss Ross says. "This is just like smoking." Miss Ross will be delighted to learn that Fidel Castro is introducing stringent rationing of cigarettes and cigars in Cuba, though his immediate goal seems less a fragrance-free environment than a populace healthy enough to convert to a bicycle-driven economy. More ideologically combatible with Miss Ross's way of thinking are the hypochondriacal employees inside the Wayne County (Michigan) Department of Health, who complained as one of headaches, nausea, dizziness, and respiratory problems after raw sewage spilled into their once Lysol-fresh offices. Their government careers suffered further when county workers sent to install a fan to diffuse the stench pointed it in the wrong direction. "It's somewhat disappointing when the health department can't solve its own problems," said Mr. William Cleary, deputy director of the Michigan occupational health department. "But I guess that's government." I'll say.

• In Washington, D.C., the debate over the future of women in combat was silenced when a metal blade flew off a sword during one of the fight scenes in the Folger's new production of *Coriolanus* and bloodied a woman observing the action from the theater's "front" row. Another fragile creature is the gnatcatcher of California's south coast scrubland, a four-inch-long slate-gray

ANNOUNCING . . .

Possibly the most important book on Education you'll ever read:

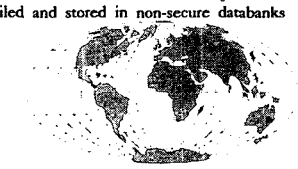
Educating for the 'New World Order'

BEVERLY EAKMAN, a former teacher, technical writer, and speech writer at the highest levels of the federal government, has written a stunning expose of the forces that control American education. Her relentless research, over a four-year period, has resulted in the first book to detail, step by step, how our schools have turned away from academic instruction. It is a scholarly, yet straightforward, account of a Pennsylvania woman's struggle with the education bureaucracy, and how she gradually uncovered the long-range plan to revamp our system of education.

This book is a must for parents, educators, policy makers, and all citizens concerned about the decline in American education and how it can be remedied. It is sure to create a controversy that will be talked about -- and hopefully acted on -- for a long time.

Educating for the "New World Order" explains:

- The extent to which assessment tests measure students' attitudes rather than achievement
- How the schools are being used as instruments of change to reshape the way children think
- Why teachers are unwitting pawns of the establishment
- How personal information on individuals and families is being compiled and stored in non-secure databanks
- How parents can be stonewalled by the education bureaucracy
- Why remedial reading has become institutionalized
- How a major tax exempt foundation influences American education
- Why efforts to reform education have failed



Most significantly, perhaps, the book shows how virtually any group or organization, with enough money and influence, can manipulate even the most democratic of political systems, utilize high technology to establish top-down control and coercive regulatory bodies, and, in the end, implement its own agenda.

Softcover, 280 pages, Bibliography, Index, ISBN 0-89420-278-2, Stock #344100, Library of Congress Catalog Card Number 91-73096 **$21.95 postpaid**

Call (503) 228-6345 to order by VISA, MasterCard, American Express, or Discover. Or mail your check to Halcyon House, PO Box 8795, Portland OR 97207-8795.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

songbird that is said to flit rather than fly and sound like a mewing kitten. Odder still, none of its admirers can recall ever having seen the bird, which explains why it is about to replace the northern spotted owl on the nation's most favored endangered species list, preventing the development of 250,000 acres between recession-riven Los Angeles and San Diego. Much to the horror of their more conscientious colleagues, a growing number of the nation's scientists are optimistic that global warming, if that's what it is, is hardly a bad thing. What about the melting polar icecaps? their opponents scream. Oceans will rise and coasts disappear. Yeah, and create vast new wetlands that are actually wet. At which point we'll begin to hear endless talk about our vanishing deserts. —*WP*

CORRESPONDENCE

Jeepers Veepers

Reading "Travels with My Veep" by Thomas Mallon (*TAS*, September 1991), one gets the impression that whoever warned Danforth Quayle about "these two 'rabid skunks' " came up one short. The piece abounds in nothing so much as hoary clichés: damning with faint praise, killing with kindness, "*et tu, Brute*," "with friends like this . . ."

His piece resembles another recent *TAS* offering, the assassination of Pat Buchanan by David Frum; the difference between the two lies in Frum's honesty. He did not pretend any affection for his "Conservative Bully-Boy." Mallon's derision of the Vice President is buried in subtlety like a knife in the back.

His sarcastic phrase "all those bastards at the back of the hall" most definitely includes Thomas Mallon. See the nice things he says about Danforth: "sexless," "a carriage that borders on the apologetic" (how's that again?), "stiff," "*surprising* [emphasis added] low-key charm," "a somewhat maddening little-boy persona," "a sweet miniature creature," "a student on prize day" . . . There is much more . . . *you* read it!

It culminates in a compliment to Mr. Quayle, not only backhanded, but out-and-out insulting. Mallon has him not as competent, but "this *life-like* [emphasis again added] competent man." If he is indeed a writer, he chose this word consciously to imply that any vibrancy Mr. Quayle has is purely cosmetic.

Mallon doesn't miss a chance to quote the expected snide remarks from "those bastards" nor to chuckle at wisecracks from the past, journeying all the way back to the nauseous "Saturday Night Live" of (yuk!) Richard Pryor, Chevy Chase, the Belushis, Dan Aykroyd, all your stomach can tolerate.

There is little doubt about Mallon's opinion of the Vice President, though one suspects he tries not to offend *TAS* . . . after all you did pay him for this interminable, empty, and redeemingless disquisition.

I did think it nice that he genuflected several times to Broder, Woodward, and Bierbauer, particularly the last. Perhaps he has his eye on some Turner-Fonda money from CNN.

—Alfred B. Wright
Buffalo, New York

Thomas Mallon replies:

Considering all the hot air Mr. Wright is able to pump out, I am surprised that snow ever gets the chance to accumulate in Buffalo.

In the course of five pages I managed to describe Dan Quayle as being handsome, gentle, well-informed, athletic, and a good father. But this is not enough for the Manichean Mr. Wright, who will not tolerate such praise being accompanied by any criticism, and who cannot imagine any man capable of liking both Dan Quayle and David Broder.

I thank Mr. Wright for reading every other word of my article, and I look forward to voting for the Vice President, once again, in 1992.

Cruel Beyond Words

As a reader of Paul Johnson's columns in the British *Spectator*, as a buyer of his books (all), I have, along with many others, marveled at his remarkable literary/journalistic output.

So staggering is his volume of words, so diverse their focus, that mere mortals like me stand in awe.

Up to a point.

I have just put down his *American Spectator* review of Thomas Reeves's book on John F. Kennedy, *A Question of Character* (*TAS*, September 1991).

I was not surprised by its tone or tenor, for Johnson's political views are well established. Sometimes I find myself in concurrence, especially in matters of the media (the British *Spectator* column he wrote some months ago on the pitfalls awaiting public figures in dealing with the press was quite brilliant), but at other times there is vigorous dissent.

This is one of those times.

I shall not address his general review of Mr. Reeves's book, but rather deal with its concluding sentence, the one wherein he said, "We know that [JFK's] life was as meaningless as his death."

I take extraordinary offense at that cruel, mean, outrageous statement! Anyone capable of writing that sentence is a person in whom the milk of human kindness runs exceedingly thin—if at all.

I am but one of many Americans, now in their fifth decade, who came to political consciousness during John F. Kennedy's rise to national prominence. Like many others I owe my concerns about the political life of this nation to his transcending persona.

When President Kennedy died, something died in all of us; nothing has ever been the same since. Our remorse has not been diminished by the revisionist historians, those who seek to make a name for themselves at the expense of tearing down and destroying the reputations of others—not least the reputation of President Kennedy.

That Paul Johnson should join that element of literary ruffians and journalistic bullies, is disappointing in the extreme; but that one sentence is more than disappointing, it is shocking in its cruelty, contemptible in its meanness, and ought to have been beneath his dignity—but clearly, obviously, was not.

—George Mitrovich, President
The City Club of San Diego
San Diego, California

Another Silent Coup

Herbert E. Meyer's review of *Silent Coup: The Removal of a President* (*TAS*, September 1991) seems to be more concerned with bashing former President Nixon and his legacy rather than critically analyzing the contents of this fine piece of research.

What has caused so much distress from the left and the anti-Nixon crowd is the fact that it was done in an entirely different manner from most of the previous analyses. It was not done in the Bob Woodward/Kitty Kelley style (anonymous sources, secret meetings, etc.); instead it was an actual look at the *record*. Messrs. Colodny and Gettlin spent over seven years researching and analyzing the following: 150 on-the-record interviews; ten off-the-record interviews; the Nixon White House tapes; testimony before various Senate and House Committees; books of all the major players in the Watergate story; the complete Oval Office logs during the Nixon presidency; documents obtained from the National Archives, the FBI Archives, and other sources; and previously unreleased government and federal court documents.

In contrast, Mr. Meyer seeks to give credibility to his point of view by quoting the "distinguished historian" Stephen E. Ambrose. Listing Mr. Ambrose as an authoritative source for a critical analysis of *Silent Coup* is tantamount to using Kitty Kelley as an unbiased, authoritative reviewer for *My Turn* by Nancy Reagan. While it is true Mr. Ambrose has written two biographies on the life of President Nixon (coincidentally, Mr. Ambrose's third volume, also dealing with Watergate, is due out soon), to call them "highly regarded" is like saying *Veil* is the most well-researched book on the CIA.

Mr. Ambrose, who was recently chastised by the *New York Times Book Review* because of a conflict of interest in reviewing the book, has a vested interest in discrediting *Silent Coup*. In 1989 Ambrose contacted Colodny in order to trade information regarding Watergate. Colodny refused, citing confidentiality agreements with his publisher, and was later told by Ambrose that "a historian like himself could make or break this type of book." Obviously, Mr. Ambrose has chosen to try to "break" the book rather than to re-research his own book.

No doubt this book will continue to cause distress to those within the PCVW (Politically Correct View of Watergate) movement. They will eschew this book as heresy! Yet, to date, those who disagree with this book have failed to prove their case against *Silent Coup*. Their only ammunition is to portray it as a PIVW (Politically Incorrect View of Watergate). And these charges are coming mostly from those who are more concerned with preserving the "political status quo" than seeking the truth.

It is sad to see someone with the credentials of Mr. Meyer conduct a hatchet job on this book. Not once did he try to disprove any of its major themes. The book is not an attempt to exonerate President Nixon, John Mitchell, or anyone else. Instead, the intent of this book was to research the issue thoroughly, try to answer some of the unanswered questions, and close the book on this national tragedy once and for all.

—Brett Barbre
Yorba Linda, California

Not So Undesirable

As a former resident of Havana in the good old days of democratic Cuba, when a free press, freedom of speech and free elections were the rule (although the government was notably and shamelessly corrupt), I have followed as far as possible developments in that sad and pathetic country. Matias Rojas

(continued on page 49)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORIALS

AFTER THE PLAGUE

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Warsaw

This city reminds the traveling American of so many European capitals, with their wide boulevards flanked by massive stone buildings, the ground floors of which usually contain shops or offices, the upper floors more offices and apartments. Yet there is a grisly difference between Warsaw and, say, Paris. Behind Warsaw's massive stone buildings are courtyards that are in ruins, with rusting pieces of junk and tattered clothes drying on clotheslines that extend from apartment windows whose interiors are dark and strangely silent. Everything looks derelict and dingy. What hit this place? Along the wide boulevards, gray people huddle, selling tiny quantities of goods: aftershave lotion, cigarettes, a little pornography. Some ghastly plague has been through this city.

Actually there were two: Nazism, which came through in 1939, and Communism, which came through in '44 and stayed until 1989. The bout with Nazism ended after the Nazis flattened the whole city in retaliation for the Warsaw Uprising of August 1944, during which the city's entire population took up arms against their German conquerors in the hope of establishing a free Poland at the war's end. Wham—one of the great cities of central Europe was a field of rubble. Stalin and his Polish Communist stooges saw to it that the city was raised anew, holding this monumental feat up as but another proof of the marvels to be wrought by Marxist man.

In fact, the rebuilding was a sham. After four decades of Marxist man, the whole place is worn down and worn out. Jalopies creak and sputter along the streets. Restaurants and hotels are rundown and empty. The people who pad the streets are strangely noiseless, a condition, I am told, that characterizes many countries where Marxist bureaucrats and police have made life's most elementary exchanges arduous. Yet the Communists never extinguished the Polish people's longing for freedom. As one of the foremost observers of contemporary Poland, Timothy Garton Ash, put it recently, Poland had "ingredients found nowhere else in Eastern Europe—the workers' movement, the intelligentsia counter-government, the private farmers, the influence of the church." With increasing success over many long years, Poland struggled to break Communism's control, which it finally did in 1989 with its first free elections in decades.

Now the Poles are attempting to infuse life into the economic corpse left by the Communists and to reorganize a governmental system that still invests most decision-making in Warsaw. What Ash has called Poland's unique mixture of ingredients has fragmented. Most Poles, particularly those who have been associated with the Solidarity movement, agree with the Polish president, Lech Walesa, that the 85 percent of the economy still controlled by government-held corporations must be privatized. Free-market economics must be implemented. Government reforms still are needed. Poland has peacefully thrown off the Marxist yoke. What might come next is not so clear. Many economists, both here and in what for years we called the West, believe that Poland can make it to a free and prosperous economy, but it is going to take time and there is increased concern that the Polish people might not have the patience. Elections scheduled for late in October will be important.

Basically, the division among political leaders is between former Solidarity members, who ultimately seem to support Walesa's efforts to privatize government corporations and follow an American model, and people like the suave Wlodzimierz Cimoszewicz, who urges a European model "more like Sweden." From his comfortable offices in Parliament he tells me to be skeptical of "ideology in the economy. Rather be pragmatic." America, he tells me, "could have done more in the 1970s and 1980s in encouraging economic changes rather than insisting on political changes." Washington was "too concerned with Communism." In fact, Mr. Cimoszewicz tells me, there was no Communism here in Poland over the past three decades. Mr. Cimoszewicz sounds very much like a modern American progressive. Actually, he is one of the ex-Communists who in the old regime's agreement with Walesa were left with a parliamentary majority. If Walesa's people stumble, this pleasant, reasonable man is ready to replace him, and to refill the prisons. The people who wrecked Warsaw are still around, and they are among the few who seem prosperous. □

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Times *column syndicated by King Features.*

GHOULISH HUNGARY

Budapest

"Where have all the Communists gone?/Long time passing"—it seems to me, thinking back on it from the tarnished grandeur of Hungary's old capital, that once there was a song that went something like that. It was sung at the peace rallies of the 1960s, the 1970s, and the early 1980s. Only where I have inserted the word "Communists" the peace demonstrators used the word "flowers." They were suggesting that if the Western democracies continued building their war machines the world's flowers would be imperiled.

Well, against the will of all the folksingers, the poets, the movie stars, the glassy-eyed profs—all the moral hams of our time, the West—led by the Ugly Americans—matched the Communists nuke for nuke; and the Communists' economies collapsed. In the late 1970s such widely ridiculed figures as Richard Nixon and Ronald Reagan prophesied this outcome, but the idealistic youths and the bearded gurus kept lamenting the fate of the flowers and protesting our "nuclear madness." They had a style about them—shaggy hair, frayed denim, beards, peace beads, sandals—that set them apart from bourgeois Americans. And they had an appealing moral intensity. At least it appealed to many journalists and intellectuals. But so often they spoke only in slogans: "Give Peace a Chance," "Make Love, Not War," and apropos of America's huge investment in Vietnam I remember crowds of these idealists chanting "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh, North Vietnam Is Gonna Win."

What puts me so much in mind of these "youthful idealists," as they were called, is that in Warsaw, Prague, and now Budapest I have been interviewing dozens of very idealistic ex-protesters, young and middle-aged. An astonishing number dress very similarly to the Western peace demonstrators of yore, with the de rigueur disheveled look. Some even wear sandals, but all would shock the West's left-wingers, not to mention America's Liberals.

These ex-protesters have spent years opposing the Soviet presence in their countries and the totalitarian nature of their respective Communist governments. All are advocates of immediate privatization and free markets. They are admirers of pioneering free-market economists, for instance, Friedrich Hayek and Milton Friedman. As Pavel Bratinka, a member of the Czechoslovak Parliament and chairman of Czechoslovakia's Civic Democratic Alliance, will tell you, before 1989 he and his fellow anti-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

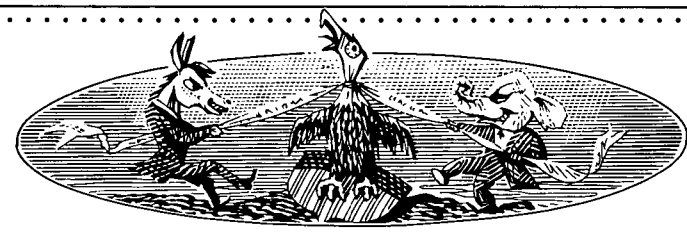
Communists read these writers at underground universities, along with the eighteenth-century free-marketeer Adam Smith and such contemporary American conservatives as William F. Buckley, Jr. They greet American conservatives as soul brothers.

Now they want to rebuild their countries with Reagan's America as their model. Precisely how friendly so many of these former protesters are to the ideas of American conservatism is really quite breathtaking. As Alajos Dornbach (now deputy speaker of the Hungarian National Assembly, once a lawyer jailed for repeatedly defending Hungarian dissidents) told me, he had hoped the "collectivist" French and British governments of the 1960s and 1970s would fail, for that would weaken the Soviets; and he lauded Ronald Reagan's military buildup that "bankrupted" the Soviet Union. Interestingly, every one of those I have interviewed was surprised by the rapidity of Communism's local collapse in 1989. All agreed with the Reagan policy, but not one expected the Communists simply to give up. It is as though one day the Pope were to become an agnostic, call Satan into the Vatican, hand him the keys, and vanish into a retirement home. But here my analogy ends, for the Pope would not be leaving behind the ruin and sadness that is Eastern Europe.

The Communists are gone now, some to retirement, others—I kid thee not—to become international bankers and entrepreneurs. But behind them they have left a sad generation of elderly citizens who never knew the ebullience and hope of youth in a free society. They have left pollution beyond an American conservationist's grimmest nightmare, economies that are years behind the West, and they have left the comic, too. Near the elegant Czech parliament, amidst heroic monuments from the pre-Communist past, stand behemoth, blockheaded statues of Marx and Engels, and the blockheads are as ugly to the eye as their ideas were destructive.

And then there is the rare ex-Communist trying to make it in a political world dominated by what look like nothing so much as Eastern European Reaganites. He urges moderation in everything. He loves American literature, particularly Allen Ginsberg and Lawrence Ferlinghetti. If you can remember those two clowns, you probably last saw them at an American peace demonstration, where the concern was over flowers, not Communist brutes. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



THE CENTER FOLDS

by Tom Bethell

Back at last to "the center," as people within the Beltway think of Washington in relation to the U.S., and as Moscow until recently thought of itself in relation to the Soviet Union. Wouldn't it be nice if we began to experience those centrifugal forces that have been felt in many other parts of the world but not yet here? If we no longer had to send 25 percent of our income to the American "center"? If Californians, Vermonters, and Georgians, like Russians, Lithuanians, and Georgians, decided that the time had come to take control of their own lives and destinies?

Beltway nightmare, gentlemen. And let's not kid ourselves: Republicans worry about it almost as much as Democrats. One of the first items in the news on my return to Washington in late August was the White House criticism of Boris Yeltsin, attacked in fierce whispers by anonymous aides as a "demagogue" who threatens the Old World Order. (This has been cleverly labeled the New World Order by President Bush.) The name of Brent Scowcroft, national security adviser and Old World Order enthusiast, surfaced in connection with this Yeltsin-bashing. Later, a White House statement finally and reluctantly supporting Baltic independence ignored Yeltsin "but ten times repeated the word 'Soviet,' which now has no context except as a Gorbachev lifesaver," Evans and Novak reported.

My guess is that official Washington admires Gorbachev and the relics of the Soviet system as much as it does because it recognizes its own analogous position. If power is permitted to slip away from the center in Moscow, perhaps the same dreadful thing could one day happen in Washington. Maybe the people will get peculiar ideas here, too, inspired by some Yeltsin-like "demagogue" on this side of the Atlantic. As I say—Beltway nightmare. The *Wall Street Journal*'s "Washington Wire," a compendium of Inner-Beltway conventional wisdom, imputed the distaste for Yeltsin to the cherished Washington belief that the "world economic tide" is supposed to be moving in the direction of countries "banding together rather than breaking apart."

There's precious little evidence for this interpretation of events, of course. A dozen European countries are supposedly moving toward some kind of union, but all is dependent on bureaucratic stealth and the citizenry in the various countries not really understanding what is going on. In this respect, they have been systematically kept in the dark by their own heads of state. (Margaret Thatcher was an exception, and she stirred up enormous resentment among the superstatists for blowing the whistle.) When the Germans, the French, and the rest figure out what the bureaucrats have in store for them they will probably rebel, and it's a good bet that the European superstate will never materialize.

Elsewhere in the world, power seems to be moving away from the center. In addition to the former Soviet Union, Yugoslavia is breaking apart, much to the disgust of those elites who had fondly imagined that here Communism would at last emerge in respectable and humane garb. In recent years, admiring chapters of economics textbooks have been devoted to the Yugoslavian economy; total nonsense and bogus statistics from beginning to end, of course; all of which will have to be discarded. The hunger of Western intellectuals for a planned world will have to find satisfaction in some other fantasy.

As I write in mid-September, the Yugoslav military (primarily Serbian) is waging war on Croatia, and I have no doubt that all good Beltway types are quietly rooting for the Yugo-Feds. The lead sentence of a story about Germany in the *Washington Post* (by Marc Fisher) suggests such sympathy for Belgrade, to put it mildly: "Germany alone has repeatedly threatened to recognize the breakaway republics of Croatia and Slovenia." Fisher's editor presumably thought this use of the word "threatened" was perfectly acceptable. That's the way people automatically think at the center. The proponents of one centralized system will naturally support another. They recognize the danger to the governing classes everywhere if secession (otherwise known as independence) is permitted to go unchecked.

Meanwhile, let us hope that secession proceeds apace in every corner of the globe; let Scotland be an independent country, Wales another. How pleasant it will be to see Canada separate into its constituent provinces. Within a multiplicity of jurisdictions, surely, one or two might adopt the principles of self-government that inspired the framers of the U.S. Constitution—now abandoned here in all but name, and adopted hardly anywhere else.

The collapse of the Soviet Union is construed (no doubt deservedly) as a victory for conservatives; but soon enough it is likely to pose problems for Republicans. I do not refer to the 1992 presidential election. President Bush seems certain to win it. But now at last people may start asking: What, if anything, do the Republicans stand for? As long as the Soviets constituted a real threat, and the Democrats remained subservient to their McGovernite wing, people did have a real reason to vote Republican. The Dukakis tank commercial probably did as much to elect George Bush in 1988 as the furloughing of Willie Horton. The specter of the Kremlin likewise worked to Ronald Reagan's advantage, both in 1980 and 1984. Today, however, military differences between the two parties are no longer important.

Why, then, should anyone vote Republican? One important issue dividing

---

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the two parties today is abortion. Typically, however, moderate Republicans are trying to remove this key distinction by eliminating the right-to-life plank from the GOP platform. My suspicion is that if this move were to succeed, there really would no longer be any reason for the party to remain in existence. It would wither away and die, no doubt to be replaced by something more vital. Therefore, I confess, the "pro-choice" plank does have a certain Machiavellian appeal. If adopted, we would soon see a major and long-overdue rearrangement of the political furniture in the U.S.

The main problem with the Republicans is that they have no real confidence in their own moral legitimacy and they remain uncertain of how to cope with the aggressive tactics of Democrats in Washington. Remarkably enough, Republicans have actually lost the initiative on the abortion issue in the last decade. When Sandra Day O'Connor appeared before the Judiciary Committee in 1981, as the *Washington Post* pointed out, it was the Republican Senator Jeremiah Denton of Alabama who took the offensive, pressing for her views on abortion. At that moment, the supporters of abortion were briefly on the defensive. No longer. In September, Clarence Thomas was pressed for *his* views on the subject from the opposing direction. Pro-abortion senators confidently assumed that the Supreme Court nominee could be embarrassed politically by eliciting anti-abortion sentiments from him. Of course, abortion opponents undermine their own cause by timidly refusing to express it. Imagine opponents of slavery in the nineteenth century in the same position—yet not confident enough of their own abolitionist sentiments to express them openly to a panel dominated by pro-slavery senators.

Republicans instinctively want to play defense. Here was Clarence Thomas, an attractive and obviously intelligent nominee, sounding at times like a defendant taking the Fifth as he ducked and weaved with confusing responses. This was the Duberstein Strategy, or so we were told; a reference to Kenneth Duberstein, the assistant to Howard Baker who was mysteriously elevated to chief of staff in the waning days of Reagan's presidency. Perhaps the strategy will have worked (the Judiciary Committee has not voted as I write this), but it shows a poor grasp of politics to advocate a defensive crouch in the glare of television lights. It is precisely at such a moment—when the cameras are so eagerly and mercilessly seeking out signs of doubt or evasion, that the media give Republicans the rare opportunity to play offense. But that is what Republicans never want to do.

Senator Joseph Biden offered Thomas a golden opportunity when, at the beginning of the hearing (when media attention is at its peak), he waved a copy of Richard Epstein's book *Takings* before the cameras and practically defied the nominee to come right out and say that he believed in this nonsense about people having a right to property. Thomas might have reckoned that, contrary to what Biden seemed to imagine, there is much support for such a view, especially among taxpayers. Instead he began his evasive maneuvers. Such defensiveness only confirms the Democrats in their moral righteousness, however deluded, and encourages them to press the attack further.

Thomas, incidentally, had plenty of time to consider his response on this point. Before the hearing began, Biden had confided to him that the questioning would begin with the topic of economic rights—an area potentially perilous to Democrats (but only if Republicans are willing to exploit it).

It would be nice to see Richard Epstein himself as a nominee to the Court. Here one begins to fantasize about Republicans on offense, an oxymoron, but still, one would give a lot to observe the huge consternation in Washington

MEET SOME OF THE PEOPLE WHO MADE THE FORWARD GREAT

Abraham Cahan • Albert Einstein • Gustave Flaubert • I.L. Peretz •
Eugene V. Debs • Bertrand Russell • Emma Lazarus • Mark Twain
I.B. Singer • Leo Tolstoy • Sholom Aleichem • Louis Brandeis •
Meyer London • Sholom Asch • I.J. Singer

NOW MEET A FEW OF THE PEOPLE WHOSE ARTICLES, LETTERS AND INTERVIEWS ARE MAKING THE FORWARD GREAT TODAY

Saul Bellow • Alan Dershowitz • Art Speigelman • Marek Halter •
Ronald Reagan • Abba Eban • Amos Oz • Alfred Kazin • Stephen Solarz
Harold Bloom • Ariel Sharon • Leonard Fein • Ruth Messinger •
Oliver Sacks • Ruth Wisse • Steve Reich • Max Lerner • Irving Kristol
Martin Gilbert • Adin Steinsaltz • Lane Kirkland • Moacyr Scliar • Aharon Appelfeld

THE FORWARD IS CELEBRATING ITS ONE YEAR ANNIVERSARY IN ENGLISH

Already we've earned a reputation for in-depth, objective news reporting and wide-ranging cultural coverage. The Jerusalem Post calls us "America's premier Jewish newspaper." The Wall Street Journal writes, "The Forward is already delivering news of a kind that doesn't appear in the regular press." Our editorials were this year nominated for a Pulitzer Prize.

פֿאָרווערטס

RENEWING
A TRADITION OF
EXCELLENCE
ESTABLISHED WITH
THE YIDDISH FORWARD
IN 1897

FORWARD

We have bureaus in Washington, New York, Paris, Tel Aviv, Moscow and Jerusalem. Our arts coverage includes reviews and features on current books, cinema and theater, interviews with the most exciting Jewish writers and artists of our time, book excerpts, poetry, fiction and, exclusively, each week, Art Spiegelman's celebrated comic strip "Maus."

For a complimentary issue, please call or write to Amir Cohen,
FORWARD, 45 East 33rd Street, #602, New York NY 10016, (212) 889-8200
For subscriptions, call toll-free (800) 272-7020

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

should the eloquent Epstein ever appear as a nominee before the committee—instructed (in my fantasy) not to evade the questions but to suggest politely that income transfers appear unconstitutional on their face; and reminded (in a prior Oval Office *tête à tête*) that even if he were not confirmed the ensuing publicity would do wonders for his lecture fees. To complete the fantasy, Judge Richard Posner of the Seventh Circuit would be "on" next, for the further edification of the committee and the country . . . One wonders how long it would take for Biden to decide that, under the circumstances, live television coverage of confirmation hearings was no longer appropriate.

"Oh, that's not the way things happen in Washington," sober Republicans will tell you when you suggest such strategies. True. And that is why the Republicans have for so long remained in the minority. Part of the problem is that the liberal ideology of today's Democrats seems to be morally intimidating to many Republicans. Rich people (like Senators Kennedy and Metzenbaum) are perceived as heroically at odds with their own self-interest: rich, but unselfish enough to help the poor. Republicans then contemplate their own philosophy—which amounts to little more than businessmen helping businessmen—and they feel like moral pygmies by comparison. They fail to recognize that, in an age besotted with envy, advocating the expenditure of other people's money has been the camouflage of choice for the rich. In addition, the more of other people's money you seek to spend, the more the media will call you compassionate. So it's nice work if you can get it and perhaps it's understandable that Republicans have been taken in. The mental escape route open to them is to see that it's not government's job to help *anyone* in a tennis tournament. But such philosophizing does not come easily to Republicans, to put it mildly.

A more immediate problem is that the present Republican leadership is perfectly content with the existing division of labor in Washington, D.C.: in which Republicans are permitted to preside over Democratic policies. It's really a one-party system with the Republicans enjoying the perquisites of office and delegating policy to the Democrats. This became more than normally conspicuous earlier this year when lobbyists for minorities (and hence the Democrats) pressed for employment-quota legislation in the guise of "expanding civil rights." The White House response was to press for marginal alterations in the language, detectable only by trained lawyers, but preserving intact the features of the Democrats' bill, which will lead inexorably to quotas.

The point is that Republicans are in no hurry to fix a system that they do not regard as broken. The mistake is to imagine the Republican leadership as somehow frustrated by their minority status and eager to change it. They aren't. Nonetheless, the system is broken. The federal budget has been expanding by leaps and bounds, and congressional spending is unconstrained; or rather, is constrained only by Republican refusal to raise the taxes to pay for it. Last year, President Bush yielded that high ground to the Democrats; this year, Governor Pete Wilson made the same error in California (see my "California Calamity" in the September *TAS*).

Republicans do not know how to cope with the Democrats' desire to be ever more compassionate with the taxpayers' money, because they have foresworn the one strategy that would upset the present symbiotic (rather than adversarial) arrangement in Washington: playing offense. It's not too late to learn. The next time there's a vacancy on the Supreme Court, phone up Professor Epstein, invite him to the center, and ask him to bring along a copy of *Takings* so that *he* can brandish it before the cameras. □

Have A GRAND OLE PARTY Christmas!

All designs feature multi-color imprinting and are available on high quality T-shirts and sweatshirts. ORDER YOURS TODAY! Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

Name: _____
Address: _____
City: _____ State: ____ ZIP: _____
Payment method: ❑ Check ❑ Charge card
Card #: _____
Exp. date: _____ ❑ Visa ❑ MC
Please mail or fax order form and payment to:
HOLIDAY PROMOTIONS, LTD.
P.O. BOX 150153, NASHVILLE, TN 37215-0153
FAST FAX DELIVERY: 615-242-7509
Call for wholesale or fundraising discount pricing: 615-373-3309
Shirt designs copyright 1991 MGH Enterprises.
ASI

Sizes: S, M, L, XL, 2X **Types:** T-shirt=T, Sweatshirt=S
Prices: 100% Cotton T-shirts $16.95 (+$2.00, 2X)
50/50 Sweatshirts $26.95 (+$4.00, 2X)
P&H: $3.00 1st item, $1.50 each additional item.

	How Many	Design #	Size	Type	Unit Price	Total
Ex.	2	RP002	XL	S	26.95	53.90
1.						
2.						
3.						
4.						

For more order space copy this form.

Merchandise Total	
P&H	
Sub-Total	
TN Residents Add 7.75% Sales Tax	
TOTAL	

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

P. J. O'Rourke

COMMIES—DEAD BUT TOO DUMB TO LIE DOWN

In time for the Tailgunner's birthday, the second annual readers' update of the Joe McCarthy Memorial New Enemies List (compiled with the assistance of Shawn Miller, who gathered, read, and sorted the various missives quoted below and thereby shifted our *auto-da-fe* into Drive).

This year's Enemies List is about a quart low on yellow bile. Which is nothing to be ashamed of. Conservatism is not a vulgar mass movement that needs to foster hatred as a "unifying agent." Nor are we, like the jejune progressives, angry because established things are established and we are not. We rule the world. Ha ha. And cheerfully. Yes, we can afford to be indulgent toward the *left*-outs and the *left*-overs and their ever more pathetic fantasies of influence and power. But that's not why this list is relatively short. We can afford to be indulgent, but we aren't. The bullying communard palaver spewed by fascist Levelers is as repulsive now as it was when it had a Soviet Army attached to it. We loathe these intellectual Gulag-mongers as much as we ever did. We still want them marched north onto the pack ice of Hudson's Bay and there, clad only in Birkenstock sandals, set to the task of teaching polar bears vegetarianism. We're conservatives. We know evil exists. And we're able and willing to identify it in that long police lineup which is modern politics. But there's the problem. This is the fifth Enemies List. Evildoers with any kind of public name, we've publicly named them. We're beginning to repeat ourselves or belabor the obvious: the Kennedy family and their never-ending zipper problems, Winnie Mandela with her Leon Spinks approach to political indoctrination of the young, Molly Yard, Sen. Paul Wellstone, Saddam Hussein, Ann Richards, Kitty Kelley, David Dinkins, Linda Ellerbee, Linda Ellerbee, Linda Ellerbee.

There's some value, of course, to reiterated denunciations. It would be hard to put Sinead O'Conner on an enemies list too many times. She *is* the entire left-wing thought process: "The world faces difficult and horrendous problems—war, famine, disease, poverty, and injustice. We could ask scientists and scholars what to do about these problems or pray to God for guidance, or we could study the problems ourselves and try to discern solutions, but fortunately, we don't have to do any of that because there's a bald girl in Dublin who has all the answers." Worthy though such duplication is, however, it's boring. And to be boring violates the first rule of retribution: "If it's boring it isn't really revenge."

Speaking of revenge, we still have not, even after three years of trying, invented a suitable means of blackening the fates of our black-listees. I have two more suggestions:

Smoke. Smoke cigarettes, smoke pipes, but especially smoke cigars, the great big capitalist-pig chair-leg-sized stogies that smell like barbecuing snow tires. Smoking probably isn't very good for us, but it drives liberals mad, propels them into frenzies of indignation and sanctimoniousness. They flop around in paroxysms of worry about the effects of passive smoke inhalation. It's a well-known fact that every year thousands of liberals die from having fits about staying healthy.

Shoot cats. Why lefties have such a pronounced affinity for these dislikable, useless, and eminently unendangered knaves of the animal kingdom is no mystery. Cats are disloyal, self-regarding layabouts with nothing but contempt for those who feed and protect them. Left-wingers acknowledge this likeness by giving cats names such as "Che," "Chairman Meow," and "Linda Ellerbee." Owning a cat is as close as most pinkos come to having a normal personal relationship. (I had no more penned these words than, opening the September 9 *International Herald Tribune*, I was confronted by a five-column review of a New Age self-awareness book titled *Know Yourself Through Your Cat.* The obviously insane author, Vivienne Angus, said: "I'm a great believer that in everybody is every animal and every animal is in everybody." Shoot cats, *Q.E.D.*)

Another reason why this Enemies List is a tad brief is that other people have taken up the idea and even improved upon it. Thank you, Boris Yeltsin. We've got a call in to Boris, and we hope soon to have all U.S. "Soviet experts"—Stephen F. Cohen first among them—indicted with the rest of the coup conspirators. Also, now that the KGB is on our side, expect Lawrence Walsh to have a mysterious accident in the bath. Another fine job is being done by L. Brent Bozell III. We may have named Cranston, Biden, and Kennedy here first, but it was Brent who ponied up for the TV ads. However, the best post-*TAS* proscription is Don Kowet's "Desert Storm Hall of Shame," which ran daily in the *Washington Times*'s Life section for three weeks last March and named and quoted more than two dozen Persian Gulf peace creeps. Herewith, a Hall of Shame sampler:

Dreadful *New York Times* columnist *Anna Quindlen*: "Can we live as a country with the knowledge that once again the children of the poor and of people of color will be killed for the convictions of well-to-do white men?"

Appalling *Washington Post* columnist *Colman McCarthy*: "The reason for not supporting U.S. troops was the same for not supporting Iraqi troops, or any troops anywhere for any reason. They are anti-life."

Pantsless pot-walloper *Ted Kennedy*: "We're talking about the likelihood of at least 3,000 American casualties a week, with 700 dead, for as long as the war goes on."

Actual socialist—live and in captivity—*Bernie Saunders*: "Is [a ground war]

P. J. O'Rourke's most recent book is Parliament of Whores: A Lone Humorist Attempts to Explain the Entire U.S. Government *(Atlantic Monthly Press).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

worth 30,000 or 40,000 casualties? The figures that I have stated come from the Center for Defense [Dis]Information, Adm. Laroque's group. I think they have a fairly good reputation."

Congressional bucket-mouth *James Traficant, Jr.*: "Why did the Pentagon recently order 16,000 human remains pouches?"

Overrated novelist *E. L. Doctorow*: "There is a rumor going about that . . . the Quartermaster Corps of the Army has ordered 80,000 body bags."

World's wettest former Secretary of the Navy *James Webb*: "Does anybody really believe that we can launch an attack in January, then secure, occupy, and stabilize Kuwait and withdraw from Saudi Arabia by March?"

Noted troglodyte *Pat Buchanan*: "What could the United States do, should Iraq overrun Kuwait? With a battle-hardened army larger than our own, Iraq could not be stopped on the ground."

Stupid Senator *Bob Kerrey*: "We should tell [Saddam Hussein] we are not going to declare war and will not initiate attack under the current circumstances."

Stupid and vile Senator *John Kerry*: "Are we ready for the changes this war will bring—changes in sons and daughters who return from combat never the same, some not knowing their families and their families not even recognizing them?"

And a special combination partial plate and wing-tip oxford to the chief dim-bulb at the Center for Strategic and International Studies, *Edward N. Luttwak*: "I don't think there will be a land war. . . . If war does break out, there is the possibility of an ignominious [U.S.] debacle. . . . If there is a U.S. ground offensive of any size, the resulting casualties could easily destroy the Bush presidency, regardless of whatever victories are won. . . . The Iraqis are too combat-experienced to run away under fire. . . . The [U.S.] Army's armored and mechanized forces can play no offensive role against the vast defensive strength of the Iraqi army."

Now for our own list. Donald Rizzi of Alameda, California, kicks off with boot toe put to

Any college or university that gives up its Indian nickname and then wonders why many alumni stop sending wampum.

W. Austerman of San Antonio, Texas, lets fly with a roundhouse right at

The lame-brained CBS newscaster of October 7, 1990, who blamed "capitalism and greed" for another abysmal harvest in the USSR.

President George Bush, who forgot (if he ever knew) Napoleon Bonaparte's eminently sensible dictum, "If you decide to take Vienna, THEN TAKE VIENNA!"

Michael Wright of Redondo Beach, California, gives a Dutch rub and a noogie to "*Republicans* who campaign as bulwarks against liberal fabulism and who, upon election, double over and do 95 percent of what their opponents would do." For example,

George Bush, for betting the farm on Gorbachev, the Rostenkowski tax hike, and conditional acceptance of gun control as appended to the Bush crime bill.

Pete Wilson, for appointing Sierra Clubbers to high state posts, for appointing John Seymour to the U.S. Senate, and for generally keeping the flame of Lowell Weicker alive.

John Seymour, for voting for the Democrats' pet gun-ban bill as a California state senator, and supporting more of the same in Washington.

Bill Glenn of Kamiah, Idaho, sends along, as wrapping on a brickbat, a painstakingly fair newspaper profile of a young man who calls himself *KRS-One*. Mr. One is, it seems, a respected professional in the rap song industry, and it is his considered belief that the American flag is worse than a swastika, that the American government has been trying to control population growth through AIDS and crack cocaine, and that Abraham Lincoln introduced capi-

Want to strike back at the IRS?

Want to vote out the scumsuckers in Congress?

Want to fight for what's left of your freedom?

Then subscribe now to RabbleRouser, a new magazine designed for people who have the guts to fight the liberal establishment. People like you.
Take a look at some of things you'll read in RabbleRouser:

- Why folks in Hollywood must live on Mars
- Who's afraid of the "R word"? (Racism)
- Can you really hide from the IRS?
- Safe assets in these troubling times
- The ultimate get-rich scheme: farm subsidies
- How to organize a cheap but effective campaign

RABBLE ROUSER

We don't pull punches. And we don't apologize.

RabbleRouser is the magazine for action-minded Americans who love freedom and want to have a good time.

RabbleRouser
P.O. Box 20202, Birmingham, Ala. 35216
205/822-9886

☑ **Yes,** I want to fight back.

Send me 10 issues of RabbleRouser for $39.
☐ Check or money order enclosed.
☐ Bill me.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone (____) _____

Mail to: RabbleRouser, P.O. Box 20202, Birmingham, Alabama 35216

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

talism to America. Mr. One delivered himself of these philosophical insights at the *University of Idaho*, where the audience gave him a standing ovation.

Mary A. Lane of Seattle, Washington, swats with a large paddle

Writers of European travel books who warn their readers not to be "Ugly Americans."

An anonymous well-wisher of no fixed address turns hungry Rottweilers loose upon

Any spondaic, dactylic, or anapestic Feminist book titles:
(1) Men Who Love Women and the Children They Bear
(2) Fat Is a Feminist Issue
(3) Women Who Love Too Much
(4) Smart Women Foolish Choices
Hedrick Smith, who consistently uses liberal doublespeak and calls hard-core Soviet Communist gerontocrats "The Right."
"The American Agenda" segments on ABC News. The producers should be a little disingenuous and call them "The Liberal Agenda."
Republicans who feel it's time to "govern."
Reporters and commentators who use the words "courage," "wisdom," or "making tough choices" as disguised synonyms for "willingness to tax."

Nick Renton and John Schroeder of Los Angeles, California, give a poke in the eye, Moe Stooge-style, to anybody who

uses the word "diversity" and isn't referring to a stock portfolio;
says "herstory" (she should be given an immediate herstorectomy);
capitalizes the word "green";
worships goddesses;
thinks Egyptians were black;
is still whining about the Willie Horton ad.

Debbie Melman, also from out California way, will be backing her car in and out of handicapped parking spaces hoping to run over

Differently Abled Dykes;
Anybody who is "thinking globally and acting locally";
Any man who hasn't chuckled at least once over the Zeke Mowat affair.

Gary Malmberg of St. Paul, Minnesota, wishes a Michael Milken-led hostile takeover would descend on

Sharp Electronics—they ran anti-Reagan ads in the U.K.
Toyota—their spokesman is Martin Sheen.

Jennifer and Mike Durham of Raleigh, North Carolina, have in their cross-hair sights

Anyone claiming membership in an organization whose name contains one or more of the following: "against," "coalition," "social," "peace," "offensive," "ethical," "world," "action," "friends of," "environment," "unity."

Charity begins at home, not on Mars, says C. K. Taylor of Washington, D.C., who would like to see the *Combined Federal Campaign* permanently deducted from life, "for attempting to wrest donations from federal workers at the same time they were threatened with furlough, but more importantly for including the following as charities":

Shoe and Rubber Fund, D.C. Congress of Parents and Teachers—"provides tennis, leather shoes and boots to District of Columbia public school children." (I'll bet you thought we were talking condoms.)
The Divine Universal Sisterhood, Inc.
Bonabond, Inc.—"provides supervision for persons who cannot afford or qualify for personal recognizance release."
Feminist Institute, Inc.—"promotes social justice and feminist social change through national clearinghouse, research, education, and change projects; violence prevention, feminist tours, feminist camp; aging, and other projects."
Sexual Minority Youth Assistance League (SMYAL), Inc.—"SMYAL is a youth social services and advocacy agency that seeks to prevent the abuse, neglect, and self-hatred of gay, lesbian, and bisexual youth."

Burning books is wrong, but there's nothing the matter with setting fire to an occasional librarian. Keith Coffman of Westminster, Colorado, has his Zippo ready and is waiting outside

The Boulder, Colorado, public library—for banning the Hardy Boys detective series from its shelves.

From C. H. Ross of Nashville, Tennessee, one apple (with Ninja worm) to

The National Education Association—if you can read this, don't thank one of these teachers.

Adrian H. Krieg of Acworth, New York, wishes all manner of natural ills upon

Rachel Carson—published *The Silent Spring* in 1962, predicting the end of the world in twenty years.
Paul Ehrlich—published *The Population Bomb* in 1967, predicting starvation and overpopulation by 1980.
George Wald—in 1975 predicted the end of the world by 1985 due to political problems.
Rene Dubos—in 1972 predicted the end of the world by 1997 due to over-industrialization.

And Paul H. Liben of Yonkers, New York, sends us a big, big, big Linda Ellerbee of a letter, all handwritten. Frankly, Mr. Liben, your handwriting is almost as incomprehensible as the political beliefs of the people you are indicting. But we did manage to pick this item from among your 158 Enemies List nominations:

Liberal clergymen who wear traditional wool suits from Brooks Brothers.

This is the fifth Enemies List. Evildoers with any kind of name, we've publicly named them.

This brings us to a huge and amazing pile of stuff that has been accumulating in our office for nearly a year. An anonymous correspondent in the San Francisco area has been collecting all the posters, handbills, flyers, and so forth that appear in such profusion in Berkeley, Oakland, and the other captive nations of the East Bay region. Thus our correspondent shows him or herself to be a committed environmentalist—providing us with a rich compost of enemy listings and fighting litter at the same time. Here are just a few of the organizations that have been killing trees and wasting recycled paper to make themselves ridiculous in print:

500 Years of Resistance Committee
Church of Peace and Plenty
Earth Drama Lab
Pesticide Action Network
San Francisco League of Urban Gardeners
Sea Turtle Restoration Project
Friends of American Medical Relief Comm. in the West Bank and Gaza
Food Not Bombs
Middle East Children's Alliance
Roots Against War
Samoans for Samoans of California
San Francisco Mime Troupe
Santa Cruz Christic Action Team
Students Against U.S. Intervention in the Gulf at San Francisco State University
National Association of Black and White Men Together
Tenderloin Self-Help Center
U.S.-Vietnam Friendship Association
Women Against Imperialism
Alliance for Philippine Concerns
Patrice Lumumba Coalition
Bring the Frigates Home Coalition, Sydney, Australia
Committee for Peace and Reunification in Korea
Dominican Workers Party
Committee vs. Repression in Haiti
Tyne Daly
Spike Lee
Committee for Puerto Rican Affirmation
Mozambique Support Network
National Coalition vs. English Only
Nipmuc Indian Nation Warriors Society, Boston
Palm Beach Coalition for World Peace
Daughters of Mother Jones
Art Against the War
Hands Off Cuba [Yes, the very same for which Lee Harvey Oswald toiled so long and hard.]

And here's one that is just about impossible to top:

Lesbians in Solidarity with the Palestinian People

Among the riper examples of literature from the above ilk, we have an ad that reads: "Censored Video: See Former U.S. Attorney General Ramsey Clark's Recent Trip Through the Iraq War Zone." (How smart can our smart bombs be if they missed him?) And a dreary, tendentious newspaper called *Street Sheet*, which sells for a dollar and says of itself: "We are presently providing 50 papers a weekday to over 30 [homeless] people at absolutely no cost to them." (You may have wondered how the homeless could revel every night midst the glitter of downtown while the rest of us can barely afford to go out once a week.)

We also have a screed from *Women Organizing for Social and Economic Justice*, touting their "Movements for Justice Panel Series." The heck with the Easter ski trip, this is a definite must-see:

WOMEN OF COLOR AND
REPRODUCTIVE RIGHTS
Saturday March 23, 1:00-2:30

How do women of color develop strategic plans around AIDS, the health care delivery system, sex/health education programs, teen pregnancy, reproductive safety in the workplace, abortion, and other reproductive issues particular to us? How can we put our struggles for reproductive rights both on the agendas of the larger reproductive rights movement and on the agendas of labor and community based organizations of color?

Then there's the *End French Testing in Tahiti* poster, and another poster depicting the adventures of a superhero named *BleachMan*. This caped crusader urges drug addicts to rinse their syringes in his namesake and avoid AIDS. A great Halloween outfit for the kids.

It's hard to pick the best-of-show here. Certainly the handbill for the *Gay and Lesbian Leather Community's* benefit beer blast with "Leather Erotica Raffle" is a contender. As is the mailer for the gay bar that offers, on alternate Saturdays, "Basement Bondage Party" and "Green Party" where one can "Meet the Rainforest Action Network." Then there's the *Office Workers United's* printed plea to "shut down the Pacific Stock Exchange":

On Monday the 29th . . .
1. Join us (in costume if you like) in actually shutting down the stock exchange itself (301 Pine Street at Sansome).
2. Use the general disruption as an excuse to arrive (very) late at work.
3. Call in sick (of capitalist exploitation and environmental destruction).

DEFEND THE EARTH! DEFEND YOUR RIGHTS! EARTH AND PEOPLE BEFORE PROFITS!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And a flyer advertising *Pasta for Peace in El Salvador* pushes the envelope of human silliness. Or you think it does until you read this astonishing statement from the *People's Democratic Uhuru Movement*:

Representing the interests of the African working class movement inside the borders of the U.S., the People's Democratic Uhuru Movement is the only voice raising up the fact that the land and the oil belong to the Arab people! . . . The PDUM calls for Victory to Iraq and solidarity with the Arab people. But we must go farther than this.

For African and colonized people in this country a full-scale U.S. war is already aimed at us! We already live in bombed out, burned out communities and experience the brunt of total martial law which comes down on us currently under the guise of the so-called "war on drugs." While we stand up against U.S. aggression on Iraq, we have to stand up against the all-out counterinsurgency being waged against African people.

Everybody knows that "The White House is the Rock House" and "Uncle Sam is the Pusherman" . . .

But, in the end, we must award the grand prize shut-up kudos to the campaign literature of one Gloria La Riva, who is running for mayor of San Francisco on the idiot ticket. Ms. Riva—earnest, pudgy, and gaping in her photograph—is introduced to the voters thus:

You may know Gloria as one of the spokespersons and a tireless activist in the Emergency Committee to Stop the U.S. War in the Middle East. Or as an initiator of the Farmworkers Emergency Relief effort. Or as a candidate for Mayor in 1983, when she finished third, and in second place in many working class neighborhoods; including the Mission, Fillmore, Castro, and Haight.

You may be familiar with Gloria as a leader of the All People's Congress, fighting the proposed baseball stadium or the MUNI fare increases, fighting for expanded aid to victims of the earthquake or supporting the fight of Black firefighters for affirmative action. Perhaps you have met her in solidarity work for South Africa, Palestine, or Central America.

Whew! First wife from hell.

Now let us complete the 1991 Enemies List with a few acts of Christian Charity. C. H. Ross, who earlier in this article condemned the NEA, has decided to let the Pope off with a warning:

Pope John Paul II is hereby reprieved on account of the encyclical *Centesimus Annus*. I have notified him, however, that he remains on strict probation.

And Gary Osen and Thomas Propson of Washington, D.C., seem to be conducting a regular love-in. But, gosh, we're only on this planet once, so let's heed Gary and Tom's example and try to make it a little nicer place:

Last year we made our contribution to freedom by naming some of its chronic abusers. This year we would like to suggest that a place be set aside amongst the "Guilty by Suspicion" for those recidivists who, in the great liberal tradition, deserve a one-year furlough:

Saddam Hussein—Ordinarily, bloodthirsty despots do not ingratiate themselves by using poison gas on defenseless civilians, invading weak neighbors, and setting fire to our precious bubbly. However, some credit has to be given to a world leader willing to stand up to the environmental movement.

The Republican Guard—Inept, murderous, and mostly dead—but aptly named. They have done a hell of a lot more to guard Republicans in '92 than either Messrs. Darman or Sununu.

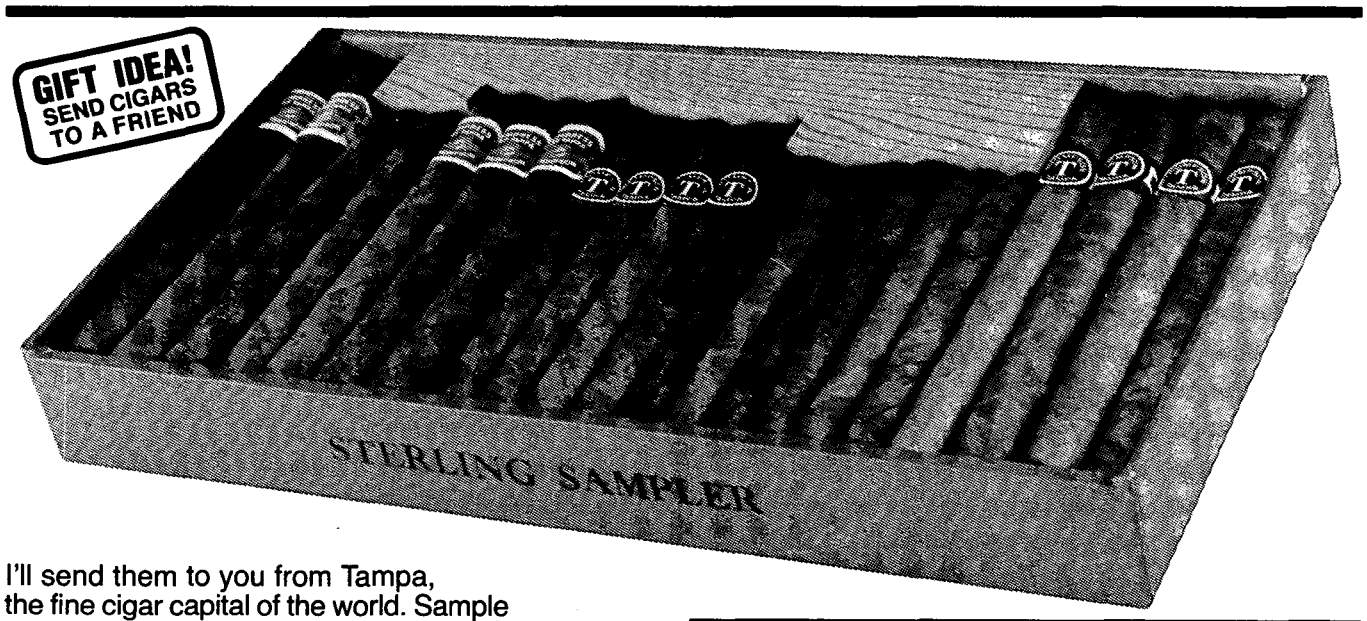
Saudi Arabia—It may be a barren, desolate hellhole kept afloat by American technology, Bangladeshi workers, and German automobiles, but if it makes Molly Yard indignant it's sure as heck worth dying for!

ACT-UP—While we are not normally fond of militant homosexual groups that harass the Catholic Church and, even more sacrilegiously, disrupt the stock market, we feel that amnesty must be granted to anyone who manages to get Dan Rather off the air—even for five minutes.

The National Enquirer—They fabricate, defame, slander, and publicize the perversions, depravity, and moral decadence of half-wit, substance-abusing entertainers—but now they're doing it to the Kennedy clan! □

YOU DON'T NEED CASTRO'S PERMISSION TO ENJOY THE UNIQUE HAVANA FLAVOR!

CUBAN-SEED-LEAF CIGARS FOR THE MAN WHO THOUGHT HE COULDN'T AFFORD THEM!



I'll send them to you from Tampa, the fine cigar capital of the world. Sample the cigars in my new Sterling Sampler and enjoy a wonderful new smoking sensation. I'll include a generous sampling of vintage-leaf, long-filler and cut filler cigars, all perfectly blended for mildness and flavor.

These superb smokes are made with expertly blended Cuban-seed-leaf tobaccos grown and cured the old Cuban way in Honduras from seed smuggled out of Cuba. They're mild, flavorful and extremely satisfying to the cigar smoker who's looking for something new, something better, something exceptionally tasty. Experts can't tell them from Havanas. You won't be able to either, when you try them. Natural wrapper. If you're ready for a luxuriously enjoyable smoking experience, try them now.

—"Yours is the only decent cigar I have had in over 12 years," one new customer wrote me the other day.
—"Of all the cigars I have smoked, both cheap and expensive, yours is the best of the bunch," wrote another.
—"Outstanding! Best cigars I have had since returning from overseas," wrote H.E.O., of Columbia, SC.
—"I am very impressed with the mildness and freshness of the sampler you sent," said J.J.M., of Lincoln, IL.

MY OFFER TO CIGAR LOVERS

I'll send you postpaid a selection of 42 factory-fresh cigars–vintage-leaf long-filler and cut-filler smokes. If these cigars aren't all you expected, return the unsmoked ones by United Parcel or Parcel Post within 30 days and I'll refund your money. No questions asked. Your delivered cost is only $10.90 for 42 factory-fresh, Cuban-seed-leaf cigars.

THOMPSON CIGAR CO. DEPT. BB99
5401 Hangar Ct., Tampa, FL 33634-5391

O.K., TOM! Ship me the Sterling Sampler under your money-back guarantee for only $10.90.

☐ Check for $10.90 enclosed (Fla. residents add 6% sales tax)
☐ Charge $10.90 to my ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

PLEASE PRINT

Credit Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

name _____

street _____

city _____ state _____ zip _____

OFFER GOOD IN U.S. ONLY

CREDIT CARD USERS SPEED DELIVERY BY CALLING
TOLL-FREE 1-800-237-2559
IN FLORIDA, CALL 1-800-282-0646

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

A BIZARRE PROVINCE

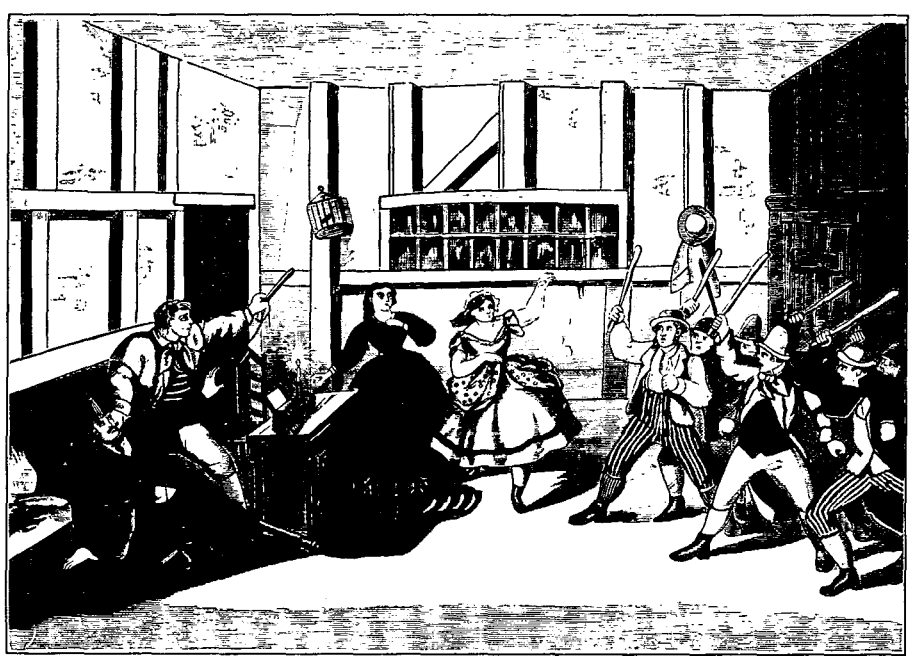
Preliminary findings from *The American Spectator*'s Amnesty in Academia campaign.

Evidence accumulates that in our time those institutions that demand slavish conformity to a party line rot from within, perhaps leaving, at least temporarily, an impressive facade. Yet behind the marmoreal splendor and the uniformed guards, the party-liners have become simpletons and *frotteurs*. The institution's powerful officialdom has fallen into the hands of bunglers. In time, no matter how powerful or even brutal the institution appears, it becomes the domain of oafs and impostors, incapable either of continuing their grafting or of launching an efficacious coup against a restless but unarmed citizenry. This much was demonstrated by the precipitate collapse of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. Can the fall of PC and American higher education be far off?

Once an institution's dependents grow restive, and word spreads among them of the euphoriants of freedom, the possibilities of riches, and the efficiencies of markets, left-wing tyrannies are in trouble. That is what happened back in the USSR; and in Washington today among the cognoscenti it is whispered that during the 1980s Bill Casey's CIA clandestinely introduced into the USSR millions of pieces of information in dozens of forms about the free society, democracy, capitalism, The West! Somehow Casey's agents penetrated Communism's closed society and enlightened the Soviet citizenry to the delights shimmering beyond the Iron Curtain. Could not our CIA perform the same wholesome service at America's universities?

Last spring, *The American Spectator* founded an organization to monitor human rights violations on campus, Amnesty in Academia. The data that AIA has now collected clearly demonstrate that American higher education, at least in the humanities and among university administrators, has lost touch with the intellectual life of Western Europe, the intellectual aspirations of erstwhile Communist satellites, and, of course, the social and political life of the United States. Facts are facts: the American campus is presided over by ignorant authoritarians. Hundreds of informants have called the AIA hotline (1-800-783-6707) to notify us of human rights abuses and acts of Know-Nothingism at some of the Republic's greatest universities. What progressives wax indignant at when spotted on the campus of Bob Jones University has been occurring at Yale and Oberlin with impunity. Our informants have included full professors both liberal and conservative, graduate students and undergraduates, and naturally some rather *soignée* cheerleaders—when word leaked that P. J. O'Rourke was going to lead our human rights negotiating teams to the Republic's most tyrannical campuses, calls from the fair sex tripled. AIA is now deciding which cases of harassment to handle through the courts and which to handle through mediation teams sent by Amnesty in Academia to the offending universities. The mediators will include myself and Mr. O'Rourke and we shall gladly journey even to all-male campuses (if any remain) to facilitate better understanding between university administrators and the innocent.

Basically, the acts committed against professors are no different from the repressive treatment accorded seventeenth-century neoconservative Galileo Galilei, or, from an earlier era, the libertarian Socrates. The party-liners of PC silence the independent-minded intellect, occasionally driving him to happy dispatch. At Bennington College in Vermont, despite wide public outcry, Edward Hoagland was not re-appointed to his teaching position because of un-PC sentiments expressed in *Esquire* magazine, wherein he asserted that homosexual accouplements "can be dangerous if not physiologically provided for." I do not know what that means, but I defend to the death his right to say it. Criticism of a co-ed's classwork at Goddard College got Lawrence Millman fired, though he insists that he is not "anti-female." And what if he were? At the University of Texas, Professor Allen Gribben was forced to resign for voting against an English Department proposal to create an Ethnic and Third World Literature concentration for M.A. students—obviously PC's fabled desideratum, "diversity," does not include disagreement. At a Midwestern small college, a professor was hauled before the dean and charged with "insensitivity" for having included the term "idiotic" among his comments on a student's essay. Finally, at the University of San Francisco, when the Rev. Cornelius Buckley and six other colleagues in the humanities refused to join the school's teachers' union, they were subjected to seven years of legal and academic harassment.



AIA now has the firing of fourteen other university professors under consideration and hopes to begin legal action against at least one major university early next year. Under particularly rigorous review is a harassment case at Western Washington University, where Mr. Tim Osterholm was "forced" to resign from the university's Veterans Outreach Center because he rebuffed attempts to involve the Center in such uninviting programs as those sponsored by the Gay and Lesbian Alliance. Another case under serious consideration is the mistreatment of James Sellers, a professor of ethics at Rice University. Surprisingly, the PC tyranny is as prevalent at the less intellectually prestigious universities and at the cow colleges as it is at such lyceums as Harvard, and Rice seems to be to PC what North Korea is to Bolshevism. Professor Sellers has endured numerous indignities and threats since he showed the temerity to question certain PC requirements delineated in a faculty job description.

The intimidation of students by local PC thought patrols and the occasional suspensions and expulsions of students who run afoul of PC prejudices have been more frequent than the abuse suffered by professors—though they are more problematic; for, whereas academic freedom is a clearly defined doctrine, student rights are not so widely agreed upon. At Williams College two students who planned to broadcast on their cam-

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. is editor-in-chief of The American Spectator.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pus radio program a show whose theme was "Gay Rights, Gay Wrongs" were barred from broadcasting their show two hours before air time by campus security thugs. At the University of Kentucky, a student applying for a scholarship, Miss Victoria Martin, has been rebuked for using the term "chairman" in her letter of application and accused by a cretinous "Ph.D." at the College of Communications of "making women invisible through thoughtless use of language." "If you feel your coursework [sic] has not prepared you to use gender inclusive language in your writing, there are a number of books I would be happy to recommend," writes the "Ph.D." of communications in an otherwise unreadable letter (see box for the full text of this and other prize-winning communiques from the AIA archives).

(continued on page 18)

FIRST PRIZE

UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY

College of Communications

April 12, 1991

School of Journalism
118 Grehan Building
Lexington, KY 40506-0042
(606) 257-7811

Ms. Victoria Martin
325 Linden Walk #2
Lexington, KY 40508

Dear Victoria,

On your recent scholarship application, members of the review committee noticed the inappropriate use of the term "chairman." (We women of the university enjoy the support of the majority of our male colleagues in using language which is either gender inclusive or gender free when referring to a generic position.)

And, of course, it is especially inappropriate to address a woman as "chairman" unless she has specifically requested such a limiting language. (We at the School of Journalism particularly expect our News/Editorial majors to check ALL their facts; that includes making sure whether you are addressing a letter of application to a female or a male professor.)

Soon you will be entering the corporate or media sector as you begin your career. There, too, you will find there are expectations that women not be made invisible through thoughtless use of language. Attached is a pertinent example of just such thoughtless use . . . and the very public acknowledgement that it was indeed thoughtless.

If you feel your coursework has not prepared you to use gender inclusive language in your writing, there are a number of books I would be happy to recommend. Please let me know if you wish a list.

Best regards,

S. Scott Whitlow, Ph.D.

FIRST RUNNER-UP

April 24, 1991

Dear Sir or Madam:

It seems to me that the subtext of [your Amnesty in Academia] press release is "we're finally managing to get all these liberals to be sensible; let us know if anyone is forcing you to be sensitive to cultural, racial, or gender-based differences." We here at Ferrum College have recently passed sexual and racial harassment policies and those policies are, to the best of my knowledge, enforced. We are proud of our atmosphere of tolerance and diversity, and we think you're wrong that campuses are becoming more "sensible" if sensible means intolerant of diversity.

Although I and my newspaper staff—to whom your press release was addressed—are not sympathetic to your political leanings, we would, of course, make advertising space available to you at the regular display rates, which are listed below:

Full	tabloid	page	$85.00
1/2	"	"	$50.00
1/4	"	"	$30.00
1/8	"	"	$20.00

—Lana A. Whited
Assistant Professor of English
Ferrum College
Ferrum, Virginia

DOUBLESPEAK HONORABLE MENTION

Duke University
Durham
North Carolina 27706

Office of the President
H. Keith H. Brodie, M.D.
April 1991

Dear Alumni and Friends:

. . . As many alumni who have written us well know, Duke has become a reference point for a debate of national significance, a debate which I think will stand as one of the chief issues of our time. While much of the media coverage of Duke's role in this debate has been less informed than I would prefer, the focus on Duke, nevertheless, indicates the stature this University has achieved, and it constitutes one reason why Duke is such an exciting place for students and faculty.

In recent months, [a number of] national media have focussed on issues associated with "political correctness," "multiculturalism," and academic freedom.

Valid points can be made on all sides of these issues: excellence vs. fairness, academic freedom vs. professional responsibility, diversity as melting pot vs. diversity as enrichment. Our faculty, 1500 strong, can and do take stands on these issues, in and out of the classroom. Duke professors express as many different views on as many different issues as you will find at any university in the nation—if occasionally in less civil a tone than in my view is appropriate. The principal beneficiaries of this diversity of views are, of course, Duke students. Far from advocating any particular position on these subjects, the University acts as a forum to promote inquiry into them. It is a tribute to the prominence of our professors that the press avidly reports the stands they take on these matters.

Several such articles have implied that Duke . . . imposes constraints on the freedom of students and professors to speak out on controversial issues. This is simply not true at Duke, and indeed, the evidence is often found in these very articles, which frequently cite Duke professors and students stating their opinions on all sides of these issues, as is consistent with the principle of openness that undergirds academic freedom. . . .

At a time when many universities have attempted to place limits on speech—especially hate speech targeted at different racial, ethnic, or other groups—we have determined that the negative consequences which would come from efforts to define limits on freedom of speech would outweigh the benefits. . . . Recently, controversy has arisen in regard to a brochure issued by the Office of Residential Life called *Duke's Vision*. This document was written principally by a faculty member in the Divinity School as a catalyst for discussion between faculty and students at freshman orientation. Unfortunately, it has been characterized by some in the press as an attempt to impose a radical political doctrine on students. . . .

The controversy generated by that brochure probably derived principally from its title, *Duke's Vision*. . . . In developing this coming fall's orientation program, [Vice President for Student Affairs] Bill Griffith and his colleagues are reviewing the brochure and I expect to see some minor changes in it, including a title change. But I don't anticipate a change in the principles that underlie Duke's dual commitment to community and diversity.

We are a land of immigrants and the hybrid vigor of America's peoples has always been one of this nation's greatest assets. The world in which the present body of Duke students will be asked to provide leadership will be smaller than the world of today. The need for understanding and appreciating the contributions of other cultures and languages as America competes in an increasingly global marketplace will require that tomorrow's leaders bring a sensitivity and respect for difference to their tasks that is all too often lacking in our society.

Another controversy revolves around the Duke English Department, which critics have portrayed as offering courses only or principally by obscure authors or literatures. The fact is that our English Department offerings are anything but obscure. . . . Enrollment in courses in which Shakespeare is studied has remained essentially constant over the last five years, clearly indicating that students at Duke are just as excited about the classics as ever. The difference now is that they are adding previously unstudied areas of literature to their coursework. At Duke the curriculum is not an either/or proposition as some critics have suggested. Our students are studying *both* the *best* in traditional literature and the *best* in emerging areas of scholarship such as African-American literature, ethnic studies, women's studies, and others. . . .

As correspondence from alumni crosses my desk, I am impressed with the diversity of ideas reflected there. . . .

Sincerely,

H. Keith H. Brodie, M.D.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At Penn State University's dorms, a student may request a new roommate if the old one smokes cigarettes, but not if he smokes marijuana or is a homosexual. A Mississippi State University coed, Miss Debbie Goswani, when interviewed for a federally funded Truman Scholarship, was asked questions that if asked by an anti-PC interviewer would go down hard. Among the weird questions were: "What are your views on premarital sex?" "Would you consider marrying a white man?" Miss Goswani is of Indian/Asian origin. And back to Rice University, where students were not allowed to place yellow ribbons on trees in support of our troops in the Gulf. At Harvard, pre-law senior Brigit Kerrigan suffered threats and indignities for hanging a Confederate flag from her dorm window, but the university took no action to protect her or to prevent her continued abuse. At the University of Wisconsin–Oshkosh, Mary Holland innocently entered a seminar where she was encouraged to air her independent views, only to be targeted by the PC Thought Patrollers for the rest of the seminar. And at North Carolina's Wake Forest University, the editor of an independent student publication, the *Wake Forest Critic*, is being repeatedly hauled before university tribunals and threatened with disciplinary action for asking questions that got him bounced from an illegally restricted minority group meeting. No bones were broken.

Under the vapors of PC many other anti-intellectual activities have been sanctioned. The feminist flapdoodle has been imposed upon young men and women seeking only the kind of liberal arts education once available to the young John F. Kennedy and Richard Nixon. Venerated works of intellect are denied students while condoms are forced upon them under the idiotic notion that condoms used by heterosexuals prevent AIDS. Scholarship into a wide range of topics is cause for controversy and financial deprivation. All in all, the American university, even the Ivy League university, is in danger of becoming an intellectual backwater—just as the Soviet Union became a backwater in all areas save repression. In the months ahead, Amnesty in Academia will monitor the repression, so please let us hear of the horrors nonconformist professors and students are exposed to this semester. We want to be helpful. And do not think that all institutions of higher learning are perfumed totalitarianisms. At Grambling University, President Joseph Johnson, in a splendid defense of free speech, disciplined students for disrupting a speech given by a visiting professor. Could it be that one has to go to a school with a venerable football program to find true liberal values? Academe is an increasingly bizarre province. □

Back In School

SO YOU WANT TO GO TO COLLEGE?

Here's some advice from leading educators on how to survive on a modern campus without rotting your brains and bankrupting your parents.

JOSEPH ADELSON

Those youngsters whose parents read *The American Spectator* can probably take care of themselves, having been taught at the dinner table about the intellectual toxins to be found at college. In all likelihood they have also attended "good" secondary schools, public or private, which means they have been exposed to the political correctness now rampant in those settings, which in turn means they are further immunized. Even so, they may be in for some unpleasant surprises. If they enroll at my university, for example, they will be required to undergo a semester of political re-education in which they will be taught the proper platitudes and pieties about race and (depending on the teacher) what a wicked nation America has been throughout its history. (Michigan, by the way, has no required courses in real subjects—not in literature, history, mathematics, the sciences, languages.) Such vulgar indoctrination may be annoying, but can be warded off; it is much harder to cope with all the tacit assumptions of the university world, its "haunted air," in Lionel Trilling's phrase. As Yale's blessed Dean Kagan has pointed out, everyone—almost everyone—thinks alike. So the student needs the energy to track down congenial peers and teachers, and to leave some time to read the ever-growing number of excellent books and periodicals our side is writing and publishing.

Joseph Adelson is professor of psychology at the University of Michigan. and the author of Inventing Adolescence, *among other books.*

STEPHEN H. BALCH

Higher education has come a long way in the last twenty-five years, mostly downhill. Future reforms may well restore substance to the curriculum, but until then the sensible student would best try to turn back the clock. Absent "Doc Brown" and a readily available time machine, the following may serve:

(1) Having chosen a school, procure a copy of its catalogue, circa 1964. The volume is likely to contain a fairly rigorous set of requirements for attaining a baccalaureate. Since the current edition will probably give you little if any guidance, you have nothing to lose and everything to gain by moving in an orderly way through the foundation courses in history, literature, philosophy, science, and foreign languages prescribed in the earlier publication.

(2) Look up the professors who were on the faculty a quarter century ago and still teach the mainstream courses then offered. While there may be many good newly minted faculty members, by and large you'll probably be safest taking your initial bearings from the representatives of a less intellectually compromised generation.

(3) Hang out with at least a few of the school's non-traditional students (e.g., older folks returning to fill out uncompleted degrees). Far more than average, they are there out of genuine desire to learn, instead of simply completing what has lately become the standard terminal degree for the middle class. They are also most apt to possess some useful skills, like a command of written and spoken English.

(4) Calculate the difference (adjusting for the effects of inflation) between the tuition paid at your institution then and now. The shock should either drive you to seek another way of attaining intellectual enlightenment or force you to take your studies with a seriousness commensurate to their cost.

Stephen H. Balch is president and executive director of the National Association of Scholars, with headquarters in Princeton, New Jersey.

JAMES DAVID BARBER

Going off to college can mean a new life. The student is not to be welcomed by being labeled with some race, class, sex, or provincial recognition, but welcomed as a human being whose brain is worthy of progress. The idea is to get smarter than you are. Given the fragmentation and chaos of most universities, what you face is the equivalent of a cafeteria, strewn with many clumps of intellectual foods you have not yet tasted. Therefore it is to your advantage to find out what is worth taking on and taking in. You do not want a four-year baby sit, but vigorous exploitation of knowledge. You do not need to find teachers who dig forth your emotions or press you into their ideology; you need to take tough advantage of that four-year possibility that you can know how to learn rather than dream, to see rather than believe, to understand rather than demand. Do not be distracted by your college's impressionistic propaganda; stick instead with the persons—students and faculty—who share your devotion to the adventure of reason. You are at a university, not a diversity; reach out to all the others, who are meant to be your community of scholars. And when in doubt, hang out in the library,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not in the local bar. At last, if you make it from ignorance to reason and respect for reason, do not forget to thank your professors—and your parents.

James David Barber is James B. Duke professor of political science at Duke University.

LYNNE V. CHENEY

As an undergraduate, you have the unique opportunity to build a base of knowledge that can serve you through a lifetime of learning. The lack of rigorous and coherent requirements on most of today's campuses, however, makes this largely a do-it-yourself proposition. You will, most likely, have to search out those broad-based courses in the humanities and the social and natural sciences that should be at least at the heart of your education.

When looking for these courses, scrutinize reading lists and syllabi. Courses that emphasize the *how* (methods, approaches, and theories) over the *what* (books, objects, and documents) put too much distance between the student and the subject. Select courses that rely more on primary sources and less on second-order scholarly matters. The greatest service a teacher can perform for students is to introduce them to the great works of the ages. It is through direct access to these works that you will learn the values and truths that transcend time and circumstance.

Don't fall under the spell of faculty "stars." All too often they are distracted by the research responsibilities, conferences, and speeches that go with being a star. The most important thing a professor can offer an undergraduate is time and attention. Talk to upperclassmen and other students to find out which professors make teaching a priority.

Lynne V. Cheney is chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities.

MAURICE CRANSTON

Play your part in college politics, but avoid professors who put politics into their courses. Waste no time on subjects which have no real academic content such as "women's studies" or "critical theory" and generally beware of courses which have in their titles trendy words like "gender," "structure," or "society." Subjects which promise to be relevant to current problems are usually the least relevant. Even if your major field is science, acquire as much knowledge of history as you can, for this will help you to see the world as a less strange place. Find time to learn a foreign or a classical language, for this will give you an exhilarating sense of accomplishing something difficult. In vacations, travel as widely as possible, especially in Europe and Asia. Cultivate the habit of reading books and newspapers and spend less time watching TV. Make the most of your freedom to think and speak as you wish, but remember that what is a right for you is for most people in the world a privilege they have yet to acquire. Left-wing ideas are attractive to the student mind, but do not forget Tiananmen Square and the sufferings of students in every place where Marxism has ruled since 1917.

Maurice Cranston is professor of political science at the London School of Economics.

CHARLES HORNER

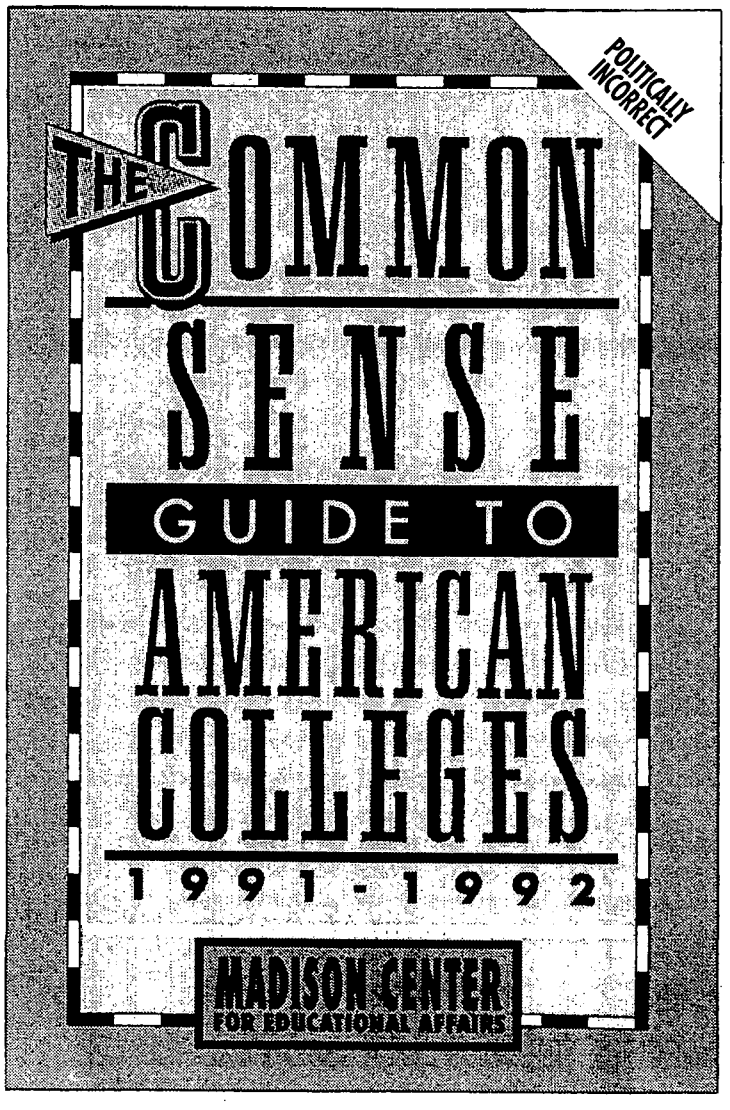
The newly minted undergraduate, encouraged to become everything from a politically correct Egyptologist to a clarinetist in the marching band, should consider a more mischievous extracurricular activity—investigative reporting. Higher education is, after all, a vast American industry, and an undergraduate curious to know what gets done with his tuition and taxes can do no better than take the advice that Watergate's Deep Throat once gave to Bob Woodward: "Follow the money."

Even as we focus on how debased curricula are turning some of our better colleges into new versions of the old-line Soviet "re-education camp," there's still the more mundane question of cash flow. As tuitions rise and taxes soar—and quality declines—there's growing evidence that the colleges (perhaps inspired by the newfound interest in who *really* built those pyramids) are becoming more Pharaonic in their tastes. Glorious stadia. Multi-storied student unions. Bloated bureaucracies. So perhaps the most enlightening text for the new student is his institution's budget—if he can find a copy. It won't be available at the book store, but it doesn't hurt to ask.

Charles Horner is executive vice president of the Madison Center in Washington, D.C., which sponsors a nationwide association of student publications and has just published the Common-Sense Guide to American Colleges, 1991-1992.

IRVING LOUIS HOROWITZ

(1) Spend a great deal of time in the li-



Finally, a comprehensive critique of undergraduate education that uses old-fashioned standards of academic excellence, social decency, and community spirit.

For the first time, writers with a coherent educational philosophy have produced in-depth essays about some of America's most popular colleges. Provosts are frantic, professors are fretting, but normal people can rejoice.

Look for a copy at your local bookstore, or send $14.95 plus $2.00 shipping and handling to:

Common-Sense Guide to American Colleges, 1991-1992
Madison Books- Customer Service
4720 Boston Way
Lanham, MD 20706

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brary, especially the periodicals section, where real diversity of thought in American life and letters can be found—and without awful pressure or intimidation.

(2) Take courses in established disciplines, starting with scientific method, formal logic, and computer uses. Avoid the fads and foibles of special-interest programming, e.g., _____ Studies Departments (fill in the blank). Keep in mind: the "harder" courses usually mean less ideological blarney.

(3) Think of a college or university career as a block of eight to twelve semesters, as well as thirty to forty courses. You should go to the school of your choice, take the teachers of your choice, in the department of your choice. If the school is not what it is cracked up to be, feel free to move along elsewhere.

(4) Start with yourself. There is no such thing as a good or poor school abstractly. There is no inherent advantage of large over small, rural over urban, well-endowed over poorly endowed. Know your needs. Fulfill your wants. Articulate your goals.

(5) Do not get caught up in reputational rubbish dished out by universities (usually to anxious, well-intentioned parents). Pay careful attention to departments and specific scholars. That will be more important than grandiose rating games.

(6) Finally, think of college neither as a personal right nor a parental obligation. If you are unhappy with school, quit. Take a leave of absence. Or try working for a living. Remember, fifty percent of your high school cohort have made a non-college decision. There is always a next semester, and a next year. That is the glory of being young!

Irving Louis Horowitz is Hannah Arendt Distinguished Professor of Sociology and Political Science at Rutgers University.

RITA KRAMER

Surviving a college education with one's brains intact has become increasingly difficult in recent years, particularly in institutions situated on either coast. My first piece of advice is to stay landlocked, at the University of Chicago or some other obscure campus relatively forgotten by arbiters of current socio-intellectual fashions. In all other cases, adhere to the following rules as closely as possible:

(1) Avoid taking any course the title of which includes the name of a sex or a race.

(2) Stay as far away as possible from courses claiming to deal with "current aspects of" anything in the social sciences or humanities.

(3) Look for courses in departments as far as possible from politics: mathematics, sciences, music, ancient philosophies, languages, for instance. They may offer shelter from the rushing tide of political correctness.

(4) Try to find professors lacking in compassion who have a reputation for being demanding and who have a sense of humor—even occasionally at their students' expense. They are usually the ones from whom you stand the best chance of learning something.

(5) Become an autodidact. Get hold of a syllabus for a course in Western Civilization given almost anywhere during the 1950s (try the library) and make up your own reading list from it. Better hide it from your roommates unless you are sure they can be trusted. It might not do to let it get around that you read a lot of dead white males. And pick one writer of great prose (Macaulay or Jane Austen would do fine) and one of poetry (anyone from Shakespeare to Auden) to read out loud to yourself whenever you have a chance. It will help you remember what language is capable of when not debased. Good luck! And write if you find work.

Rita Kramer's latest book is Ed School Follies: The Miseducation of American Teachers *(The Free Press).*

HERBERT LONDON

The best advice I can provide any student is to be armed with a healthy dose of skepticism. Accept no comment, however artfully framed, on face value. Search for the telltale signs: Is that comment supported by evidence? Is that claim subject to proof? If everyone nods affirmatively, does that mean truth is revealed?

Academics filled with the ardor of contemporary orthodoxies balkanize the study of any discipline by reducing it to class, sex, race, and ethnicity. As an antidote to these rather predictable preoccupations, it is healthy to ask whether there are any questions that cut across time and place, and recognize our common humanity. Is there, in fact, anything at all that can be said about human beings who face the inevitable derision of death, yet seek to find some meaningful way of leaving their mark on civilization?

Should you find yourself in a classroom with the growing legion of professorial deconstructionists, hoist these charlatans by their own petards. If any position is true, ask "How do you know?" In fact, how does Derrida know? In the world of relativists, only authoritarians know the truth. The ultimate logic of deconstruction is that intimidation justifies one's opinion.

If inquisitiveness does not have its desired effect because your grades suffer, do what previous generations have done: follow the dictates of your instructor for examination purposes and ignore his advice for the rest of your life.

Herbert London is dean of New York University's Gallatin Division.

BENJAMIN J. STEIN

Here is what a student should do to make the most of his or her college years:

(1) Learn to work hard and that it's more painful to be lazy than to be industrious. (2) Learn to accept people as they are and not to try to change them. (3) Learn to act acceptably and politely in social situations. (4) Be interested in other people's lives. (5) Try to accept a moral code which involves treating other people the way you would like to be treated. (6) Find a girlfriend or boyfriend who loves you for the best parts of you and then treat that person like gold. (7) Do not do permanent damage to yourself by using illegal drugs or undertaking other self-destructive behavior. (8) Learn to play bridge.

Benjamin J. Stein is a writer and actor living in Malibu, California.

R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

Much has changed since I was a student, but I am occasionally invited to universities, and so I have some ideas relevant to how students might survive four years at the university without suffering brain damage or acquiring some disgusting sexually transmitted disease. And, incidentally, I approve of the recent trend towards graduating in four years. Back in the 1970s the average student spent almost a decade acquiring a degree and his eventual emergence into adult society could be quite traumatic.

Today's faculty is heavily freighted with geniuses from the 1960s generation. Thus it is difficult for students to gain these teachers' respect or even their attention. Doing so is important, however, if one wants to score above-average grades, that is to say A-plus-plus-pluses rather than merely the average A-plus. To distract a prof's attention from his Walkman or, perhaps, Nintendo game long enough to be recognized as a superior mind, the student should, immediately upon arriving on campus, take over a university building. The building should be chosen carefully, for an overnight stay may be necessary. I advise taking over a library or a gymnasium, and if the student attends Indiana University (as I did) I suggest he take over Jordan Hall, or whatever building now houses the Kinsey Institute for Sex Research—the research material is always a good read.

Once in the building, issue a declaration of solidarity or of non-negotiable demands that demonstrates a knowledge of and respect for Mao Tse-tung, John Lennon, one of the Castros, and perhaps a leader of the Medellin cartel. This will ingratiate the student to the 1960s-bred faculty, and so long as the student only takes courses taught by these hansdoodles, no more class work will be necessary to ensure top grades. Then the student can get on with a proper education. Read all the books that the PC crowd find noxious. This is how one gains a foundation for understanding the civilization in which we all live. It is superior to all other cultures in terms of human dignity, freedom, free inquiry, and what is still called progress, notwithstanding certain ghastly conditions that have attended progress in this century. Assiduous reading of the great books of the West will also encourage the development of a discriminating mind—which, along with learning, is the main goal of education, properly understood.

Finally, I would urge the independent-minded student to cultivate sound friendships. First-rate friends will be terribly important if one is to survive four years of college. In fact, such friends can be as important to a young person as good books, and if one of those friends happens to be a prof, that is quite all right, but be wary.

At any rate, what is most important is that the student become learned and discriminating. To arrive at middle age with only the pop culture of one's youth reverberating in one's coco is as maddening as it is pathetic. Reflect on the woebegone condition of the prof in the English Department who teaches the courses in comic books or rock lyrics.

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. is editor-in-chief of The American Spectator.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A BARZUN SAMPLER

Wisdom, reproach, and advice from one of America's most distinguished men of letters.

Jacques Barzun, the eminent biographer, essayist, critic, and teacher, has been writing on the subject of American education for many years. The University of Chicago Press, under the guidance of Morris Philipson, has recently collected fifteen of his articles and speeches—ranging over a period of nearly forty years—in a volume entitled Begin Here: The Forgotten Conditions of Teaching and Learning. *Below, with permission, we present a sampling from that book, drawn from the brief introductory essays, newly written, that precede each chapter.*

What Are Schools For?

Some years ago, a new school superintendent in the Southwest calculated that by state authority he must find room in the high school curriculum for about 200 subjects. They included: driver education, sex education, kindness to animals, shopping and local resources, care for endangered species, family living, global understanding, and *no* sex education. Legislatures are ever ready to add requirements that sound worthy or useful. Few survive in practice, but enough are attempted to make a mockery of the idea of schooling.

The head of the National Education Association, true to its baneful tradition, has said that "teachers must be social workers, psychologists, priests"—three professions for the price of one, and without benefit of seminary or graduate training. It would be seen as quackery if the stubborn will of the educationists and the foolish hope of the public had not accustomed everybody to the imposture. "The School Must Also Teach an End to Hate" is the plea of an anguished citizen. "Environmental Education," proposes a retired professor of education. As long as these ideas are considered tenable, schoolwork properly so called remains an underground activity in a tyrannical regime.

Schools are not intended to moralize a wicked world but to impart knowledge and develop intelligence, with only two social aims in mind: prepare to take on one's share in the world's work and, perhaps in addition, lend a hand in improving society, *after* schooling is done. Anything else is the nonsense we have been living with.

Teaching

What are the native qualities to look for in the person who, though not one of those born to the task, would make a good teacher? And what sort of training should such a person get? As to the first requirement: brains enough to feel bewildered and revolted by the educationist language—and courage enough to admit it. Next, a strong interest in some branch of learning, meaning any one of the genuine school subjects. Which those are can be found every day in the newspaper articles that bewail the failure of the schools. Nobody writes about the poor showing in "Shopping and Community Resources."

In addition, a teacher should have some interest beyond his or her specialty. In bearing, in manner of thinking and talking, a teacher should quite naturally appear to be a person with a mental life, a person who reads books and whose converse with colleagues is not purely *business* shop; that is, not invariably methods and troubles, but substance as well. There is no hope of attracting students to any art or science and keeping up their interest without this spontaneous mental radiation.

* * *

The present shortage of teachers, which has brought about the admission of college graduates *without* indoctrination in "methods," is an opportunity not to be missed. Liberal arts majors, if their courses were truly liberal, will be free of crippling ideas about how to teach. They will know their subject, they will think about *it* and not some "strategy," they will not believe the absurd dogma that there is no transfer in learning ability from one subject to another. They will deal with learning difficulties in the light of their own experience and not be so ready to ascribe them to "attention deficit" (located in the inner ear) or dyslexia, or home conditions, or lack of self-esteem.

Writing

With printed tests, students do not write as often as they once did. This self-evident remark holds the solution to the "writing problem" that schools vainly struggle with. Good writing, done without groans at the injustice of the demand, comes only with frequent practice. Short pieces must be called for regularly, carefully corrected by the teacher, and rewritten until acceptable. How often does that take place today? The answer is implied in the announcement of yet another hopeful program offered at the Bread Loaf School of English: "Making Johnny a Better Writer By Getting Teachers to Write."

Essay examinations provide a second opportunity for writing, just as good readings provide the models. The printed test affords neither. Read the multiple-choice questions or the sentences to be dealt with in some prescribed way: their tone and shape are repetitious, colorless, uninspiring. Again, when it is so easy to "check off what's right," composition—the setting down of one word after another—comes to seem an unnecessary chore. This lazy view of writing begins in kindergarten with the "workbooks"—silly questions, ugly paper, crude pencilled checkmarks.

Older students who are not compelled to think up sentences of their own, who feel that the really serious problem is in which little box to put the *x*, never develop the habit of trimming and putting order among the ideas that come to their minds helter-skelter, in spurts, as ideas do to most people most of the time. Result: the inarticulate young whom one meets on every hand. Self-expression? They long for it, but too often it consists of fragments of thought jerked out with *like* and *y'know* as connectives and assembled for the listener only after several attempts.

It cannot be too often repeated that reading, writing, speaking, and thinking are not four distinct powers but four modes of one power. That last word is diagnostic: it means able to do at will. If instead of always using the jargon word "skills," school people used the word power, they might judge the result of their teaching more concretely.

The Professors

For generations the proud professors have refused to have anything to do with elementary and secondary schooling—except to criticize it on their own hearthrug. They scorn mere teachers without knowing any; they do not review textbooks below the freshman level; they despise—instead of reforming—the department of education in their own university. In other countries all recognize that teaching has equal importance and merit at every rung of the ladder. The most highly trained scholars begin by

"Trenchant and challenging."
—Publishers Weekly

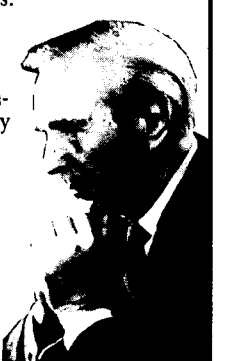
Begin Here

The Forgotten Conditions of Teaching and Learning

Jacques Barzun

This book is a call for action. In it, Barzun draws on a lifetime of distinguished teaching to answer the "crisis" of the public schools.

"It is difficult to imagine a more pungent, perceptive or eloquent commentary on contemporary American education than this collection of 15 pieces by Jacques Barzun."
—Jonathan Yardley, *Washington Post Book World*



Cloth $24.95
234 pages

The University of Chicago Press
5801 South Ellis
Chicago, IL 60637
1891-1991

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

teaching in the *lycée* or *gymnasium* or the English "public" and "grammar" schools.

In the United States, college and university are undergoing the fitting punishment of their snobbish neglect: all the ills of the lower schools have infected the higher—bureaucratic rules and paperwork; students incapable and beyond rescue, but promoted yearly; a curriculum without plan or direction; subject matter dictated by politics or current events. Tailored to youthful tastes, such courses lack order and substance—invertebrate data in place of "disciplines." Around these attractions the campus recreates the whole of society: unions and strikes, protests, insults, violence, madness, and the agencies needed to cope with these diversions. There must be a small army of security guards, a corps of psychiatrists and counselors, facilities for free artistic productions, a supply of contraceptive information and devices, and housing and subsidies for political and ethnic separatism.

* * *

208 SOUTH LASALLE ST CHICAGO ILLINOIS 60604

THE LEMLEY LETTER

Do Your Holiday Shopping Early!

Order The "WORLD FAMOUS"

BUY LOW—SELL HIGH!

Lemley Letter T-SHIRT*
for *only* $48

and receive a free 12 month subscription (11 issues) to the equally renowned *Lemley Letter. The Lemley Letter* is the investment newsletter which believes in the preservation and growth of capital through prudent long-term investing in good quality, out-of-favor securities. Following this philosophy, the *Lemley Letter Model Portfolio* (a real portfolio) increased in value from $50,000 on December 31, 1983 to $155,000 on August 15, 1991 (commissions and management fees included).

Cited for its "prickly nonconformity" by *Barron's*, we believe you will find this investment newsletter to be well worth the price of a *Lemley Letter* T-Shirt.

Yes, please rush my "world famous" *Lemley Letter* T-Shirt* and begin my *free* 12 month (11 issue) subscription to the *Lemley Letter.*

☐ I've enclosed $48 payable to *The Lemley Letter,* Suite 500, 208 South La Salle Street, Chicago, Il 60604.

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

*Sorry, only one size (XL). If it's too large place in washer on hot, then dry on hot. Presto, XL becomes M. Only in AMERICA!

BUD LEMLEY KATHLEEN PINTO DON YARLING RON BURR

During the past half century, the difference between the two levels of higher education—college and graduate school—has been blurred as regards the role of the professoriate. It is now assumed that the faculty in either place must be composed exclusively of Ph.D.'s and that these certified scholars will continue to "do research" and publish it. The good repute of the institution demands that they "contribute."

This result was predictable; in fact it was predicted almost as soon as the Ph.D. was invented. William James, Woodrow Wilson, Lawrence Lowell inveighed against its imposition as a prerequisite—as a union card—for college teachers. They knew that not every good learner and teacher has the gift of the true scholar, and they foresaw that the compulsion to act like one would only lead to make-believe scholarship; that is, digging around in published matter for facts and ideas to reproduce in altered words, decorated with the usual emblems. The well-named "scholarly apparatus" guarantees only a mechanical product.

The obvious way out is still open: since the Ph.D. is a fetish, award it after the completion of a master's essay and the passing of the present Ph.D. orals. Not a particle of difference will result in the quality of mind of the degree holder. He or she will have had practice in research by preparing the essay and will possess the same amount of teachable knowledge.

But then the other great mistake of "publish or perish" will have to be reversed. The newly made Ph.D. must no longer be forced to "produce" soon and abundantly so as to "get on the tenure track." The present intolerable (and immoral) pressure on the young teacher has "produced" only an appalling amount of pointless papers—junk research, to go with junk mail and junk bonds: things multiplied without heed to quality.

The side effects upon higher education are many and dire. The worst is the neglect of teaching—there is no time for both research and class preparation. This dilemma is also an obstacle to *scholarly teaching*; for it is clear that working on a little paper means a little subject, whereas the young teacher ought to be keeping up with the scholarship of the broad subject that he teaches. The blight comes from the refusal to admit that a teacher can in fact serve the ideal of scholarship without pushing his findings into print.

Life on Campus

To the incoming freshman, college used to be a revelation—of freedom, of his own maturity, of high seriousness in things of the mind. In most cases the boy or girl had never been away from home and was now alone responsible for the use of time and resources, no longer pupil but student. He or she was called Mr. or Miss in class, without irony. The wholly intellectual landscape was new: here were grave faculty members, friendly but not chummy, devoting a good many hours a week to teaching certain definite matters of agreed importance and also doing that mysterious thing "research." It seemed to give their words the authority they claimed and did not hesitate to exercise. This enchanting new atmosphere found its counterpart in the work to be done—many hours of reading in real books, written by adults for adults, who were deemed capable of understanding all the words and of singling out the important points to remember.

This description of the step up from high school as it was fifty years ago has lost all validity. The college—and the university around it—have been transformed into a motley social organism dedicated to the full life. It does include the mental life, but certainly makes no fetish of it. Rather, intellect weaves in and out of the main business, which is socialization, entertainment, political activism, and the struggle to get high grades so as to qualify for future employment.

* * *

The American people decided a good while ago that it wanted to ape the Chinese Empire and set up a Mandarin system. A college degree is required for any well-paid job in business, as well as for government service and the professions. The popular propaganda in favor of heading for college is supported by the latest statistics, which show that the gap between college-graduate salaries and the rest is widening.

"Mandarin" is here a courtesy word, for it hardly matters what the bachelor's degree is worth intellectually. The name college is magic by itself. Colleges abound and there is no assurance that the graduate from any of them knows anything in particular or knows it well. Mingling for four years in miscellaneous classrooms with a loosely selected group of boys and girls from other parts has value, and the usual extracurricular activities may well "educate" in the worldly sense. But is it worth the crushing costs and the grand apparatus of scholars and deans and publications and curriculum committees?

What Is the Idea of a University?

The college or university, no longer a republic, is now a democracy of a peculiar kind. Just as the public school took on the task of reform, so the academy has taken on the role of showcase. Here cultural, political, and ethnic pluralism would prevail. Overt teaching and official policy would show how enlightened

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

men and women think and act in modern society and train their charges to follow the same high principles.

As usual, a laudable purpose pursued with an instrument meant for something else has recoiled and turned what was less than perfect into the positively bad. This worsened state of the campus is familiar to every concerned parent and every reader of the news. A law in Wisconsin requires every college to inform prospective students of its crime rate for the preceding year. But before this battlefield condition became general, guerrilla attitudes had set in. The first casualty was free speech. Whether members of the faculty or guest speakers, persons known or suspected of harboring the wrong views on the issues of the day were denied a hearing, often in tumultuous and offensive fashion.

This is the sign of the peculiar democracy. It works by verbal onslaught and physical disruption, the small group coercing the large community into submission. And naturally assault begets retaliation in an endless round. This is often called the politicizing of higher education. That term is much too good for what has happened. Politics is a normal endeavor, rough or smooth, to obtain a tangible result for a public or private end. What is being witnessed on campuses from Dartmouth to Berkeley is faction and feuding for intangibles and abstractions. What gets satisfied is malice, vanity, revenge, and kindred feelings.

* * *

The special function of a university does not survive the pseudo democracy of shifting control by warring groups. The end comes with a bang and suppression follows—or reconstitution on saner lines. That being so, one can only hope that life on the campus today will get rapidly worse, so that shame and despair may awaken recollections of a decent past, after which dedicated spirits will strive to re-establish the due forms and civil temper of a company of scholars. □

Back In School

Aram Bakshian, Jr.

JUST SAY NO TO COLLEGE

Washington's most formidable dropout recalls the road not taken.

GEORGE BURNS: *What's your hurry?*
BROOKE SHIELDS: *I have to make contact with my pimp.*
GEORGE BURNS: *So that's what you do. Well, it's better than going to school . . .*
—from the film *Just You and Me Kid*

Few things in life are worth standing in line for, especially on a sweltering summer day in Washington, D.C. Higher education certainly didn't seem like one of them in September of 1963, when, overcome by the dinginess of George Washington University's downtown campus, and the industrial-strength effluvium issuing from long queues of nervous, sweaty registering freshmen, I made what may well have been the defining choice of my life. Anticipating Nancy Reagan by twenty years, I "just said no"—in my case, to that most mind-bending of hallucinogens, a second-rate liberal arts degree. It meant chucking a generously apportioned yet unappetizing academic scholarship, but my mind was made up: rather than go to college, I would get an education.

More immediately, I decided to abandon campus and walk a few blocks to the old Circle Theatre on Pennsylvania Avenue. By happy chance, Lucino Visconti's exquisite film adaptation of Giuseppe di Lampedusa's *The Leopard* was playing and the erratic air conditioning system was working that afternoon; two auspicious omens in a row convinced me that I had made the right decision. As I watched the world-weary patrician hero turning his back on the gilded sham of *risorgimento* Italy, I felt a smug kinship, excusable, perhaps, in one still in his teens.

From elementary school onward, I had always learned more from independent reading and conversation than from the standard gruel dispensed in class, taking to heart the Shakespearean admonition that

> No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;
> In brief, sir, study what you most affect. . . .

and agreeing with Sydney Smith (to the aggravation of innumerable family members over the years) that there is "no furniture so charming as books." So much so that, from junior high school onward, I regularly played hooky to visit the vast, fusty second-hand bookstores that still dotted the Washington landscape in the 1950s and 1960s. Nearly all of them, Lowdermilk's, Pearlman's, Estate, Savile, and Park Books, are gone now.

Today's book fanciers, usually forced to choose between overpriced antiquarian dealers and chain retailers limited to standard current titles, would be amazed at how far—and wide—a few dollars could go in those literary old curiosity shops. Nicely bound broken sets of the collected works of Voltaire could be bought for all of seventy-five cents a volume and Homer, Plato, Thucydides, Xenophon, Le Sage, Clarendon, Cervantes, Marcus Aurelius, Gibbon, Macaulay, Carlyle, Thackeray, Dickens, Sterne, Smollett, Daudet, de Maupassant, Surtees, Suetonius, Sheridan, Aristophanes, Chaucer, Emerson, Parkman, Pascal, Molière, Madame de Sévigné, St. Simon, Pepys, Pope, Johnson, Boswell, Montaigne, Dryden, Goldsmith, Goethe, Byron, Tennyson, Kipling, de Ligne, Luther, and Dante, not to mention more recent and routine titles, could be had for a song, sometimes in morocco or calf.

"Good as it is to inherit a library, it is better to collect one," wrote Augustine Birrell, and at that time, even a newspaper carrier turned copyboy like myself could afford to start. The very act of working to pay for each volume seemed to quicken one's appetite for reading it, a principle that probably applies to students who have to work for their tuition. Serving as a copyboy, first at the (now-defunct) *National Observer* and then at the (now-unrecognizable) *U.S. News & World Report*, also meant access to good reference libraries and interesting conversation with the less stuffy writers and editors. One of the earliest pleasures of my own writing career came when, a few years after I had left the *National Observer*, I appeared in its pages as a book critic and was able to renew earlier acquaintances on a more equal footing.

Reading, writing, and intelligent discussion are the keys to a good liberal arts education in academia; I simply sought, and was lucky enough to find, the same essentials in the outside world without being subjected to the nuisance of gym, the irrelevance of Geology I, and the forced purchase of dozens of badly written textbooks, as expensive as they were worthless.

This is *not* to say that I owe nothing to formal education. Several inspiring elementary and secondary school teachers tolerated my maverick streak and encouraged my interests in history and literature. As a day student at a cozy if somewhat down-at-the-heels little academy called Woodward Prep, I even learned the elements of real, as opposed to apparent, political power: control communications and law enforcement and it doesn't matter who is president. This is as true of countries as of student councils, as I would later observe in the Nixon and Ford White Houses before becoming director of speechwriting for Ronald Reagan, a President who knew a thing or two about communicating.

Editing the school newspaper and literary supplement and commanding the hall monitors meant real power and real rewards: extensive writing on the topics of one's choosing, more free time and fewer scheduled classes, and the ability to slip out for an illicit beer (I was tall for my age) with the connivance of one's subordinate hall monitors.

At the same time, a curriculum that still included Latin meant an early grounding in the fundamental structure

---

Aram Bakshian, Jr., a member of the National Council for the Humanities, writes and broadcasts frequently on history, politics, and the arts.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of languages that would make later acquisition of rudimentary French and German easier. How Latin came to be dropped by some high schools as "irrelevant" baffles me to this day; it is the most practical subject many secondary school students will ever study. Given a little Latin, years later you will be able to get the gist of street signs, simple news clips, and broadcasts in Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, and, in a pinch, even Romanian.

This is particularly true in my case, since Don Manuel Castello, Woodward Prep's Latin and French master, taught both languages with a thick Spanish accent. When asked about this, the headmaster's wife dismissed the matter with a phrase echoed thirty years later by Sybil Fawlty explaining the foibles of another Manuel, this time a waiter: "It's all right. He's from Barcelona."

Unlike the author of a recent best-seller, I do not claim that everything I needed to know I had already learned in kindergarten. But I can honestly say that everything I needed to learn—in *school*, that is—I knew by the twelfth grade. While my own curiosity deserves some of the credit, so does a motley but worthy crew of teachers, not one of whom was an education major.

They included a deaf, dentured retired colonel, Merritt Booth, who taught algebra and geometry with the logic and precision they deserved; a dedicated young English teacher named Bill Gaull who, while working his way through law school, took the trouble to encourage bright students to read non-syllabus authors like Fielding and Tolstoy; a one-legged Seventh Day Adventist history master named Donald F. Haynes who, although somewhere to the right of the John Birch Society, graded fairly and taught passionately; and a wonderful 76-year-old chemistry teacher, "Doc" Valaer, whose enthusiasm for his subject was such that, although a teetotaler, he had written a book entitled *Wines of the World*, painstakingly analyzing their chemical compositions without tasting any of them.

My graduate and post-graduate teachers, while more famous, have all been untenured and unofficial: editors, authors, politicians, journalists, artists, and a widening circle of interesting friends. We didn't need classrooms; sometimes we didn't even need face-to-face meetings. One of my earliest literary mentors was the late Frank Meyer, who edited the arts and manners section of *National Review* from the magazine's founding until his death in the early 1970s. Although we struck up a strong intellectual friendship during hundreds of hours of phone conversations, we never met. The only time we were in the same room together was at his funeral in Woodstock, New York, yet Frank's disembodied voice during our long-distance dialogues on everything from the ideals of the Founding Fathers to the foibles of King Farouk was an important part of my education.

A twenty-year association with the British magazine *History Today*, beginning with its founding editors, poet-biographer Peter Quennell and the late Alan Hodge who, among other things, was one of the two ghostwriters for Winston Churchill I've been lucky enough to know, has been an unending source of new ideas, friendships, and interests. Similarly, collaborating with Viennese composer Robert Stolz (1880-1975) on his memoirs was the equivalent of several years of post-graduate study on the musical, theatrical, intellectual, political, and social history of *Mitteleuropa* under a man who had known or met everyone from the last two Hapsburg emperors to Brahms, Bruckner, Johann and Richard Strauss, Lehar, and Puccini to Charlie Chaplin, Albert Einstein, Eleanor Roosevelt, Marshal Tito, Marlene Dietrich, and Marilyn Monroe, a rather fascinating mixed bag.

The odds are that I would have missed out on most of these opportunities if I had kept my scholarship at George Washington University and followed the oft-trodden rut of academia, where as early an observer as William Penn remarked that "much reading is an oppression of the mind, and extinguishes the natural candle, which is the reason of so many useless scholars in the world." At the very worst, I might have ended up as a tenured, politically correct hack . . . perhaps even a registered Democrat.

Just thinking about *that* makes me shudder. Fortunately, all I had to do was just say no. □

Back In School

Nina Nilson

THE CLASS OF '96

A high school teacher's memoir from hell.

Many people, including teachers, are writing about education these days. Teachers express frustration with low pay and oversized class-loads. And there is, at least among the teachers I am currently associated with, a pervasive and debilitating resignation. Granted, I am new to this. I am a student teacher in an "inner-city" high school in St. Paul, Minnesota. I am becoming certified to teach secondary English in this state. Before I entered these classrooms I had read various accounts of the demise of learning, but nothing prepared me for such mediocrity and destructiveness. Teachers write that their lives in classrooms across the country are hell, yet they seldom if ever come clean about what it's really like. Would that be too much of a reflection on them? Moreover, this is St. Paul, Minnesota—pristine, proper, liberal, always politically correct and morally irreproachable. We have a fine school system here, and you'd better not tell anyone any different.

Nina Nilson is a writer and teacher living in St. Paul, Minnesota.

The institution where I teach is a "gifted and talented magnet school" with a "tracking system." The school has a forty percent minority population and lies on the fringes of Selby-Dale, a troubled St. Paul neighborhood, predominantly black. The school's principal is black, a woman. The so-called gifted and talented programs are not bona fide because they are self-selected: that is, any child who thinks he is special, or whose parent thinks he is smart or above average, or who is conscious of and wants to avoid the travesty of education called "regular" classes, can attend an advanced class. Those who don't have a parent thinking they are special, or gifted, or even intelligent, often default to the "regular" classes. "Regular" classes are the bottom track of a tracking system. (Children with exceptionally low ability are banished to an even lower track called "assurance of mastery.") In the "regular" classes I teach, I spend five minutes out of every hour waking kids who are sound asleep, another five minutes keeping them awake, and at least fifteen minutes struggling to maintain an atmosphere short of complete chaos. Students in "regular" classes do no homework.

Tracking has created a two-tier, two-quality learning experience. Mainly, the white kids inhabit the advanced programs and upper floors of the building while the black kids hide out in the "regular" classes and rule the halls of the lower floors. The advanced classes are "weighted," meaning that kids taking these classes earn higher grade-point averages. Throughout its history, no black student has ever made the "top twenty" at this school.

Most of the discipline problems a teacher encounters on a typical day are the result of black students' acting out countless, often nameless aggressions. Black students are often hostile and insensitive to other racial minorities. Black students are responsible for the chaos, most of the foul language and inappropriate sexual behavior, and most of the fights in the hallways. One of my "regular" students, a young Vietnamese refugee just three years in Minnesota, is often taunted with the sobriquet "chink f---er." When another of my students, a pretty, popular light-skinned black girl called one of her Vietnamese classmates a "slopehead," her friends and fellow African Americans positively shrieked with glee. Another Vietnamese student in my fifth-hour class gave a presentation on his escape from Vietnam during the war. His important story of repression and survival, in timid and faltering English, was drowned out by the chatter

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of his classmates. Yet when a black student does a presentation on police brutality, everyone is rapt.

Still, the accusation that we are not doing enough to accommodate the black students' divergent needs echoes angrily, and daily, in the air. We are not flexible, sensitive, or caring enough. Students who complain about their teachers are told by their parents to ignore the white teachers, as they are racist.

I teach three eleventh-grade English classes, including an advanced World Literature class in the morning and two "regular track" English classes in the afternoon. To bolster black enrollment in World Literature, the teachers included three black authors—James Baldwin, Gloria Naylor, and Alice Walker—to accompany Eudora Welty, Tillie Olsen, and Ernest Hemingway. The measure did not succeed in attracting black students. The class consists of twenty-three whites, three Asian immigrants, and only two black students. The students are mostly well behaved and some are actually motivated to learn. They read books for the class and write papers. They do homework—some do a lot of it.

My fourth- and fifth-hour "regular" classes are a different story. When I made it apparent to these "regular"-track students that they would actually have to read and write in my class, they were incensed. They began to loathe me. They do not fear me, because they fear nothing. They are proud to graduate from high school with a D-minus average. (In order to fail a student, one must tackle a forbidding maze of paperwork.) The fourth- and fifth-hour classes are divided equally between black and white students. There are two Asian students in each. The students do not socialize outside of their race. Whites sit next to whites, blacks next to blacks. There are strict allegiances, strict modes of behavior to follow. If a black student prefers a white to a black friend, blacks call him a traitor. If a white tries to act black, they call him a "wannabe," a misguided individual with an excess of inherited racial guilt. It is cool to be black and uncool to be white. White teachers are racist; if they are female, they are "white bitches." If they make you read and write and have expectations of you, they are "white dissin' bitches" who are "trippin'" or "on crack."

My fifth-hour class has presented the most discipline problems and the most resistance to learning. Because of the racial diversity of the class, I thought we would begin my instructional period with a "multicultural" short story unit. It was February. Many of the black students in the class complained that we (the school, the powers that be, the white race) weren't doing enough to celebrate African American History Month. I thought that I would take advantage of the students' professed interest in black history to introduce them to black authors. I reasoned that once the students tasted their own literary heritage, they would become thirsty for a broader spectrum of literature and that, if they didn't, at least they would have read something. I assigned essays by Maya Angelou and Richard Wright. The class had no idea who these authors were, or what contributions they had made to the long debate over black/white relations. Moreover, it became apparent, they had no real interest in black history. They just wanted to complain. Reactions to the stories were uniform: "It's boring, it's stupid," then the more devious "We're sick of reading about blacks having a horrible life, having bad things happen to them. We want to read about good things happening to blacks." Then the white students started in: "I think we should have a white history month." I dropped the multicultural story unit.

Each day, as they lumber into class, the students ask me if we are seeing a movie today. Their eyes plead. "No," I say, "we're going to write," or "we're going to read a story." They groan, they act

Take hold on instruction, leave it not: keep it, because it is thy life.

Proverbs 4:13

At Thomas Aquinas College, we aim at making a good beginning in the instruction that leads to wisdom. We'd like to describe that beginning for you.

Thomas Aquinas College opens the academic year with a Mass of the Holy Spirit. Each freshman matriculates in a simple ceremony witnessed by the whole college. He begins the arts and sciences with their natural beginnings: theology with the Bible, mathematics with Euclid's *Elements,* philosophy with Plato's *Dialogues*. In the first evening seminar, he wrestles with the opening of the first great epic, Homer's *Iliad.*

The student has found an ordered course of studies in the liberal arts and sciences, a course that moves deliberately and demandingly from these starting points on through the works of Aristotle, Dante, Newton, and Kant, down to Keynes, Einstein, and T. S. Eliot.

This is education on a human scale – small classes in a small college. Yet it is startlingly ambitious. For here, at Thomas Aquinas College, we introduce the eager mind to the best that has been thought about the world, mankind, and the God who made them.

Come and see this college in action. You won't be lost in the crowd.

For information, call Tom Susanka, Director of Admissions: 1 (800) 634-9797. From Canada, call collect: (805) 525-4417.

Or write: Director of Admissions, Thomas Aquinas College, Box 104, 10000 North Ojai Road, Santa Paula, CA 93060-9980

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

overwhelmed. They demand "honors" credit for the class because they claim they do as much work as the advanced classes. In a way I can't blame them, and though their indifference and hatred hurts me, the system that has made them this way outrages me. The two rooms adjacent to my own blast videos all day long. One day, a Western was playing loudly on the video monitor in the classroom to the left of ours. When I went next door to ask the teacher to turn down the volume, the teacher was sitting with his back to me, wearing earphones, reading a book, while his students slumbered or frolicked along with *Shane*. In the other adjacent classroom, another movie blasted. Its theme song, the rock anthem "Wild Thing," throbbed against our back wall. The commotion and mirth issuing from the other classrooms left my students more distracted and uncooperative than usual. This is an exceedingly common scenario. Down the hall, the King of the Moles—video teachers are called "moles"—slowly emerges from a shadowy recess in the wall. While the other two teachers periodically engage in activities other than video-viewing, this man's ratio of vid-to-work is even less sound. He is, appropriately, the head of the audio-visual department. He is near retirement age, as are the other two "educators" whose classrooms I had just visited.

I have been having problems with Cherie Alden, a student in my fifth-hour class, for a while now. At first, I liked her. She seemed friendly, and welcomed me on my first day at this school. But for some reason she has now decided that I am the enemy and that she will fight me to the end. The child has done absolutely no work. She thinks she'll pass the course with a D or D-minus—but that she'll pass. Even the good students are learning to be marginal and mediocre.

Cherie looks like many of the tawny young people of this school, many of whom are, as the current expression goes, "mixed." Overwhelmingly, these children identify with being black, not white. Recently, at the beginning of a short story unit on evil, I asked the students, since they had trouble defining the word "evil," to give examples of evil, or of how they saw it functioning in their world. Cherie said, "School is evil," and "American society is evil," and "I hate America," and "White people is evil." Cherie's mother, by the way, is white.

A day later, we continued our discussion. Most of the kids had lost their lists of examples of evil, so we devised a new one. Mitch Clayton, a small young man, objected to the inclusion of guns as agents of evil. "Guns ain't evil," he said, "Guns is good, they's fo' protection." He sneered at my naïveté; I was the most stupid person he had witnessed in a long time. "You tellin' me some dude's gettin' ready to rape you, you don' shoot him, you don' wan' a gun, no I bet you say, 'just go ahead and rape me,' yeah, I bet that's what you do," and he chortled and looked at his friends for commiseration, again contemptuous and disbelieving. Cherie, sitting near by, rejoined, "No, she just be standin' back and analyzin' it, tryin' to decide whether it evil or not." They both sneered at their hopelessly naïve teacher.

Each day, as they lumber into class, the students ask me if we are seeing a movie today. Their eyes plead.

Each time I pass out a short story, somebody protests. The complaints lack variety or imagination. "This should be in college prep class," they assert and reassert tirelessly. I tell them, "It's a thirteen-page story. You have 50 minutes to read it. It should be no problem. Get busy." The groaning and moaning reaches intense proportions.

"Man, you trippin'," Cherie says to me, examining the photocopied pages with distaste. "You on crack."

"Maaaaan, this a regular class," protests Tyrel.

"Yes," I retort, "regular, not retarded." That set them back a moment.

Toward the end of an "informal class" one day, when many of the students had gone to the library, we reconvened in our room for the last five minutes of class. The students were quietly conversing among themselves. Cherie suddenly yelled out to her friend Tulissa, a pretty, seductive, "mixed" girl at the other end of the room, "Hey, Tulissa, you have anal sex, don't you?" She reiterated her challenge several times, till "anal sex" was like a manic echo in the air. Though I knew she was doing this just to get a reaction out of me, I was too shocked to react. I mustered a lame "Oh come on . . ." Many of the kids looked embarrassed and averted their eyes. Some of them laughed and shrieked. I felt humiliated and powerless. The next day I dismissed Cherie from class for three days. She didn't go quietly. "Why you kickin' me out for?" she demanded. "I wasn't the only one. Everyone was goin' on about it."

Tara in fifth hour has two children. Belinda in fifth hour is a very pregnant seven months. Tootie in fourth has two, and is on probation, recently moved here from Peoria, Illinois. She is currently pregnant with twins, and will have four children before her eighteenth birthday. Jackie in fourth hour has one toddler. None of these mothers is over seventeen years old. It is difficult, sometimes, to make them listen to a woman who is twice as old as they and has no children.

Jackie wrote a ten-page paper about her relationship with Willis—the father and a convicted felon—and the birth of her son. She entitled her opus "Birth." She met Willis when she was with her girlfriend on their way to "beat up some girl at the neighborhood community center," as Jackie recounts in "Birth." It was love at first sight. They had sex and she became pregnant. Soon after, Willis was imprisoned for a car theft "he didn't do." Once Willis got out of jail, the two swore their love for each other and said, "Baby, I love you so much I'll never leave." But then Willis left for a while with a white girl because she performed oral sex.

But then the wayward Willis came back to his true love and again swore his allegiance and loyalty. Around her eighth month of pregnancy, Jackie discovered that "everything wasn't right down in my vagina." She experienced a terrible burning and pain. The doctor diagnosed her as having a sexually transmitted disease. Willis claimed that "some white girl had [given him oral sex] and she had the disease in her mouth and that's how I gave it to you." Somehow, he believed that oral sex, instead of actual penetration in this case, was a mitigating factor. Jackie was not so stupid, though. She was on to him and she put Willis in his place. But then Jackie's son was born and both Jackie and Willis were so happy, though Jackie had to have a Caesarean because of the sexually transmitted disease.

Britta Selini, my supervising teacher, teaches a second-hour "college prep" class. The students do a presentation every Friday on a topic of their choice. The topic this Friday was teen motherhood. Tara, my student with two children, and another girl, with just one child, were the panelists. The class/audience questioned both girls about their situations, their plans for the future, and the difficulty of being a teen mother. Tara lives with her children in a foster home. The father of both her children (one father, which is unusual) does not come to see her at the foster home, ostensibly because he is afraid of Tara's foster mother. Tara loves the father of her two sons and hopes—expects—that he will come see her when she moves out from the foster home in two months. "I be lovin him," she writes in one of her papers. "I be tellin him all the time I miss him and his two boys be needin him. . . . Sometimes he hurts me by runnin round with other mommas, some white sluts. He tells me he don't love me but I don't care, I have enough love for the both of us, I be lovin him for a long time, for ever, I be waitin." She tells the class a social worker is arranging an apartment for her. She and her children will leave her foster mother in two months. She doesn't like her foster mother, because she has to perform chores and can't go out whenever she pleases. Tara, like so many of the young mothers at this school, says she will live on welfare. Britta asks the two panelists what they think of a new program in Wisconsin where the extended family takes responsibility for teenagers with children, instead of the state. "I don't think it's good," says Tara. "Why should they have to pay for our mistake? They didn't do nothin."

"But why should we pay for your babies?" asks Britta, "It isn't our fault." That comment doesn't sink in.

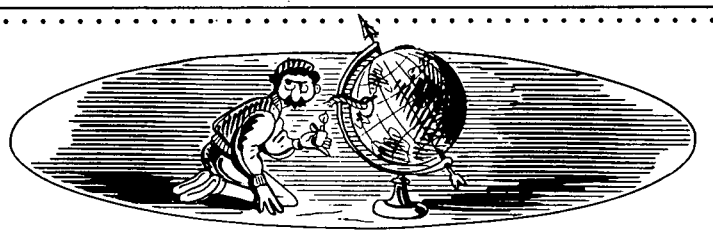
In the teacher's lounge at school, I relate many of the incidents in my classroom to one of our long-term substitutes. "Things have to change," I insist, "before we all become victims of implosion." I must appear the giant Pollyanna.

"But we can't do anything," he says. "We may be able to affect a few students, but we really can't do anything else." I feel I have been hearing too many *can'ts* for too long now. It's contagious. This is exactly what we are doing for our students, providing them with too many opportunities to say "I can't."

But I understand what he's saying. It is difficult, if not impossible, for individual teachers to maintain standards when the school itself—by now with the deep complicity of students, parents, and the school board—refuses to aid in upholding standards. Low expectations affect all students badly, but it seems that black students, who seldom recognize the salvation of the "advanced" option, suffer disproportionately.

I recall a conversation three years ago with a guidance counselor as I prepared for a career in teaching. My bachelor's degree in Literature and Languages, my counselor informed me, was insufficient. I needed various English courses to supplement my background and to qualify for a Minnesota teacher's license. "You need to take at least two survey courses in British Literature," she informed me, "beginning with Chaucer and encompassing at least the eighteenth century. You need to study writers like Milton and Pope and Johnson, because you're going to have to teach them." I now laugh at the absurdity of that conversation. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



CASEY'S FINAL MISSION

by Michael Ledeen

That congressional investigators should be digging into the October Surprise Hoax rather than studying Bill Casey's greatest operation is a tribute to the extent of Casey's cunning. For it is now over five years since I wrote in these pages:

> I don't know how much we're paying Mikhail Gorbachev to act as an American agent in the Kremlin, but he's worth every ruble he gets from the CIA . . .

Since then, various Soviet leaders have reiterated this inescapable conclusion. But the details have remained far from public view. I can now reveal that the Gorbachev operation was known to the handful of people involved in running the Soviet president as OPERATION GEORGE, after the saint who slayed the dragon. GEORGE undoubtedly ranks as the greatest success story in the history of the CIA, and perhaps in all of espionage. Sole credit for this triumph must go to the amazing foresight, careful planning, and skilled management of William Casey, the squire of St. Andrews.

The first clear evidence that Gorbachev was our man in the Kremlin was his enthusiastic endorsement of the Marcos "victory" over Corazon Aquino in the Philippines. When she realized that Gorbachev was the only major world leader to embrace her tyrannical and corrupt opponent, she had no hesitation in working closely with the United States. Later in the Reagan years, Casey activated Gorbachev for such sensitive missions as authorizing a Sandinista invasion of Honduras on the eve of a crucial congressional vote on contra aid and urging the Libyans to bomb a West German nightclub, thereby justifying an armed American response. Whenever Gorbachev balked, Casey would threaten to cut off Raisa's American Express card, and "Iron Mike" relented. Late in the Reagan presidency, Soviet ambassador Dobrynin, a man with great experience in Washington, began to suspect that there was something suspicious about Gorbachev's relations with the United States, and Casey quickly arranged for Dobrynin's purge from power, a pattern that was later repeated with foreign minister Eduard Shevardnadze.

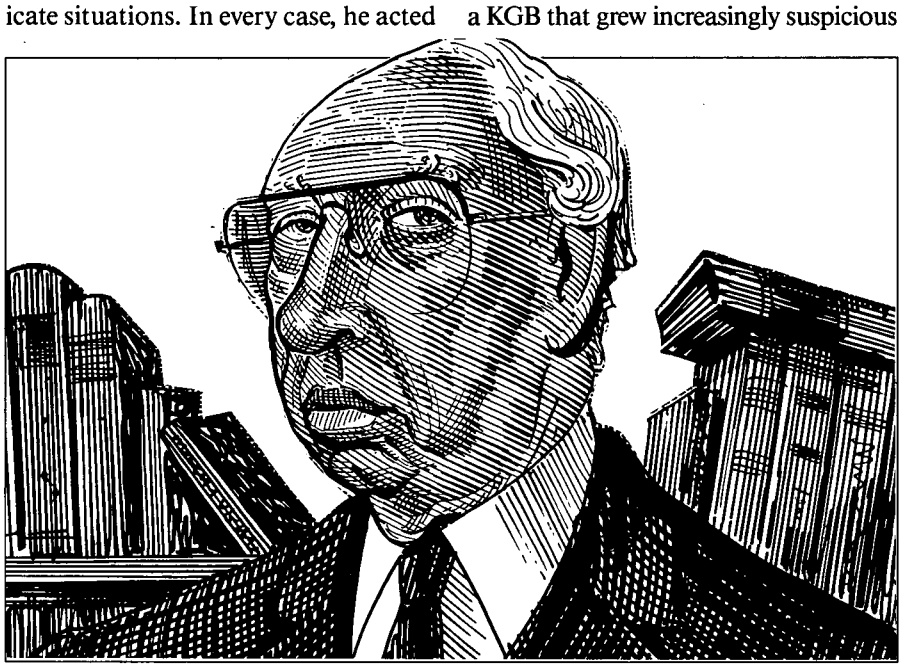
In a characteristic departure from tradition, the director of Central Intelligence took personal control of an operation. The communications to Gorbachev came directly from Casey himself, and Gorbachev understood that he was thoroughly protected by the very limited distribution of the GEORGE communications, for the details of OPERATION GEORGE were known to only four people: Reagan, Casey, Casey's deputy Robert Gates, and Gorbachev's control agent in Moscow, whose identity cannot yet be revealed. The mission was to destroy the Soviet empire, discredit Communism, and launch a democratic movement that would shatter the Soviet Union.

The details of Gorbachev's recruitment are not known, but there can be no doubt that he was the perfect agent for the mission, showing what Casey later referred to as "a genius for destruction" that gave him an almost instinctive feel for the right moves in delicate situations. In every case, he acted so as to inflame anti-Communist passions to the utmost, while never effectively repressing them. When the Lithuanians came to him—*before* voting for independence—and asked what he wished them to do, he encouraged them to vote. Then, once they voted for independence, he sent in the army, which used just enough force to enrage the Lithuanians, but not nearly enough to put an end to the anti-Kremlin demonstrations. This subtle tactic ensured maximum support for all the nationalist and ethnic movements in the empire, for it branded Gorbachev an ineffective enemy.

Any clear-eyed analysis of Gorbachev would have led ineluctably to the conclusion that he was an American agent, for how else could one explain his constant statements of amazement at the "intensity of national and ethnic sentiment" in a nation whose major domestic problem had long since been proclaimed to be precisely ethnic and national separatism? Could Gorbachev be the only person in the Soviet Union to believe that Stalin had solved the nationalities problem? In retrospect it seems astonishing that Gorbachev's preposterous statements were not more widely recognized as such at the time.

Casey's major problem was to keep the operation secret, particularly from a KGB that grew increasingly suspicious of Gorbachev as he ruthlessly and systematically dismantled the empire. For while it was perhaps understandable that Americans, and even most Europeans, would not notice that Gorbachev *never* had an effective policy for *any* of the problems that beset the beleaguered empire (and that all of his actions worked to the detriment of the existing system), it certainly was perceived by the other Kremlin leaders. The risk grew considerably when Mrs. Thatcher unaccountably took Gorbachev seriously, and proclaimed him "a man with whom we can do business," thereby placing him at great risk.

Casey resolved the problem by ensuring that several Reagan Administration officials expressed profound distrust of Gorbachev. Weinberger led this effort. At the same time, it was necessary to have Communist hardliners embraced by American officers, so that Gorbachev could criticize his own colleagues for cozying up to the enemy. This task was unwittingly but brilliantly fulfilled by Admiral Crowe and General Powell, two successive chairmen of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Their public infatuation with Marshal Akhromeyev greatly embarrassed the Soviet military chief, who could hardly attack Gorbachev's growing friendship with Reagan and Thatcher once Akhromeyev was so clearly the darling of the American military establishment.

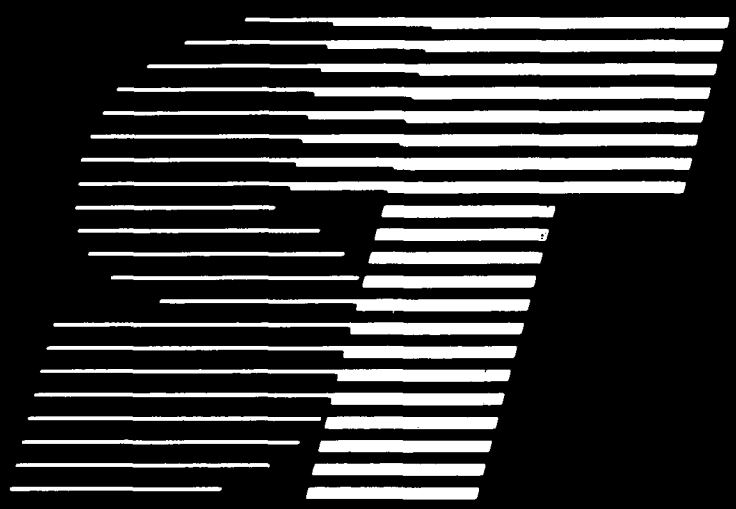


The Iran-contra scandal menaced the operation, because Casey's movements came under increased scrutiny, and the congressional investigations left him little time to devote to GEORGE. Moreover, he had already given considerable thought to the future of GEORGE after Reagan had left office. Since he was personally indispensable to the operation, he decided to go underground. So Casey, in the most melodramatic moment of OPERATION GEORGE prior to the events of the last summer, staged his own death. Even before the funeral, he had removed his operational base from Langley to a small cottage near the 15th green of the historic golf course at St. Andrews, Scotland, where he was able to maintain secure communications

Michael Ledeen is resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SARKES TARZIAN INC



WRCB, CHANNEL 3, CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

KTVN, CHANNEL 2, RENO, NEVADA

WTTS, 92.3 FM, BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA

WGCL, 1370 AM, BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA

WAJI, 95.1 FM, FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

CENTRAL OFFICE, BOX 62, BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA 47402
TELEPHONE. 812 332 7251

Providing the Best Radio and Television Service

with Gorbachev's control in Moscow and with the loyal Gates back in Washington.

There was a bad moment when Bob Woodward concocted the story of his deathbed interview with Casey, which, although false, raised the danger that others might conclude that the story of the stroke and brain tumor was a hoax. But happily no one pursued it, and GEORGE meandered towards its triumphant conclusion.

Playing golf early in the morning, studying the progress of GEORGE in the afternoon, and reading voraciously in the evenings, Casey led a happy life, and he got another lucky break when Gates was moved from CIA to the National Security Council by Bush. This enabled Gates to play a rather more public role than he could have at CIA, and Gates carried out Casey's orders to speak out against working too closely with Gorbachev. Gates was also able to recruit two important allies to the disinformation campaign against Gorbachev: Vice President Quayle and Defense Secretary Cheney.

But the most brilliant part of GEORGE was the selection of Gorbachev's own team in Moscow. For it was obvious that the experienced members of the Old Guard were not only suspicious of Gorbachev, but skilled enough to uncover the plot. They had to be replaced with men whose intellect and personal habits would render them incapable of infiltrating GEORGE, or of posing any effective opposition to Gorbachev's policies to dismantle the Soviet empire. Slowly, but carefully, the likes of Kryuchkov, Pugo, Moiseyev, and Yazov were appointed to the key positions in the regime. Once this had been accomplished, it was only necessary to surround them with incompetent aides, and inept economists (of which there was an overabundance in Moscow), and keep them all well supplied with vodka, women, and hard currency for their overseas accounts, something that Casey was able to have Gates manage through some of the old CIA accounts in their favorite bank, BCCI.

The few talented people in Soviet politics were driven out, so they would have no option other than the democratic movements. The brilliant management of the Yeltsin account and the Shevardnadze gambit were handled, once again, by Casey himself. He instructed Gorbachev to purge Yeltsin—easily the most popular Communist in Moscow—and the clever foreign minister from all positions in the government and the Communist party, and then permit Yeltsin and Shevardnadze to "return" in a new mantle, now viscerally opposed to the Old Order. Gates masterfully protected Yeltsin from being suspected of being the "American candidate" by staging a series of diplomatic rebuffs at the White House. Gates easily convinced General Scowcroft that Yeltsin was a hard-drinking boor, thereby shielding Yeltsin from undue suspicion and enhancing his popularity among the Russian people, who had long admired boorishness and hard drinking. There was a brief crisis when Jim Baker, who never understood what was going on, insisted on visiting Shevardnadze, but Gorbachev put a stop to it.

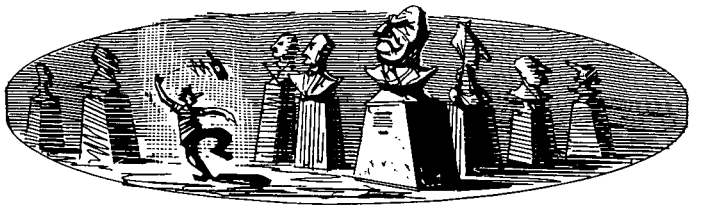
The August coup was carefully managed by Casey through Gorbachev. By early 1991, it had finally become clear to Gorbachev's government "allies" that the empire was doomed unless drastic action was taken, but Casey was not ready to move that early. So he had Gorbachev carry out an about-face, and support a new "crackdown" on the separatists. Gorbachev warned darkly about the use of military power to preserve the Union, and he even supported occasional forays into Armenia, Georgia, Latvia, and Lithuania, just enough to placate the hard-liners but not nearly enough to quell the rising tide of democratic and nationalistic opposition. These actions were also necessary on an international level, for the repression reinforced the anti-Soviet lobbies in Washington, London, and Paris, delaying efforts at a bailout for the Kremlin.

By the summer, Casey decided it was safe to move, and the final stages of OPERATION GEORGE were typical of Casey's whimsical approach to espionage. For, instead of using Gorbachev to provoke an insurrection by the Democrats, he was confident enough of the incompetence of the "Gorbachev team" to approve the Chaplinesque "coup" of August 19. This was, of course, authorized by Gorbachev himself, who secretly passed word to the most inept of all the coup leaders, Interior Minister Boris Pugo. The plan went even better than anticipated, for the GEORGE documents—from which this account is largely drawn—called for Gorbachev to escape to Vilnius, denounce the coup, endorse Yeltsin, and then defect to California. In the event, Gorbachev was able to remain in place and stay in Moscow long enough to carry out the final stages of dismantling the Soviet Union. Pugo, despite his alcoholic daze, recognized he had been made a fool of, and blew his brains out.

The only remaining question is when Bill Casey will emerge to fill in the last missing details. And that will probably be early in the winter, when the St. Andrews greens have frozen over and the old Irishman yearns for warmer weather and good conversation. We can all look forward to his book, which I am told has the working title of *Unveiled.* □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COUP DOCUMENT



THREE DAYS IN RIGA

by Ojars Kalnins

I first learned about the coup against Mikhail Gorbachev around midnight, Sunday, August 18. My wife and I had just finished watching the Mel Gibson version of *Hamlet* on videotape, and had CNN on in the background while we rewound the tape. With the image of the body-strewn Danish court still fresh in our minds, we were startled to hear that an equally dramatic upheaval had just taken place in the Kremlin.

I knew that a hardline takeover in Moscow posed a direct threat to the pro-independence Latvian government in Riga. After confirming the seriousness of the developments with Paul Goble, Baltic Desk Officer for the State Department, I jumped in my car and headed for the Legation of Latvia in northwest Washington to see if I could establish contact with Riga.

Even under the best of conditions, phone communications with Latvia have always been difficult, and as I expected, all international lines to Riga were busy. The Latvian Foreign Ministry had recently acquired a cellular phone which could be reached by direct-dialing a Stockholm area code, but that too was busy. In the past, our most reliable form of communication with Riga had been by telex, and by 4:30 a.m. I had sent a series of telexes to the Foreign Ministry, the parliament press center, the daily newspaper *Diena*, and the Latvian news agency LETA. I informed them that I was at the Legation ready to receive and distribute any news they had on developments. I received my first response about one hour later, at 5:36 a.m.

I spent the next three days and nights at the Legation, logging in telex messages, faxing out reports to the State Department and the press, and telexing reports of reactions in the West back to my contacts in Riga. By the second day of the coup, after TV, radio, and telephone lines had been cut in Riga, the only way to get news into or out of Latvia was by telex. Soon the Latvian government telex machines began shutting down one by one, yet the messages kept coming, as enterprising staffers at the Foreign Ministry found still-operational telex machines that belonged to private businesses in the city.

All the details of what took place in Riga during the Kremlin coup still need to be sorted out, but the telex messages that streamed into the Latvian Legation in Washington during those three days tell a dramatic story in themselves. They were written by courageous people under great stress, in a city under siege. With each report of another Black Beret (OMON) attack on a government building, the circle grew tighter around my correspondents in Riga. For me, the most difficult part of the three days was waiting for the next telex. Because I knew that if it didn't come, my contacts, friends I had known and worked with for many years, had joined the list of victims. Thankfully, that was one report I never had to receive.

Following, in chronological order, are translations of the telex messages that the Latvian Legation received from Riga during that period. Each new message begins with the time it was received in Washington. Senders have been identified at the end of each message in the following manner:

FM: Latvian Foreign Ministry
Diena: Latvian newspaper *Diena*
LETA: Latvian news agency
PAR: Latvian Supreme Council (parliament) press center

Monday, August 19, 1991

05:36 EST: For the time being all is calm in Riga. According to latest reports the commander of the Liepaja Garrison has seized the executive council of the city of Liepaja. [*Republic of Latvia President Anatolijs*] Gorbunovs went on radio at 11:00 urging the people to maintain calm and not to obey any orders given by illegally formed ruling structures. An emergency meeting of the Latvian government has been scheduled for 16:00, where they may adopt an appeal to world governments. [FM]

05:42 EST: An emergency parliamentary session will begin at 12:00. There are unconfirmed reports of armored vehicles in Riga. The situation is generally still calm. As soon as we have new information we will send it without delay. Thank you for your support. [*Diena*]

08:22 EST: " . . . If outside forces attempt to interfere and grant power to any illegal formation, the Republic of Latvia Supreme Council and Council of Ministers invites residents of Latvia to uphold peace and social order, not to cooperate with any illegal power structures, begin non-violent resistance campaigns and demand that the legal power structures—municipal deputy councils—be renewed. The only legal source of power is the people of Latvia." *[excerpt from announcement by President Gorbunovs and Prime Minister Ivars Godmanis]*[LETA]

11:38 EST: Supreme Council press release no. 2 (excerpt): "The Liepaja Army Garrison Commander, First Rank Captain Stalev, informed Andrijs Jaunsteins, deputy chairman of the Liepaja City Council, that in accordance with orders issued by Baltic War Fleet Admiral Ivanov, that he, Stalev, has been appointed Liepaja War Commander. Power in the city is being taken by a committee composed of military and civilian representatives. . . . Stalev requested that the city council cease, for one week, mass media activity."

Press Release No. 68 (excerpt): "[*Baltic Military District Commander Fyodor*] Kuzmin has informed Mr. Gorbunovs that he has

Ojars Kalnins is public affairs liaison at the Embassy of Latvia in Washington, D.C.

Writers, Researchers!
Gain Complete Control Over Your Scattered Notes, Memos, Clippings, Research Papers, And Letters... ...In Just 8 Minutes A Day!

Paper clutter makes you inefficient, frustrated, and can really hurt your career. You can't find things when you need them. You waste precious time searching for needed documents or information. Worst of all, you lose some of your best ideas, just when they would do the most good for your career. All because of paper clutter.

But in just 8 minutes a day, with **Squarenote™** on your IBM PC or compatible, you can gain complete control over your scattered notes, clippings, letters and documents. Locate any document, clipping, phone number, name, or idea in seconds. You'll never lose an idea again! You'll actually see the tops of your filing cabinets and desks, slim down your briefcase, and clean out your pockets.

Squarenote is the easiest-to-learn, easiest-to-use software ever created for the PC. It's for writers and researchers, not computer experts. It runs on any PC.

What **Squarenote** does for you is to collect all your information into one accessible, printable, sortable index card file... like the card files you have used for years.

"This program saved my neck when faced with teaching two new courses and only two months to prepare. Squarenote gathered all the research, organized it, and even printed out my lecture notes. A basic, essential tool for anyone doing research..."
ECS, Ilion, NY.

We are making a special offer to readers of the American Spectator who have been among our most loyal users and buyers for years. Call us now at 617 277 9222, or write us at the address below. **Send No Money.** Just mention this ad, and we'll send you a copy of **Squarenote** to try, at our risk, for 30 days.

Try it. Clean up your desk and briefcase! Preserve those precious ideas! If after 30 days of use you want to keep it, send us just $99, (a savings of $100 from our list price of $199). Or return it and you owe us nothing. ***Call now!***

PC Magazine's Editor's Choice Award

UnionSquareware
27 St. Mary's Court, Brookline, MA 02146
Telephone 617-277-9222

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been appointed as the main person in this area to execute directives of the state of emergency committee. If there is forceful resistance, then he will use all necessary means to enforce the USSR constitution."

Press Release No. 3 (excerpt): " . . . Alfreds Rubiks, first sec. of the Communist party of Latvia, announced at a press conference that he is following current developments with joy and pride. . . . Rubiks suggests that the declaration of a state of emergency could lead to the introduction of martial law. . . . Rubiks says Mr. Ivans, the Republic of Latvia Supreme Council vice chairman, will have to answer for all he has said and done about the Communist party. During a state of emergency, all forms of meetings and demonstrations are banned. Today, Latvia's Communist party will meet. He says that a state of emergency committee will be formed quickly." [LETA]

12:21 EST: There are reports that OMON has taken the television building. Latvian radio is still broadcasting.[FM]

14:00 EST: OMON has taken the interior ministry.[FM]

14:12 EST: The telephone central has been taken.[FM]

14:29 EST: The residents of Zakusala have begun building barricades. Riga Radio has asked that no similar actions be undertaken elsewhere for the time being. Latgale TV is broadcasting throughout the Latgale region. [FM]

14:47 EST: Latvian Radio reports that the Latvian Supreme Council has received news that the Russian Parliament is continuing its work. Part of the army has come over to Yeltsin. Yeltsin has designated a commander, thus Russia now has its own army. Yeltsin has given an order to provide weapons to those deputies working in the parliament.[FM]

15:58 EST: Latvian Radio has reported that a column of tanks and armored cars is moving toward Riga from Adazi.[FM]

16:08 EST: The Council of Ministers security HQ has been taken on Sporta Street. Fifteen armored cars are moving down from Freedom Blvd., ten more on Lubana Street with one squad of troops. Near the Riga train station a microbus has been fired upon with machine guns, killing the driver. There are injured. We've just learned it was a Writers' Association microbus.[FM]

17:07 EST: Writers' Association employee Raimonds Salmins has been shot to death and his passenger, Janis Verpahovskis, has been injured. The headquarters of the Popular Front of Latvia has been taken.[FM]

19:52 EST: Supreme Council Press Release No. 15 (excerpt): "The Republic of Latvia TV building was overtaken. It was reported that paratroopers entered the television complex by knocking out windows. At this time, no information is known about persons in the building. Latvian TV is not broadcasting at this time."[LETA]

20:01 EST: The army has taken the radio relay centers. Radio is broadcasting only via the Riga Broadcast Network.[FM]

22:04 EST: Latvian radio has been taken. There are troops and armored vehicles in the Dom Square. There was shooting.[FM]

22:05 EST: At 4:55 in the morning military forces occupied Riga radio studio and the telephone and telegraph central. No further information is available at this time.[LETA]

22:26 EST: As a result of military action the middle-wavelength radio broadcasting station stopped its work.[LETA]

Tuesday, August 20

04:09 EST: The parliament and government are working. We are cut off from phone contact. Telex is still working. Reports we have indicate that a journalist and Supreme Council deputy Aivars Berkis were injured during the takeover of the radio. The city is quiet. Armored vehicles are only on the bridges. Supply trucks are not being allowed out of the city. The foreign minister will try to fly to Copenhagen.[FM]

05:45 EST: At this time our office has resumed work again. We will stay in our places as long as we can. We can only send and receive news by telex. Taken so far: Popular Front HQ (people beaten with rifle butts), radio broadcast station in Ulbroka, police academy, interior ministry, TV tower, radio house in Vecmilgrava and in Dom Square, telephone and telegraph central. Two deaths. . . . two injured. . . . at this time two heavily armored helicopters are circling over Riga's old town. The newspaper will continue to come out. Waiting for news from you. Please confirm receipt of this telex. TV has begun broadcasting again, only the Moscow station. Forgive us for being so chaotic. Please confirm receipt of telex.[*Diena*]

06:16 EST: The Popular Front faction of the parliament has unanimously called for a general strike tomorrow at 6:00 a.m. if the occupation of buildings doesn't end. All local government bodies will be sent a non-violent self-defense plan. If something happens to the parliament the government will be decentralized. Baltic Military District Commander Kuzmin has taken a wait-and-see position. In talks with Latvian government officials, he said that he is only following orders and is not a member of the emergency committee.[*Diena*]

10:33 EST: Latvian Republic Foreign Ministry Announcement: "The attempted military coup of August 19, 1991 by Soviet Bolshevik military powers is in reality open aggression against the Latvian Republic and the other Baltic states. In Riga, the interior ministry has been taken by force, all communications have been blocked and television and radio centers have been occupied. The Latvian Republic and its governing bodies have been effectively shut off from the rest of the world. The process of isolating and destroying the governmental institutions of the Republic of Latvia is continuing. At this moment of destiny the Foreign Ministry of the Republic of Latvia pleads for diplomatic, political, and economic measures to stop the Soviet military actions in the Baltic, to restore all normal functions of the government of the Republic of Latvia, and respect the Latvian people's stated desire to regain independence."[FM]

12:26 EST: Three are dead, two or more are injured, but not seriously. This is since yesterday. The Supreme Council has not been taken, but rumors are spreading. . . . We will keep sending, for we don't know when we'll get cut off from the outside world. Ojars, if you can, please answer as soon as you receive this telex. We are eagerly awaiting news from you. Will stop sending after this message and wait for a telex from you. Ojars, you are presently the only one receiving information about events in Latvia. Please distribute it to everyone you can. Foreign Minister Jurkans departed for Copenhagen. Riga is suspiciously quiet. Please answer immediately so that we know you received this. See you later.[FM]

13:12 EST: We saw Bush's speech and press conference, no need to send that. We know as much about Moscow and Leningrad as you do for there is no phone contact. We are listening to RFE/VOA [Radio Free Europe/Voice of America] since Riga Radio is off. The newspaper *Diena* is publishing and is widely distributed. The Popular Front is meeting at the parliament and adopted a resolution that a demonstration will take place. Armored cars on the bridges have been replaced by tanks and paratroopers have been replaced by infantry. We can't give any more details.[FM]

13:44 EST: The OMON bandits have just grabbed the headquarters of the volunteer security guards and a car with three people. Their whereabouts is presently unknown. We observed separate groups of 3-5 armored vehicles in Riga and Jurmala. Please try to inform the foreign minister in Copenhagen.[FM]

13:52 EST: Tonight at 20:00 the police academy training camp in Jurmala-Kauguri was taken by five armored vehicles without gunfire.[FM]

14:33 EST: Just walked around the Riga Center. Many people out in the streets. I saw with my own eyes that OMON is working together with the army. OMON men are walking around in army buildings in the city center. Five armored cars led by an OMON car entered Riga coming from Jurmala. There was a Soviet Latvian flag on the first armored car. A Soviet flag has been raised on the Soviet Latvian procurator's building. The Interior Ministry looks abandoned. The entrance doors are wide open. The Latvian procurator staff abandoned it at noon. We don't know how long the telex will continue operating.[FM]

17:10 EST: We have no further information about the situation. Armored cars are moving near the parliament and Council of Ministers buildings, but nothing indicates anything out of the ordinary. [*long pause in message*] Just received fresh news. OMON has attacked the Council of Ministers building. We are evacuating the Foreign Ministry, for Radio Liberty just announced that the Foreign Ministry will be taken next.[FM]

17:12 EST: Nothing new is presently happening, although in the last hour there have been rumors that—I am interrupting that message —I just got a call and was told that at this moment they are taking the Council of Ministers building. We don't know what else has happened. The rumors were that at midnight they would take the Supreme Council. That has not been done yet. That's all for now.[*Diena*]

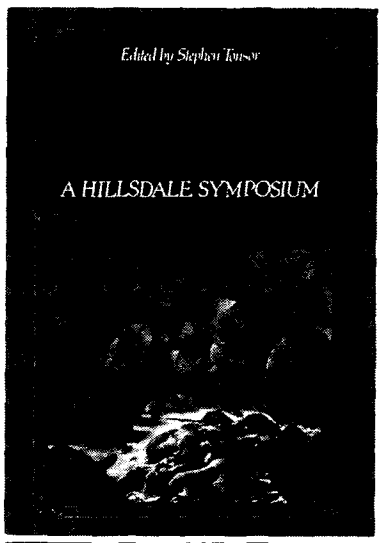
17:28 EST: At 22:00 two armored cars arrived at the Council of Ministers building. Security guards were ordered, in Kuzmin's name, to give up their weapons. [*Prime Minister*] Godmanis agreed. All his personal security has been arrested. The army is in the building right now. The Council of Ministers has been taken.[*Diena*]

17:42 EST: The Council of Ministers rejected Kuzmin's order. All are still in their places. Not too long ago Kuzmin called Godmanis several times and warned him that 'unnecessary weapons' would be taken from the Council of Ministers' security personnel. The army arrived in two armored cars. There was a calm discussion between the guards and Godmanis security aide Andrijs Bunka. Five or six automatic rifles were seized without any gunfire. The army has left. Godmanis has spoken to some Baltic military district general. The talks reportedly were calm, but we have no details. If we can, we will send additional news.[LETA]

18:03 EST: The Supreme Council press center reports that the Baltic military district command insists that those who took the weapons from the Council of Ministers building were OMON troops in army uniforms. Therefore General Kuzmin sent General Dudkin to the Council of Ministers to apologize. After that the disarmed Council of Ministers security personnel returned with Godmanis's aide Bunka.[LETA]

21:24 EST: At 02:00 Republic of Latvia Prime Minister I. Godmanis spoke on Latvia's Independent Radio, which is heard throughout Latvia. Prime Minister Godmanis assured the people of Latvia that the Republic of Latvia Council of Ministers is still in power and in control of the current situation. Information broadcast by BBC and other international news agencies stating that the Republic of Latvia government has fallen is false. PM Godmanis said that he is in the building of the Council of Ministers. The building is protected by security

REFLECTIONS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION



HILLSDALE COLLEGE PRESS
by arrangement with Regnery Gateway

160 pp. 35 photos

Discounts for classroom use!

Visa / MC / Discover
1-800-437-2268

FREE SHIPPING
$17.95 hardcover
$2.00 off cover price!

For discount information
(517) 439-1528
ext. 2319

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forces loyal to the Republic of Latvia. [LETA/PAR]

22:48 EST: The Popular Front of Latvia's appeal to the people of Latvia: "As a result of a decree by the Supreme Council and Council of Ministers, a general strike has begun in Latvia. Realizing the importance of this moment to the fate of Latvia, the Council of the Popular Front turns to the people of Latvia. Today all residents of Latvia must decide to oppose the occupation regime or bow their backs before their oppressors. Each Latvian patriot must join the general strike in his place of work, wherever possible. Protest meetings must be held at each location, and pickets at the gates of each establishment. Avoid provocations or conflict with military personnel. The threat of violence or repression must stimulate activity; those responsible for operating high-technology equipment can stay 'sick' at home. Our struggle is just. And we will win. Our unity and loyalty will be demonstrated on August 23 in the flaming Baltic way."[LETA]

Wednesday, August 21

08:28 EST: I've found a telex that works. It's a private business that hasn't been disconnected. This is the only way we can maintain contact. Today tanks approached the Supreme Council building and 10-15 OMON soldiers released tear gas and appeared to be ready to seize the building, but then retreated. I don't know what will happen next. People are on strike, but it's hard to tell how many. The Supreme Council has adopted and released a new declaration of independence, without a transition period. OMON was there to try to prevent this. Our telex operator will sit and wait for news from you. I hope this doesn't get cut off. Please call my mother and tell her I won't be home on August 23. I just can't leave. Tell her not to worry, I hope she'll understand. We will immediately send you the independence declaration.[FM]

14:58 EST: On August 21 at 19:30 acting Interior Minister Peteris Jakimovs spoke by phone to USSR Interior Minister First Deputy B. Gromov, who promised to immediately give an order confining OMON to their base. Jakimovs informed Colonel Goncharenko, coordinator of Latvian and Lithuanian OMON units. In the discussion the thought was raised that they may disobey orders. During a Popular Front meeting, [*Deputy Chairman of the Supreme Council of the Republic of Latvia*] D. Ivans reported that in talks with the command of the Baltic Military District, there was an agreement that the army will begin moving out of all occupied buildings. Tonight they have already begun leaving the radio building. . . . Two armored vehicles and a car with paratroopers have left the area around the TV building. The Latvian flag was immediately raised near the building. Armored cars and troops have also left the TV tower. Some of the troops said that they had previously been stationed in Germany. At 18:30 phone service has been resumed. Excuse all the typos and errors and confusion, we are extremely excited, but this time out of joy. . . .[*Diena*]

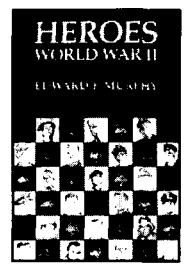
16:10 EST: The situation in Riga is becoming normal. The paratroopers have left all occupied buildings: radio, TV, international telephone central. All war matériel has been removed from Riga. Latvia TV and Radio are working again. The Foreign Ministry will begin working again at 7:00 GMT. We will all be in our places. Thank [*Latvia's charge d'affaires in Washington*] Dr. Dinbergs for the congratulatory note on our declaration of independence.[FM]

16:45 EST: . . . The Soviet army has now left the TV and radio buildings, inter-city telephone and telex communication has resumed. Latvian TV is broadcasting and the program "Panorama" and Russian language news has begun. Also the damaged communication lines at the radio house have been repaired and the transmission network is operating again. In a radio interview, Deputy Talavis Jundzis said that the offices of the Radio House have been vandalized, it is totally chaotic—broken doors, personal items stolen. But the army did not totally destroy the technical equipment in the studios. Clearly that was being preserved for the new landlords. We will send more.[LETA]

17:12 EST: Soviet military to withdraw. Dainis Ivans, deputy chairman of the Supreme Council of the Republic of Latvia, met today with Colonel General Fyodor Kuzmin, Baltic military district commander. Mr. Ivans presented General Kuzmin with the Republic of Latvia's constitutional law on the Republic of Latvia's status as a state, as well as other documents adopted by the Supreme Council of the Republic of Latvia. Mr. Ivans evaluated the situation as a failed coup attempt and requested that the supreme council be informed of the Baltic Military District commander's position. Colonel General Kuzmin stated that he had a similar conversation with [*Lithuanian President*] V. Landsbergis, that the military will be withdrawn from Riga tonight. . . . □

Presidio ★ Press: America's Foremost Publisher of Military History

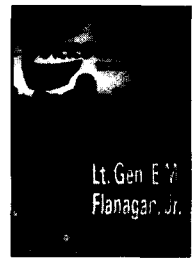
PO Box 1764GV, Novato, CA 94948-1764, ☎ (415) 883-1373 Fax (415) 883-3626 Charge Toll Free 1-800-966-5179



❑ **HEROES OF WORLD WAR II**
Edward F. Murphy
384 pages, $24.95

❑ **COMMAND MISSIONS**
Lt. General L.K. Truscott, Jr.
570 pages, $24.95

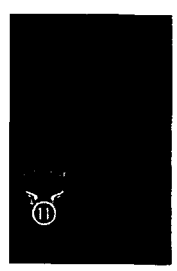
❑ **MASTER OF AIRPOWER**
General Carl A. Spaatz
David R. Mets
448 pages, $22.50



❑ **CORREGIDOR**
The Rock Force Assault
Lt. Gen. E.M. Flanagan, Jr.
USA (Ret.)
320 pages, $18.95

❑ **CLEAR THE BRIDGE!**
The War Patrols of the *U.S.S. Tang*
R. Adm. Richard H. O'Kane, USN (Ret.)
480 pages, $24.95

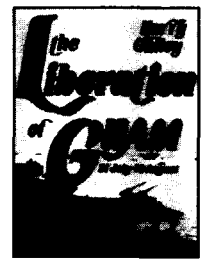
❑ **WITH THE OLD BREED**
At Peleliu and Okinawa
Eugene B. Sledge
346 pages, $24.95



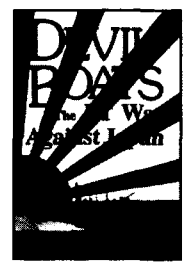
❑ **THE ANGELS**
A History of the 11th Airborne Division
Lt. Gen. E.M. Flanagan, Jr.
USA (Ret.)
480 pages, $24.95

❑ **76 HOURS**
The Invasion of Tarawa
Eric Hammel and John E. Lane
288 pages, $22.95

❑ **WAHOO!**
The Patrols of America's Most Famous WWII Submarine
R. Adm. Richard H. O'Kane, USN (Ret.)
380 pages, $18.95

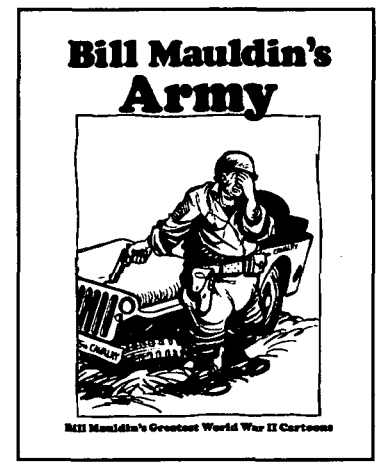


❑ **LIBERATION OF GUAM**
21 July-10 August 1944
Harry A. Gailey
256 pages, $16.95



❑ **DEVIL BOATS**
The PT War Against Japan
William Breuer
236 pages, $16.95

Willie and Joe are back!



BILL MAULDIN'S ARMY
Bill Mauldin's Greatest World War II Cartoons
Follow Willie and Joe from prewar training camp to North Africa, Europe, and finally home. Truly, the foxhole history of the American soldier in World War II, by Pulitzer Prize-winning cartoonist Bill Mauldin.

Deluxe Hardcover edition $30.00, 8½x11, 384 pages
Also available in large format softcover at $14.95

PRESIDIO ★ PRESS GUARANTEES YOUR SATISFACTION

GUARANTEE: Our high standards of editorial care, quality printing and binding, and overall excellence assure your satisfaction. If for any reason you are not completely satisfied, return the book with invoice number to Presidio Press, P.O. BOX 1764GV, Novato, CA 94948-1764, within 15 days after you receive it, and we'll refund your full purchase price.

Presidio ★ Press, PO Box 1764GV, Novato, CA 94948-1764 Charge Toll Free 1-800-966-5179

QTY	TITLE	PRICE	TOTAL

Method of payment check one: ❑ Visa ❑ M.C. ❑ Am. Express ❑ Ck/M.O. (U.S. $ only)

Exp. Date Mo._____ Yr._____

Card No. |__|__|__|__|__|__|__|__|__|__|__|__|__|__|__|__|

Authorized Signature _____

SUBTOTAL	$
CA RES. 7¼% TAX	$
SHIPPING/HNDLG	$ 2.50
TOTAL (U.S. DOL)	$

Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery.

Name _____

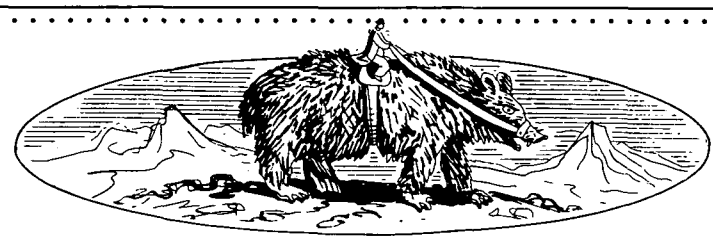
Address _____

City/State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOVIET PRESSWATCH



FREE AT LAST

by Cathy Young

A man in Moscow comes into a café and says, "Waiter, bring me coffee, a roll, and today's copy of Pravda*." "I'm sorry," the waiter says, "but I can't bring you today's* Pravda*. The Soviet regime has been deposed and* Pravda *doesn't come out anymore." When the waiter brings the coffee and the roll, the man says, "Oh, and waiter—don't forget my copy of* Pravda*." "But I just told you, citizen," says the waiter, "the Soviet regime has been deposed and* Pravda *doesn't come out anymore." About ten minutes later, the same man beckons to the waiter; "Oh, waiter, you forgot my copy of* Pravda*." The waiter gets angry. "Listen, I just told you twice; the Soviet regime has been deposed and* Pravda *doesn't come out anymore!" And the man says, "Say it again—please, say it again!"*

I first heard this joke about fifteen years ago in Moscow. Who could have known that it would come true in our lifetime? For a week, the waiter in the joke would have had to say exactly that (the question is whether he could have come up with the coffee and roll), after *Pravda* and other newspapers run by the late, unlamented Communist party of the Soviet Union were suspended on orders from Boris Yeltsin pending an investigation of their role in the coup.

But let us backtrack.

On August 15 in New York, I interviewed visiting Moscow journalist Aleksandr Podrabinek, ex-political prisoner and publisher of the independent news weekly *Express Chronicle*, founded in 1987—truly a trailblazer, since all of the Soviet press at the time was still owned by party-state structures, and most of it was quite docile. Even after the Law on the Press was passed by the Supreme Soviet of the USSR in August 1990, allowing independent newspapers to be officially registered, Podrabinek refused, as a matter of principle, to play by the rules and register his. That interview was to be the centerpiece of this month's column, but fate, disguised as eight ugly apparatchiks, intervened. The uncanny part is that, asked what the difference was at that point between the absolutely independent *Express Chronicle* and the independent-but-officially-registered *Independent Gazette*, Podrabinek replied: "The difference is, in my opinion, that if there should be a change—a worsening—in political conditions, these newspapers will quit, realizing that to continue publishing as they are would be dangerous; but *samizdat* would continue to publish even under the worst circumstances." He had no idea how soon Russia's independent press would be subjected to the test of which he spoke.

If you want to talk about the unwittingly prophetic, though, the first prize goes to the August 17 issue of *Komsomolskaya Pravda*. There, on the front page, was an item titled, "Are We Having a Coup?" It was not a sensational early warning of the events of August 19 but merely a sarcastic retort to an article in *Moscow Pravda*, the organ of the Moscow Committee of the CPSU, proclaiming that by abolishing the powers of Communist-controlled "executive committees," the capital's democratic vice mayor Yuri Luzhkov was guilty of a "coup d'état." The back page of the same issue featured an article on private bodyguards titled "Signal Right Turn Then Go Left"—which, using Soviet definitions of right and left, is an apt description of what happened to the country between August 19 and August 23.

I don't know if, on August 19, any *Komsomolskaya Pravda* staffers were struck by the prophetic irony of their recent headlines; they probably had other things on their minds, waking up to find their paper banned and barred from printshops. The axe also fell on *Moscow News*, the *Independent Gazette*, and everything else but the handful of CPSU publications on which Yeltsin's axe was to fall days later. However, the "official" free press passed the test far better than Podrabinek had predicted.

The weekly *Novoye Vremya* ("New Time"), once an undistinguished mouthpiece of the Moscow branch of the CPSU but lately in the avant-garde of democratic radicalism, prepared its regular issue for Tuesday, August 20, with this lead: "They Have Made a Coup, But Their Hands Are Shaking" (Gennady Yanayev's trembling hands at the infamous August 20 press conference became a recurring image in the writing of coup resisters). When attempts to get the issue printed proved futile, staff members made hundreds of Xerox copies of the mechanicals and posted them in metro stations and pedestrian underpasses—where they attracted long queues of readers—and even on the sides of tanks and APCs. The *Independent Gazette* and *Moscow News* did the same. Two female staffers of the latter were arrested while posting leaflets in an underpass; at the precinct, the police captain to whom they were brought sent away his subordinates, looked over the women's wares, and asked in a whisper, "Got anything else?" (*Moscow News*, August 24). *Kommersant, Moscow News,* the *Independent Gazette, Argumenty i Fakty, Komsomolskaya Pravda*, and a few other papers banded together to publish the first and only edition of *Obshchaya Gazeta*—"Common Newspaper." The resistance was so scrupulous about emphasizing the lawfulness of their cause that the publication was officially registered on the spot by the Russian Federation's minister of the media, Mikhail Poltoranin. The typesetting and layout were done at the offices of *Kommersant*, the printing in unsubjugated Leningrad. The issue included an appeal from the editors, a special address by Yeltsin, and brief profiles of the coup leaders with relevant quotes (Yazov, addressing a meeting of Soviet Army officers: "We hate private property, and this is what unites us all").

The staff of the weekly *Rossiya*, organ of the Presidium of the Russian Parliament, spent the days and nights of the coup huddled in the Parliament

Cathy Young is the author of Growing Up in Moscow *(Ticknor & Fields).*

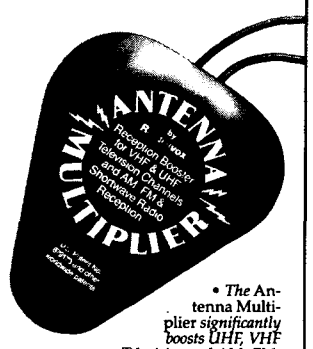
Get TV reception you never had before, with the...

Antenna Multiplier™

only $29.95*

But read this ad for an even better deal!

You won't need it if you are connected to a cable system, but if you are not you will now get TV reception that you could never enjoy before. Inside its plastic housing, the *Antenna Multiplier*™ hides a small technical miracle—an array of electronic components that literally multiplies the reception power of your TV. The *Antenna Multiplier*™ stabilizes your TV picture, eliminates "ghosts" and static, and brings in stations that were until now only visible as flickers and annoying shadows. In most areas you will be able to eliminate any outdoor antenna completely, (limited by atmospheric or geographic constraints). The *Multiplier*™ needs no outside power—it gets its "juice" right through your TV set. You place the *Multiplier*™ on the television set itself, lay it on a nearby table, or hang it on the wall. And, of course, you can bid your messy and ineffective rabbit ears, loop, rod, or dish antennas good-bye. *Antenna Multiplier*™ will not just enhance your TV reception, it also vastly improves AM/FM radio reception and brings in new stations on multiband and shortwave receivers for new entertainment alternatives.



• *The* Antenna Multiplier *significantly boosts UHF, VHF Television and AM, FM, & Shortwave radio reception.*

We are the exclusive importers of the *Antenna Multiplier*™ in the United States and can therefore bring you this outstanding TV accessory for just $29.95. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $59.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Unleash the full power of your television with *Antenna Multiplier*™. Order it today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER

TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050

24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order **#1429B017**. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone number for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Add shipping/insurance: $3.50 for one, $10.50 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30 day return and one year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

Looking for a bargain? Come in and visit our Catalog Outlet in San Francisco.

since 1967
haverhills®
of San Francisco

139 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

building (also known as the White House) turning out an "extra edition" of their paper, with the words "READ THIS AND PASS IT ON. IF YOU CAN, MAKE COPIES" printed across the bottom. Most of it is a suspenseful chronicle of the siege of the "White House" and of reports from around the country:

> Police in Moscow are stopping and turning back people walking in the direction of the White House. . . 12:10 a.m. There are reports that armored vehicles have broken through the first line of barricades by the Krasnopresnenskaya metro station. . . . Shooting has been heard on the Arbat. . . . 12:55 a.m. A group of persons in plainclothes attempts to start a scuffle near the main [White House] entrance. The incident is quickly put down by the efforts of the crowd and self-defense volunteers. . . . The sailors of the merchant fleet are striking in Murmansk.

There were many quiet heroes and heroines in Moscow in those days, on the barricades and elsewhere. There were the staffers of Radio Moscow Echo, who refused to stop broadcasting "voluntarily" when a group of rather polite chaps from the KGB showed up at the studio on the morning of August 19 (the talk-show host who was on the air took the visitors for the deputies he was expecting as guests on the show, and got up to shake hands with one of them); their signal was cut off, but they managed to get back on the air the next day using a small transmitter. There were people like Olga Abakumova, profiled on Radio Russia on August 24, who picked up that station's weak signal all through the coup, typed up its dispatches on her office typewriter, and, with a number of helpers, distributed them to the public. There was one of Russia's favorite comics, Gennady Khazanov, who appeared at the "White House" rally on August 19 and actually made people laugh by doing an impression of Gorbachev ("Dear brothers and sisters! I want to let you know that I'm feeling just fine. And I'll also say this: one cannot make clean politics with filthy, trembling hands"). There was the *Independent Gazette*'s reporter Tatiana Malkina, who, at the August 20 press conference, asked the tremulous Yanayev, "Tell me, please, do you realize that last night you carried out a coup d'état? Which do you think is the proper analogy: 1917 or [the removal of Khrushchev in] 1964?" Such analogies are dangerous, replied Yanayev, fast on his way to becoming a national (and international) joke.

Profiles in Cowardice

And what of the media sanctioned by the Committee for the State of Emergency? Curiously, not even they were able to keep up the pretense that everyone except for a few misfits was solidly behind the Committee. Opposition had to be acknowledged—perhaps no less striking an illustration of the extent of the past few years' changes than the resistance of the free press. On *Vremya* on August 20, TV correspondent Vladimir Stefanov delivered a remarkable monologue, starting thus:

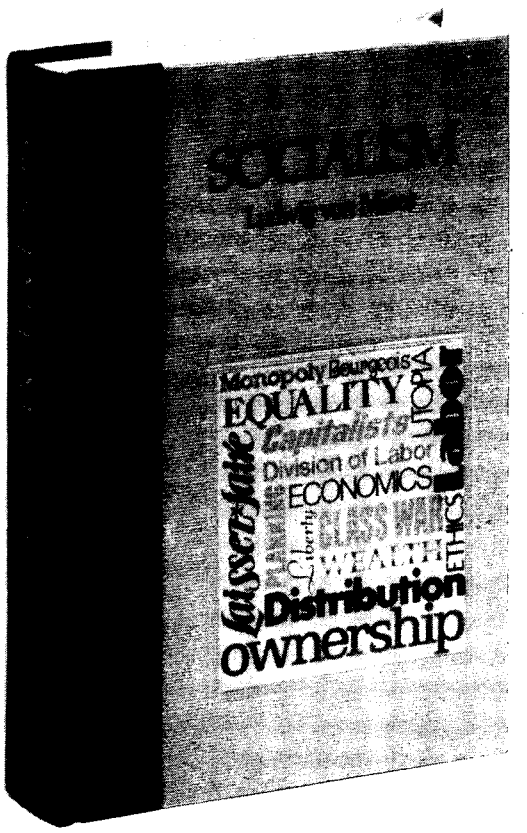
> Good evening, esteemed TV viewers. I will take the liberty to share my thoughts with you as someone who has entered your living rooms more than once. Those to whom I am not a welcome guest can shut the TV off for a while.

Stefanov then explained how rude it was to call Yanayev, Pavlov, Pugo and Co. nasty names like coup plotters, criminals, and so on: after all, they had been in government long before August 19. Yes, a lot of people had legitimate questions about what happened, but why not let the Supreme Soviet sort them out calmly? Otherwise, all that name-calling could lead to bloodshed. (Soon, he was explaining that he honestly did think so: Who could have known it would all be over so quickly? As political commentator Simon Soloveichik noted in the post-coup *Novoye Vremya*, it really wasn't nice of the junta not to let people know how long they were planning to last: think of all the careers wrecked by incautious pro-coup statements! All the while protesting his innocence, Stefanov offered to resign, according to the September 1 *Moscow News*, but *Vremya*

TITLES FROM **LIBERTY FUND**

SOCIALISM

By Ludwig von Mises
Translated from German by J. Kahane
Foreword by F.A. Hayek



This is a newly annotated edition of the classic first published in German in 1922. In this definitive refutation of nearly every brand of socialism that has ever been devised, Mises presents a wide-ranging analysis of society, comparing the results of socialist planning with those of free-market capitalism in all areas of life. This edition includes Mises' well-known epilogue, **Planned Chaos.**

> "Most readers today will find that **Socialism** has more immediate application to contemporary events than it had when it first appeared."
>
> —*F.A. Hayek, in his new Foreword*

And it is fitting that Robert Heilbroner, one of socialism's leading academic defenders, wrote on the feasibility of centrally planned socialism: "It turns out, of course, that Mises was right."

572 + xxiv pages. Index to works cited, index to subjects and names, biographical note.

Hardcover	$30.00	0-913966-62-2
Paperback	$10.00	0-913966-63-0

Liberty*Classics*, 1981

WHAT SHOULD ECONOMISTS DO?

By James M. Buchanan
Preface by H. Geoffrey Brennan and Robert D. Tollison

This volume is a collection of sixteen essays on the nature and methods of economists. It provides relatively easy access to a wide range of work by a founder of the burgeoning subdiscipline of public choice, a moral and legal philosopher, a welfare economist who has consistently defended the primacy of the contractarian ethic, and a public finance theorist. His work has spawned a methodological revolution in the way economists and other scholars think about government and governmental activity.

292 pages. Preface, index.

Hardcover	$14.00	0-913966-64-9
Paperback	$ 6.50	0-913966-65-7

Liberty*Press*, 1979

Please send me:

Quantity Ordered	Title	Edition	Price	Amount
	Socialism	Hardcover	$30.00	
		Paperback	$10.00	
	What Should Economists Do?	Hardcover	$14.00	
		Paperback	$ 6.50	
			Subtotal	
			Indiana residents add 5% sales tax	
			Total	

Prepayment required on all orders not for resale. We pay book rate postage on prepaid orders. Please allow approximately 4 weeks for delivery. All orders from outside the United States **must** be prepaid in U.S. dollars.

☐ Enclosed is my check or money order made payable to Liberty Fund, Inc.
☐ Please send me a copy of your current catalogue.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State/Zip _____

Mail to: LIBERTY FUND, INC.
Department B119
7440 North Shadeland Avenue
Indianapolis, IN 46250

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

editor-in-chief Olmar Kakuchaya kept him on, saying that "decency is a complicated matter.")

Pravda carried, of course, the decrees and resolutions of the junta (which never got beyond Resolution No. 3) but, in all fairness, also showed an occasional flicker of glasnost. On August 20, in a page-three article by V. Izgarshev, "Tanks in the City: Why Troops Were Brought In," a nameless Ministry of Defense official is quoted as saying that "the military units are called upon to act solely in the interest of the people, or at least of its great majority." Izgarshev parries with eye-popping audacity, "We are always given this kind of explanation for any action: the interest of the people." (Yes, the official admits, "it has happened in the past: public interest was used as a smokescreen for deeds directed against the people"—but the *real* threat to the people comes from economic chaos, the collapse of authority, and so on.)

The front page of the August 21 *Pravda* carried, in addition to the junta's last gasps, two curious items on the situation in Moscow. One sketched scenes of normal life in the capital—normal, at least, for Muscovites. The people lining up for cheese in a midtown foodstore "talk about food, how and where to get it; you don't hear much about politics." It's business as usual at McDonald's, but "Matryoshka doll vendors on the Old Arbat have cut their prices in half" in anticipation of going out of business. The other item, at the bottom of the page, was a strangely ambiguous report on the anti-junta rally near the "White House": neutral references to speeches and instructions about a general strike were followed by a remark that

> this protest was somehow different from many other spectacles I had seen before. There were far fewer anti-CPSU slogans. . . If, at last year's "democratic" rallies, a lot of things were said about M. S. Gorbachev that I don't even care to repeat, this time there were mostly slogans like, "Bring back Gorbachev!"

And photographs: demonstrators, tanks, grinning soldiers lounging by a wall. A collector's-item-to-be, no doubt.

The distinction of being the lowest of the low, and on one's own initiative, goes to *Sovetskaya Rossiya*, that Bolshevik-Slavophile haven, which not only served up quotes from collective-farm chairmen and factory managers enthusiastically supporting the coup but, on August 20, gleefully kicked its seemingly crushed enemy, the democratic press; "Vending stalls are crammed with stacks of the *Independent, Kuranty, Kommersant*, and other pseudo-democratic demagoguery which, apparently, is no longer in demand today." The following day, *Sovetskaya Rossiya* would find itself in even bigger trouble than the rest of the party press: in July, it had published a "Word to the People" co-signed by at least one of the "putschists" (industry boss Aleksandr Tizyakov) and sounding, in retrospect, like a manifesto for the Gang of Eight. To many people still smarting from the coup, it seemed a clear case of fighting words.

Pravda Is Dead—Long Live _Pravda_! If the democratic Russian media, print and broadcast, acquitted themselves honorably during the coup, their post-coup behavior was equally impeccable. Yeltsin's order suspending the publication of *Pravda* and other party newspapers was roundly condemned, with few exceptions. In an August 27 page-one editorial, the *Independent Gazette*'s Viktor Tretyakov wrote, "Certainly, the publication of Communist newspapers must resume. If they are doomed, let them die their own death. If the ban on their publication is not lifted, the *Independent* will have to provide a forum for at least some of their journalists." (And it did, publishing a column by *Sovetskaya Rossiya* author Eduard Limonov—an eccentric émigré in Paris whose writings alternate between bisexual pornography and political diatribes of equal but different obscenity—on September 5.) On the same page was an appeal from a number of other independent anti-Communist journalists:

> We strongly doubt, of course, that Communist periodicals will be able to survive without unlawful patronage, but we believe that to deprive them of this small chance . . . would be unworthy and unlawful, and would liken us to these same Communists.

The *Independent Gazette*'s managing editor Igor Zakharov dissented, telling *Izvestia* that "under current circumstances, these newspapers can and should be shut down. We do not yet have a constitutional state or rule of law. The ideals of civilization are, of course, wonderful, but not always applicable"; but his opinion was the exception. Most agreed with *Izvestia* columnist V. Nadein, who wrote on August 25:

> Freedom taken from some inevitably turns into freedom taken from all. It is up to readers, not presidents, to judge newspapers. . . . Our people had the courage to rise against the junta. They also have the intelligence to figure out for themselves exactly what a subscription to *Pravda* is worth.

Pavel Gusev, editor-in-chief of *Moskovsky Komsomolets* and a frequent target of the *Pravda* crowd, warned against "draconian measures":

> I don't think there's a need to close them for long. Maybe a day or two, to examine their calls for overthrow of the constitutional system and allow the staff to change leadership.

On August 26, Russian minister of the media Poltoranin appeared on Russian TV asserting that the closing of the CPSU newspapers was a perfectly lawful measure directed against monopolization of the media (the CPSU, at that point, still owned about 70 percent of the media nationwide), and that all suspended newspapers could reopen with new owners. He added that the nationalization of party-owned printshops was only a prelude to their privatization (scheduled to be completed, according to the September 2 *Kommersant*, by the end of 1992, after which the Ministry of Print Media will disband). Poltoranin made some not terribly democratic remarks to the effect that if a journalist had taken the side of a conspiracy against the people, he "has no moral right to work"; however, he seems to have meant that such journalists should be ostracized by colleagues, not suppressed by the state.

On August 31, *Pravda* came out of its seven-day coma with a new look. Gone was the slogan "Proletarians of the World, Unite!" over the banner. Gone was the self-identification as "Organ of the Central Committee of the CPSU." Gone was the portrait of Lenin, and the traditional blurb, "Founded May 5, 1912 by V. I. LENIN." It was replaced with the more neutral "Founded May 5, 1912 at the initiative of V. I. Lenin." The front-page appeal for contributions to help keep *Pravda* afloat somehow didn't square with the assertion nearby that all rumors of party subsidies to *Pravda* were lies because the paper had always been highly profitable. However, along with protestations of innocence and victimization, the historic issue of *Pravda* also carried some editorials in a properly penitent spirit. One columnist noted that during the suspension, *Pravda* journalists were given a forum by Radio Russia, and acknowledged that the old *Pravda* would not have extended the same courtesy to an ideological adversary. He even added that being suspended was a shock *Pravda* needed.

The same rude awakening had the same salutary effect on a number of other CPSU publications. Said Larisa Teselkina of *Leninskoye Znamya*, or "Leninist Banner":

> We had gotten too accustomed to instructions from the top, and were not ready for resistance in the days of the coup. Still, closing down the paper—that was too much. But such a shock has forced us to take a new look at a lot of things, starting with the newspaper's title: we want to change it to *Muscovy*. [*Izvestia*, August 27]

Meanwhile, Anatoly Yurkov, editor-in-chief of the party newspaper *Rabochaya Tribuna* ("Workers' Tribune"), announced that his newspaper would henceforth be called *Narodnaya Tribuna* or "People's Tribune," owned by its employees but still dedicated to "advocacy of social protections for working people." Also, the staff of the monthly journal *Kommunist* has decided to publish a monthly journal called *Svobodnaya Mysl*, or "Free Thought."

Next month: post-coup euphoria and the morning after. □

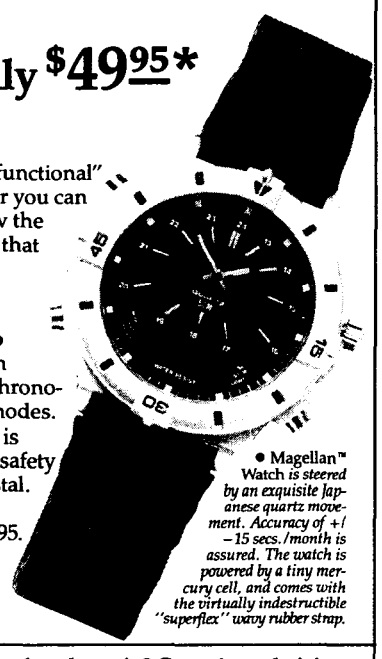
Make the time work for you with...

Magellan™ Watch only $49.95*

But read this ad for an even better deal!

Usually you have to choose: You can purchase a "functional" watch that doesn't lend itself to your wardrobe or you can choose an attractive watch that does nothing but show the time of day. The *Magellan*™ is a very "masculine" watch that combines outstanding rugged good looks with all the features that you could possibly expect in a quartz chronograph. The LCD/analog display gives you dual time capacity—in 12hr or 24hr mode. Push a button to display day and date. There is a subtle yet insistent alarm and a switchable hourly time signal. The stopwatch/chronograph reads to 1/100 secs. and has lap and interrupt modes. A light switch illuminates the display. The *Magellan*™ is water resistant to 150 feet, has the exclusive ratcheted safety bezel, and the scratch-resistant mineral glass face crystal.

We are the exclusive importers of this outstanding Rodell-7 timepiece and can bring it to you for just $49.95. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $99.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments —absolutely FREE!*** If you appreciate quality, if you enjoy fine watches, you'll love the *Magellan*™.



• Magellan™ Watch *is steered by an exquisite Japanese quartz movement. Accuracy of +/ –15 secs./month is assured. The watch is powered by a tiny mercury cell, and comes with the virtually indestructible "superflex" wavy rubber strap.*

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week
Please give order **#2015B018**. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone number for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Add shipping/insurance: $3.50 for one; $10.50 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30 day return privilege and one-year warranty (battery excluded). We do not refund shipping charges.

Looking for a bargain? Come in and visit our Catalog Outlet in San Francisco.

since 1967 haverhills® *of San Francisco*

139 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BEN STEIN'S DIARY

TERMINATE MacGYVER

by Benjamin J. Stein

Wednesday

Rush, rush, rush, over hill and down dale, to audition for a commercial advertising pickles. At the audition, there was a story board describing the commercial. It showed a man hanging from tree branches over a waterfall. A little note explained:

This will be shot over a *real* waterfall on the Snake River in Idaho. You will be rigged with many wires and there will be a boat directly under you. However, this commercial is not for the timid.

"In that case . . ." I thought. I told the casting man, "I think maybe I'll leave now."

"No," he said jovially, "you were a client request. We'll take good care of you."

I read my lines, but all I could think of was a scary, lethal waterfall roaring below me while I sold pickles.

Then off to Paramount to read for a small part in "MacGyver." It was evening by the time I got to Par.

The audition turned out to be in the Writers' Building, where William Holden hung out in *Sunset Boulevard*. To my shock, I was kept waiting for a half hour. I felt so affronted that I almost stalked out. But I stayed, read my lines, and did something cute. When the line says that I told someone to "terminate" MacGyver and he says, "Who, me?" I'm supposed to say, "Do you see anyone else in the room?"

Instead I said, "No, not you. Nixon."

The producers laughed, and I had the part. In this one, I get to shoot a prop machine gun. At MacGyver. From a flying helicopter.

I'm so glad I didn't walk out. Humility always pays off. Always.

Back to my condo. I was about to fall into dreamland when the phone rang. It was K., a friend who is very much like a combination of yours truly, P. T. Barnum, and Ken Lerer. He had a tale.

"So, I wrote this treatment," he said, "about a midget who becomes head of a big investment bank and then gets to be President, and I got an invitation through my uncle, who cleans his pool, to pitch it to B., who's the head of ------ Studios.

"I went in there, and B. says, 'You've got eight minutes. Tell me why I'm not wasting my time talking to you.'

"I told him I had the greatest story since the parting of the Red Sea, better because I would also have a lot of great cars in my story, and that it was guaranteed to make money, and so forth, and suddenly B. slams his fist down on his desk and says, 'That's the worst story I have ever heard. Get out of my office right now.' I thought he was surely kidding, and that he'd soon break a smile, but he didn't.

"So I sort of sauntered out, collecting my dignity as best I could, and started to laugh as if it had been a joke, and suddenly I saw the door open and a studio guard came in.

"'Get this man off the lot right now,' B. shouted to the guard, and before I knew it, I was out on the street. When I got home, there was a message on my machine from B.'s secretary telling me not to call or send him a letter. What did I do wrong?"

"You didn't walk out when he told you that stuff about how you only had eight minutes of his time," I said. "You came to Hollywood. You let him have space in your brain rent-free. You did a lot of things wrong."

I made toast, then got back into bed with Trixie. The phone rang again. It was K., my landlord. I had left him a message that I was moving. He was sad.

"You're the only good tenant I ever had," he said. "The others were frightening. The one before you had a swimsuit line and went bankrupt and just disappeared. The one before that was a drug dealer and had Satanic rituals in the living room."

"I hope you're kidding."

"No, I'm not. They used to kill chickens and draw pentagrams on the floor. Then I had to fight for months to evict her. I wish you'd stay."

No thanks.

Tuesday

Up at the crack of dawn for a trip out to Valencia and Saugus, two cities surrounded by miserable-looking desert and scrub about forty miles north of Hollywood. I'm out there to work on location for "MacGyver." I play a daft variant of General Secord who's working for an aircraft company, trying to sell high-tech weapons illegally to a Latin American dictator, or maybe a Caribbean dictator, named President Peugeot.

This is my very first part in an action show, and I'm in eight scenes, so I like it a lot. The pay is very small, far smaller than people outside Hollywood would believe, but I still love doing it. For one thing, it gets me out of the house. For another, it gets my face on the screen. For another, I get a very square meal at lunch.

The whole area was scrub brush and fruit orchards just a few years ago. Now it's shopping centers, housing tracts, car dealerships, K-Marts, Taco Bells, McDonald's, the whole thieves' market that is Los Angeles. An instant slum is what I would call it, but the people who run the place, Newhall Land, would probably beg to differ.

I followed my studio directions past a row of houses that would have made Erich Honecker envious, and then past some that were even more horrible, and finally to a sign saying discreetly "Location." I followed it to a dirt road that ran under enormous power pylons, over rocks, far away from any houses or stores, past innumerable lizards, and then through a gate that had apparently just been used for a movie about the Mexican border. It had warning signs about leaving Mexico and a Mexican

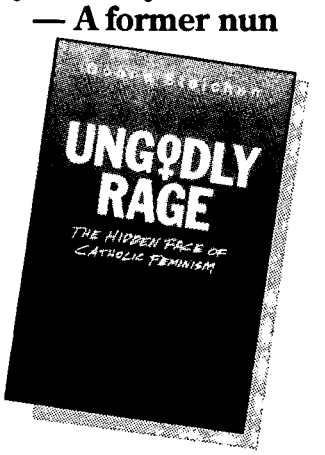
Benjamin J. Stein is a writer, economist, teacher, and actor living in Malibu, California.

EXPOSING RADICAL FEMINISM

"This book is the story of my life."
— A former nun

This remarkable book fully exposes the hidden face of Catholic feminism for the first time. Extensively documented, this is the definitive account of a movement impelled by vengeful rage to revolt against all spiritual authority, providing detailed information on Catholic feminist theologians, organizers, the movement's defense of abortion, its connections with witchcraft and New Age rituals, and its disastrous effects on Catholics.

420 pp, Sewn Softcover, $15.95



"Steichen's story of what the radical feminists are doing to the Church is scary. Let the reader beware."
— **Msgr. George Kelly**
Author, *The Battle for the American Church.*

"A shocking indictment of the feminists backed by immense documentation. A ground-breaking achievement."
— **Anne Roche Muggeridge**
Author, *The Desolate City*

"Steichen's incisive critique is indispensable for all Catholics confronted by this destructive movement."
— **Ronda Chervin**
Author and Consultant to U.S. Bishops

ignatius press
15 Oakland Ave., Harrison, NY 10528
Please rush me ____ copies of *Ungodly Rage* ($15.95) by Donna Steichen. I enclose full payment plus $1.50 per book for shipping.
20
Name _____
Address _____
City, State, Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

flag, and then a little border patrol post. Entering a new country, the land of going-on-location-in-the-desert.

The first day on a new set is a lot like the first day in a new school. You don't know anyone, and the grips and gaffers and sound men are all standing around playing frisbee and talking about cars and guns, and they ignore you as if you had leprosy. This "MacGyver" set was particularly difficult because it was an adventure-show set, and it obviously had a macho flavor, since it's about guns, shooting, and tough guys.

I walked to my little dressing room, a tiny compartment in a long trailer called a "honey wagon" for reasons I have never known. I checked into my little cubicle, marked with a masking tape sign that read "Major Sneed," which is my character.

I had no sooner put down my bags than a young A.D. summoned me to make-up and hair. A touch of warmth. The make-up man, scion of a long line of Hollywood make-up men, and his daughter, a sprightly gamine, were talkative and friendly. They made me up while telling tales of Hollywood and jokes about murderers, and were like the school nurse—the first friendly people you meet on your first day of school.

Our first scene involved putting me, my co-guest "stars," and MacGyver, played by Rick Anderson, into a sealed helicopter. We had to pretend we were drugged and sort of lie in a heap on top of each other. My co-stars are Shelley Berman, David Naughton, and Lance LeGault, the world's most long-winded and funniest human. It was fine, except for the cruel heat. The temperature was over 100 in the shade, and this was in the sun, in a sealed Plexiglas cockpit. It was painfully hot, about as hot as I have ever been, and I was extremely glad that the star, Rick, was in the chopper with us. I am convinced that we would have been allowed to bake like pigs on a spit except that the studio, one Paramount Pictures, would have been pretty angry if they lost Rick to sunstroke.

After the scene, I ate lunch with a day player named Lezar, who, although a Jewish immigrant from Yugoslavia, played the German bodyguard of a Caribbean dictator. Eventually the dictator joined us as well. He was played by someone named Time Winters, whom everyone called "Time Warner." Time is a hilarious guy. He's putting on a French accent for this role, and it works incredibly well. He's a sort of nutty but dangerous guy, and he will have a sitcom of his own one day. I would bet money on it.

Lance LeGault, world's most talkative guy, also appeared. He was boasting about his horses, about his ranch, about his planes, about how much money he makes on voice-overs. I couldn't tell if he was joking or not, but he was funny all the same. Then David Naughton, who had starred in *An American Werewolf in London*, appeared, and pretty soon we were all laughing.

In about three hours, I had gone from outcast to one of the boys. We all talked about who the prettiest girl on the set was (a stand-in named after Natalie Wood), about other sets, and then we had to scatter because of an attack of bees. That's the problem with desert locations.

"I'm not complaining," Lance LeGault said. "We're getting paid to have a picnic."

Back to the copter for some more coverage. I should mention that the location is a ranch used only for movies and TV shows. It's got a Latin American plaza (which could also be a Spanish plaza), a presidential palace of flyblown stucco, a jail, and a cantina, and it's perfect for Bronson or Eastwood, as we call them. For this shot, there are about two dozen extras, or "atmosphere," mostly dressed in fatigues, carrying around extremely real AK-47s.

Now, here's the thing about sets. When you get there, you wish you were at home in bed. But when you are released at the end of the day, you hate to leave. The set has become your home. It's like the last day of college.

Wednesday

Oh, happy day. On this day, unlike any other day on any other set, I get to shoot a gun. Or at least point a gun. Yes, it's true. I had a 7:00 a.m. call, but it was worth it. In my sleepy stupor, I was taken to the veranda of the presidential palace, where I pretended to be awed by Time Winters's magic tricks, which never worked right, and then got to pull a gun and say "Drop it!" to Lance LeGault, who was an FBI agent. (I'm the villain.)

The prop man and Lance LeGault were chortling with glee at my handling a gun. Hee, hee, hee, the big nerd handling a gun. Little did they realize that I own many guns and know and love them all.

An extremely rare rain was falling on us as we did our shot. "Are you all right?" the director asked me. "Are you okay with this?"

"Yes," I said. "I'm in front of a camera, pretending to be a tough guy, pointing a gun, and getting paid. I'm very happy," and indeed I was. We took the shot from many angles, and we all laughed and scratched, and then we broke for snacks.

The more I think about this, the more it reminds me of boy's camp. There are almost no women on this set. The talk is all about cars and guns and planes and hunting and fishing. The men smoke and scuff their heels and strike poses of toughness. It's kind of nice for a change. No worries about political correctness, no fears of feminist revenge. A big change, anyway, from normal Hollywood routine.

After lunch, another great shot. In this one, I approach a helicopter (yes, the same helicopter), and tell the dictator who I am.

"And who might you be?" he asks.

"Major Sneed."

"Major Sneeze?" he asks in a truly funny accent.

"*Sneed*," I shout at him.

There are guards all around pointing their AK-47s at me, and it's all kind of fun. Nothing in the world is so exhilarating as to be menaced without effect and to get paid for it, as Churchill almost said.

Friday

This morning, I am working on a gallows. The plot calls for the dictator to have sentenced MacGyver and Berman and Lance and David to hang. I'm up there watching, looking stoic.

Once again, it's amazingly hot. There is dust everywhere. But I'm a happy guy. I'm not really on a real gallows. The SS is not about to hang me for anything. This is just pretend, and it's swell.

It's especially bitchin' because between takes, the star, "Ricky," as some call him, came up to me and told me how much he "loved my work." This is what we actors live and die for. I told him I wasn't a real actor, but he didn't believe me, or at least that's what he said. I'm getting so I don't believe it either.

Monday

Back on location, this time in Fillmore. It's about another twenty-five miles past Valencia, just past Magic Mountain, past the sandy strip where a helicopter killed a few people not long ago, and then past innumerable orchards, and then you get to Fillmore. You can tell it's an old-fashioned farming kind of town because, among other reasons, it has only dealerships for American cars. Buicks, Fords, Chevrolets. No Toyotas or Mitsubishis that I could see.

Anyway, there is one main street (called Main Street) with a post office, a few grocery stores, about fifty beauty shops, a newspaper, and not much else. The buildings are brick-and-masonry, very cute and old-fashioned.

Our honey wagons are in a very, very dusty lot. It's incomparably more dusty than the one in Saugus. It's also far hotter than it was in Saugus, and my first scene today is in a car, outside a police station, where I just have to shout out the window at my co-guest "stars" that I want to talk to them in some sort of fake spy lingo.

We do the scene over and over again, from every angle, but always very briskly and with little wasted motion. As we are shooting, I notice that a crowd has assembled by the side of the car where I am reading my few lines. Women with strollers. Little kids on bicycles. Older women and men stopping on their way back from the grocery store. Americanos come to watch the fun and games.

Between takes, I talked to two young mothers. They giggled and had an innocent, non-malicious quality that I like a lot. They looked like Americans are supposed to look—not nutty, not angry, just small-town friendly. That's my image, anyway. John Gregory Dunne used to tell me how wrong I was about that, but I'll keep my illusions, just as the small-town people can keep theirs about Hollywood.

"LaManna, Elliott," I said into the camera over and over again. "Get over here. Privileged interface."

At lunchtime, two friends from Washington, D.C., came over to watch. They were in California vacationing, and they wanted to see a set. They watched, and then we had lunch at the caterer's truck. A feast. Halibut and salad and cheesecake.

I told them about the coup in Russia. They thought I was kidding. It's interesting, but no one, and I do mean no one, on the set was talking about the coup. Not one word. At first I thought it was odd, but then I realized that I could see why. People at the State Department and CNN and the *New York Times* are paid to worry about coups in Russia. That's their full-time job. We're making a show here in the desert or the high desert or whatever it is. That's our business. We'll talk about the coup after we're done with our show.

These lighting men and make-up women and sound women and cameramen are the foot soldiers of Hollywood. They will never have their pictures in the *L.A. Times*. They're like Ernie Pyle's GIs: they work in the business because they have to feed their families or because they love working with lights or because of chance. But they are the assault troops of fantasy creation, the ones who actually hit the beaches and make the fantasies appear on the screen. They don't have time to talk about coups.

Tuesday

Another 7:00 a.m. call at the set. There's a dense fog hanging over the Santa Clarita Valley, and I am driving through it while listening to Gennady Yanayev give a press conference. Actually, he sounds quite reasonable. He's no Stalin, that's for sure, because Stalin, as far as I can tell, did not hold press conferences.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

My job this morning is to pretend that I'm in a van listening to and watching various monitors which are tracking MacGyver. Then I jump out, pull my "hog leg" pistol out of my belt, and chase after MacGyver. The director, Mike Caffey, the world's most competent person, takes the shot from various angles, and then sets up to take it again.

The outfits we wore yesterday are the same as those we wear today. The words we say in close-ups are the same words we say in medium shots and when we're just mouthing the words "m.o.s." which means, literally, as Billy Wilder used to say, "Mit out sound."

I have one more scene where I race around a corner, pretend to get ready to shoot, and then mutter when MacGyver gets away. I actually made myself skid on the alley, and I felt pretty good about it.

I ate lunch at the table with our star Rick and a staggeringly pretty girl who was visiting him from Minneapolis-St. Paul. She was a beautician, and a fantastic beauty. She seemed to have a mad crush on Rick, but I could be wrong.

Rick talked about his early days riding freight trains, hitch-hiking, and wondering what he would do with his life. Shelley Berman came over and told hilarious stories about how people come up to him and say, "I know you're someone" or "Didn't you used to be someone?"

The worst, he said, was when a husband would come up to him, point to him, and say to his wife, "Guess who this guy was."

After lunch, I was dismissed and told that our next day's shooting would be "second unit" work, which means that the star would already have moved on to the next episode, and that we would only have the second-unit camera people, sound people, and so forth.

Wednesday

One more seven a.m. call, this time at Van Nuys Airport. As I drove past Birmingham High School in Van Nuys, alma mater of Michael Milken, Michael Ovitz, and probably many other Michaels as well, I heard more on the radio about the end of the Soviet coup, and what looks like the end of the Soviet Union altogether. Wow. Maybe I won't have to be incinerated by a Red Bolshevist H-bomb after all.

The second unit is spread out at the vacant Air National Guard hangar at the sprawling, seldom-used airport. It's sort of shabby and depressing. There are little moguls of trash and even some abandoned cars.

We have new honey wagons today, and I liked the old ones better. And the caterers are different. I guess the others are over doing the first-unit work.

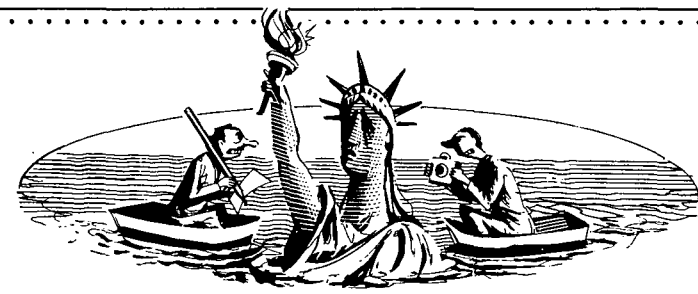
My part today is to run out of a hangar, and stop my pals Lance and David from shooting MacGyver's pal Shelley as he steals a stealth helicopter. Again, it's hot, and there's a forlorn quality about this second-unit work. It's as if the real party were somewhere else, and we were just watching it over closed-circuit TV. But I love it anyway.

Then one more scene of yours truly inside a fantastically hot van, watching a radar screen, then grabbing my "hog leg" and running out. Finally, a close-up of my hands, my surgeon's hands, on the radar control, and I'm done.

I had a nice farewell talk with the director, Mike Caffey, gave away a few copies of one of my books, and drove off in the blinding heat. On the radio, I heard a man talk about people in Russia killing themselves. On my car phone, my agent said that I was wanted over at Universal to audition to play an undertaker in a new movie where I would be embalming Meryl Streep.

God, I hope I get it. □

PRESSWATCH

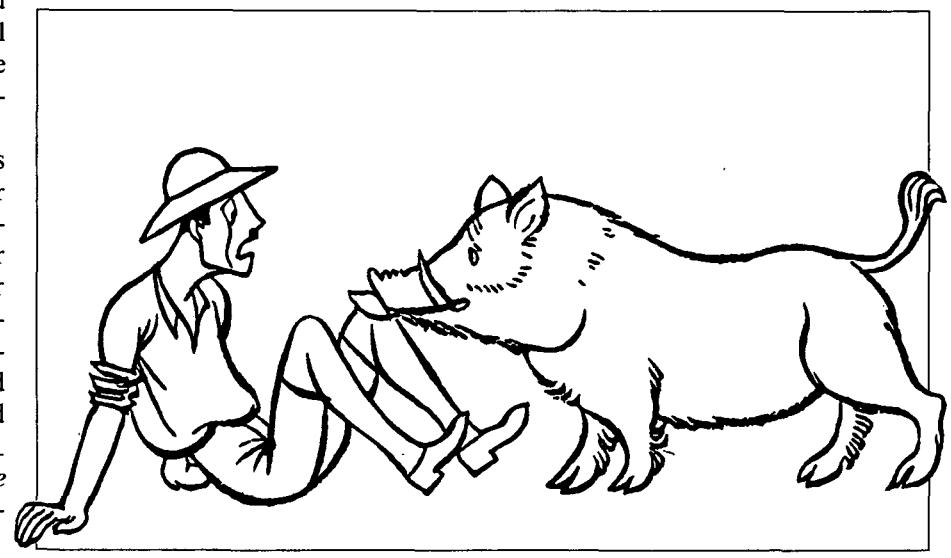


ANTI-BORKING

by Terry Eastland

On August 12, 1937, Franklin Delano Roosevelt nominated his first Supreme Court Justice—Alabama Sen. Hugo Black. Five days later the Senate confirmed its former colleague. Then along came Ray Sprigle, a reporter for the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*. Sprigle published a series of articles about Black's membership in the Ku Klux Klan during the 1920s and charging that Black was still a Klansman, having been secretly voted life membership in 1926. Reporters besieged a vacationing Black, who finally, three days before he donned the robes of a Justice, went on national radio to say he had resigned from the Klan and "never rejoined," having completely abandoned the group.

Hugo Black, generally regarded as one of the most important Justices ever to sit on the Court (and he sat for thirty-four years), would have faced a far more difficult confirmation today. For one thing, Ray Sprigle and his press colleagues would have had more time between the moment of nomination and the confirmation vote to report and write and raise hell. Nowadays ten or so weeks usually pass between a nomination and confirmation hearings. (Black did not have to face those, either.) That schedule is a matter of Senate discretion, and in an era in which Democrats control the Senate and Republicans the White House, and the parties struggle over the direction of the Court, a drawn-out schedule gives broader scope to any campaign to stop a nomination. Such a timetable greatly augments the power of the press, lending further definition to Paul Johnson's term for the modern Western state—"Media Democracy."



It is axiomatic, of course, that with more power comes more responsibility, and today fair reporting on a nomination, especially in the face of well-organized opposition to it, is harder than ever. The battle four years ago over the nomination of Robert H. Bork showed that the press is often guided by the opposition. "Never before had I felt so much like raw meat," said the *New York Times*'s Supreme Court reporter, Linda Greenhouse, of the liberal effort to frame the debate over Bork. Bork's opponents used the press, and the press allowed itself to be used. ABC's Tim O'Brien later told Bork, "We failed to challenge many of those who made statements regarding your nomination."

In tribute to the 1987 battle, this year has seen the usage of the verb "to bork" and the gerund "borking" come into its own. To bork is to wage a political campaign against a nominee, using all the modern tools of electoral politics, including paid and free media. The idea is to put the nominee on the defensive, thus denying him the traditional presumption in favor of confirmation and creating an atmosphere in which the Senate can more easily vote no.

Once embarked on, borking is easy. Given the non-elective nature of the position, a Supreme Court nominee can't fight back in kind. And because legal matters are at issue, those opposing the nominee can focus attention on the political implications of his judicial record, leaving it to him to explain the often dry-as-dust reasoning behind it. →

Terry Eastland is a resident fellow at the Ethics and Public Policy Center in Washington, D.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Treating the nominee as a political candidate, borkers aim to create an ogre the public cannot accept; in Bork's case, an enemy of privacy and civil rights, far outside the American "mainstream." Polling is essential here, and in recent years pollsters have obliged the borkers by taking the public's temperature at crucial junctures, with questions framed in terms of politics (not law) in order to denigrate the nominee. Spineless Senators can thus base their opposition on "objective" polling results. It remains a hoary myth, still peddled even during the Thomas confirmation, that Bork defeated himself through his testimony. In fact, the Bork nomination was on the defensive before the hearing was gaveled down. His defeat was a lock. As Alabama Sen. Richard Shelby told the *Boston Globe*'s Ethan Bronner, author of *Battle for Justice*, by the start of the hearing "things were set in concrete politically."

The specter of another "borking" looms large in the Bush White House and among conservatives outside it. So now, in the Souter and especially the Thomas nominations, the nation has experienced a counter effort that deserves its own name—"anti-borking." Simply stated, to anti-bork is to prevent or arrest the borking process that would place a nominee on the defensive and lead to his rejection.

Anti-borking requires, in the first place, the selection of a nominee less vulnerable to a borking. As the Souter and Thomas nominations show, such a nominee should have little judicial experience and he must not have ruled on much of anything that could be used against him *politically*. Bork, of course, had spent six years on the federal appellate bench, where he ruled on certain cases of more than passing interest, such as the one his mendacious opponents used to suggest that he favored the sterilization of women. Anti-Bork groups also sponsored "studies" of his judicial record that indicated, for example, how many times he sided with business plaintiffs. These studies went unchallenged in the press, which failed to see the implication that judges decide cases not on the merits but on who the plaintiff or defendant is. But the press, particularly television news, does not always respect the distinction between case results and legal reasoning.

Like borking, anti-borking takes advantage of press proclivities. The Thomas nomination is illustrative. The press, especially television, feeds on human interest stories, and Thomas's rise from the poverty and segregation of Pin Point, Georgia, is extraordinary. The White House had no trouble in pushing this angle. Ralph Neas of the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights, a ringleader of the forces that borked Bork, complained that the resultant "fluff" coverage of Thomas directed public and press attention away from the nominee's judicial philosophy. Neas, of course, was expressing the frustration of someone who had just been anti-borked.

Notwithstanding the anti-borking that would make her task impossible, Jill Ireland of the National Abortion Rights Action League boasted in August that the left would "bork" Clarence Thomas. Three conservative groups took Ireland at her word, and decided to do some anti-borking of their own by putting ads on television just before the hearings began. The Conservative Victory Committee and Citizens United produced the most provocative spot. It did not tout Thomas's credentials but instead took dead aim at three of the Judiciary Committee's liberal senators who would "judge" him: Biden, Kennedy, and Cranston. The ad noted that Kennedy was suspended from Harvard for cheating and that Biden had been "found guilty of plagiarism during his [1988] presidential campaign." With their preemptive strike, the ad's producers proved as skillful as the borkers did in 1987 in attracting free media attention. "The McLaughlin Group" gave the ad an advance screening on Labor Day Weekend, which guaranteed it plenty of additional free press. Soon enough, Judge Thomas and President Bush denounced its "viciousness." The Big Three networks featured stories that required showing some of its contents, and it enjoyed front-page play in major newspapers. In the end, it was almost an afterthought that the ad ran in paid slots on CNN and Fox.

The borking of Bork had also seen an ad that bred controversy—People for the American Way's infamous spot with Gregory Peck saying Bork endangered civil rights, privacy, and free speech. Today we forget that it was little reported and did not air much until White House spokesman Marlin Fitzwater attacked it. Thomas and Bush (and Sen. John Danforth, Thomas's Senate guardian) had no choice but to distance themselves from the Conservative Victory Committee ad, but no press expert would have expected their criticism to do anything but ratchet up the story's news value.

A writer of People for the American Way's anti-Bork ads told Ethan Bronner that they amounted to a "public announcement of a liberal counteroffensive." "We felt it was time for us to say, 'You can't set the tone anymore.'" The Conservative Victory Committee ads show that People and company now have competition.

In the end, Thomas was not borked, due both to the anti-borking strategy behind his selection and to the anti-borking ads that ran on the eve of his hearings. Yet Thomas is no Bork. Neither, for that matter, was David Souter or Anthony Kennedy. To judge by the decisions they have written, all three are judicial conservatives, but only Bork had achieved distinction as a legal thinker or engaged the great legal issues of our time.

The greatest potential for a borking of Thomas seemed to lie in twisting his natural law comments to make him out as a weirdo. (Thomas knew what was up: They're trying to use that to get me, he told a reporter.) This attempt finally collapsed when during his hearings Thomas disavowed natural law as an independent basis for constitutional decision-making. Yet the coverage of Thomas on natural law, and the press treatment of natural law generally, was muddled and mindless.

CBS defined "natural law" as "a code of ethics handed down from God." That sound-bite was misleading and incomplete; natural law does not depend upon theological argument, and down through the ages it has been supported by atheists like Helvetius, agnostics like Thomas Paine, and deists like Thomas Jefferson—not to mention authorities in the Jewish, Roman Catholic, and Protestant traditions.

CBS also defined natural law as the "idea that certain rights, like those of fetuses, should be protected by the Constitution." Sheer illiteracy. Natural law adherents may disagree on how constitutional protections apply to the unborn, but they do not disagree on the broad point (as Peter Steinfels, the *New York Times*'s excellent religion writer, put it) that natural law refers to "objective standards of right and wrong that human reason can discern as inherent to the nature of humans and the world about them."

Then there was NBC, which said on the eve of the hearings that Thomas had taken "controversial positions," such as that natural law may "supersede individ-

CITATION CORPORATION'S FOUNDRIES
SUPPLY LEADING OEM'S AROUND THE WORLD
WITH QUALITY FERROUS CASTINGS

DUCTILE IRON • GRAY IRON • MALLEABLE IRON • STEEL

From 1/2 lb. castings to 3,000 lb. castings . . .
From short runs to production runs . . .
From sand castings to lost foam castings . . .
From design to conception, One thing remains
constant. Our commitment to quality.
The most sophisticated
SPC and Quality Assurance programs in the
industry guarantee it.

Call the following
Citation Corporation companies
for your casting requirements.

ALABAMA DUCTILE CASTING CO.
P.O. Box 1649
Brewton, Alabama 36427
205/867-5481

CITATION CASTING MEXICO
515 Nolana Loop, Suite F
McAllen, Texas 78501
512/682-6373

CITATION FOAM CASTING
P.O.Box 330
Columbiana, Alabama 35051
205/669-5750

FOUNDRY SERVICE CO.
P.O. Box 748
Biscoe, N.C. 27209
919/428-2111

SIMSCO
P.O. Box 915
Columbiana, Alabama 35051
205/669-6786

SOUTHERN DUCTILE CASTING CO.
2217 Carolina Ave.
Bessemer, Alabama 35020
205/424-4030

TEXAS FOUNDRIES, INC.
P.O. Box 3718
Lufkin, Texas 75903-3718
409/632-4451

CITATION CORPORATION
2 Office Park Circle Suite 204
Birmingham, AL 35223 205-871-5731
(FAX) 205-870-8211

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Go ahead, ask.

The Capitalist's Companion isn't written by writers-turned-stock-market-mavens. It's written by mavens-turned-writers. Our knowledge of the financial markets comes from years of pick-and-shovel work in the research departments and on the trading floors of top Wall Street firms. Our background is outside the mainstream of the financial press. So are our insights.

That's why *The Capitalist's Companion* was one of the few publications to predict that the recession would be more stubborn than the consensus predicted. And that long term interest rates were headed lower.

We won't always be right. But we'll always ask the question that stockbrokers and the financial biweeklies don't ask enough: "What can go wrong?" As long as Murphy's unseen hand runs the world, a *lot* can go wrong, and when it comes to investing, a little warning can help you avoid a lot of headaches.

Not only that, every issue of *The Companion* is written with wit and style. No jargon. No double-talk. No run-on sentences.

Try *The Capitalist's Companion* at a special trial rate: five issues for $19. Cancel anytime if you're not satisfied. To order, dial the toll-free number; we'll bill you. Or fill out the form below.

1-800-966-6567

24 hours a day; 7 days a week

( ) Please start me out with a 5-issue trial subscription for $19.
( ) I'd like to subscribe for a year (17 issues) at $120.

( ) Payment enclosed. ( ) Bill me.

Name _____
Company _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

The Capitalist's Companion
JOURNAL OF POLITICS AND THE FINANCIAL MARKETS

175 Fifth Avenue Suite 2503 New York, N.Y. 10010

TAS 11/91

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

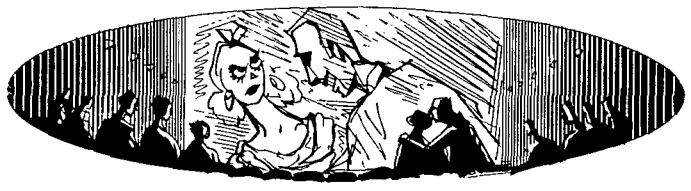
ual rights." NBC did not point out that it was the Founders' natural law tradition that provided the basis for constitutional amendments and federal laws protecting the individual rights of blacks —the underlying reason for Thomas's references to natural law in his speeches and writings. NBC's coverage probably stemmed from Laurence Tribe's partisan hit on Thomas and natural law in the *New York Times* in July, which suggested Thomas might invoke natural law to wipe out the social and moral agenda of modern liberalism. Typically, NBC's Tom Brokaw turned to none other than Tribe, and only Tribe, for an interview on Thomas and natural law.

Missing even from the print treatment was some important history. The press routinely said that in the past half century no nominee, much less any Justice, had ever relied upon natural law in constitutional interpretation. Not so. Hugo Black (him again) objected to the Court's decision in the 1965 *Griswold* case because it was "natural law due process philosophy." Moreover, the press failed to see the relationship between the Court's approach in *Griswold* and its approach in the turn-of-the-century, right-of-contract cases that our man Black believed were specimens of that very same "natural law due process philosophy."

Perhaps because it listened not only to Tribe but also to some judicial activists on the right, the press likewise did not distinguish between natural law as a moral philosophy and natural law as a rule of constitutional decision. On this distinction, Princeton political scientist Robert P. George had it exactly right in an op-ed in the *Washington Post*: "The existence of principles of natural justice does not entail the proposition that judges are authorized to substitute their own understanding of these principles for the understanding set out in the Constitution."

Finally, the press failed to scrutinize the muddleheadedness of Senator Biden, the Judiciary Committee chairman who took it upon himself to assail Thomas's thinking on natural law. In a long piece in the *Washington Post* two days before the hearings began, and during the hearings, Biden set forth his views. Among other things, Biden said he would vote against Thomas if the nominee thought the Court should apply natural law above the Constitution, yet he also thought Thomas should use natural law to interpret the Constitution's "great, yet sometimes ambiguous, phrases." No one bothered to ask whether doing the latter might put one at risk of doing the former. Who judges the judge indeed? □

THE TALKIES



WHO AM I?

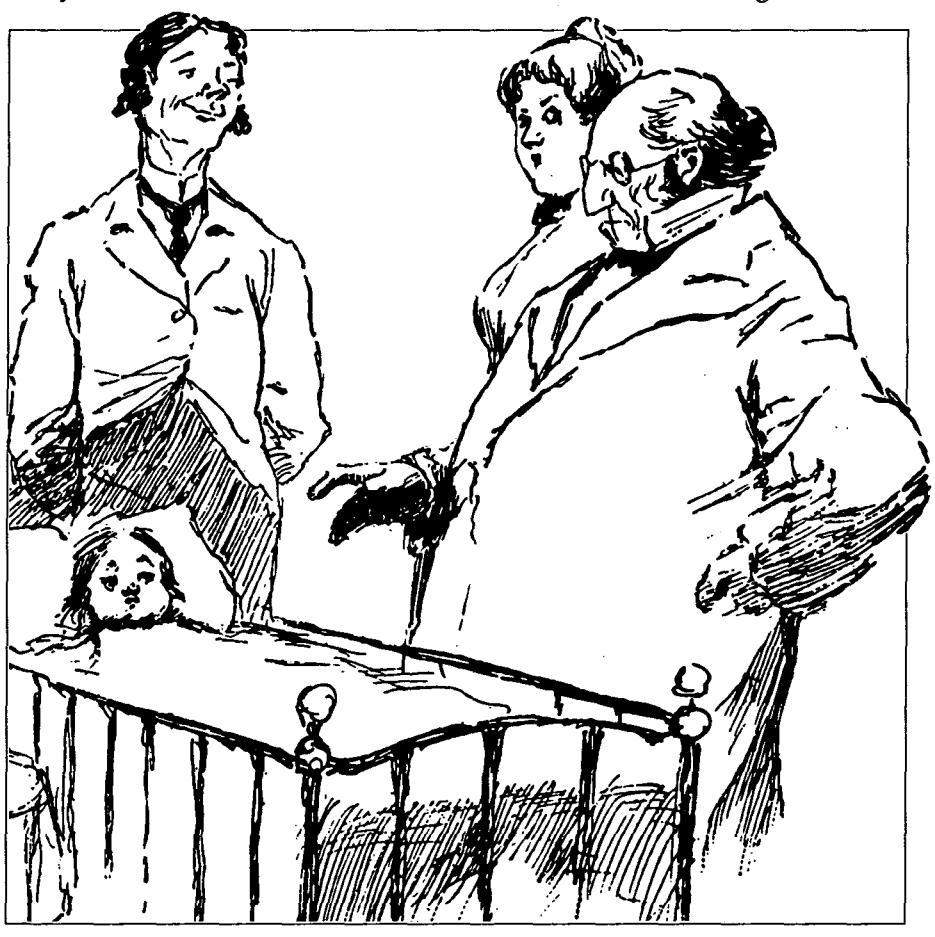
by James Bowman

During my freshman year in college I had a friend who took to wearing a heavy wool scarf looped through his belt and hanging down like a loincloth—only slightly to the left of where a loincloth would have hung. When I asked him "Why the scarf?" he replied: "It's part of my identity crisis." I remember thinking to myself: Are identity crises supposed to be quite so self-conscious? Aren't they more like Oedipus complexes—things you have without knowing you've got them or, if you know, without wanting them? Isn't it sort of against the rules to nurse them along by wearing scarves in unexpected places?

That did not strike me as the act of a man in crisis. But I was prepared to let it go as one of those heavy-silly imponderables to which, in adolescence, we attach the catch-all label: "profound." Richard Linklater's cult film, *Slacker*, is full of such profundities. From the first scene you know what's coming. The director himself directs a monologue at an impassive and unresponding cab-driver about how "every thought you have creates its own reality"—so that there must be other dimensions in which the things you didn't say or do were said or done and led to other, parallel realities that remain unexperienced. The cab driver is the only fully sympathetic character in the movie.

Unless, that is, you are 19 and into profundity. In which case a girl who replies to an apology for lateness by saying "That's all right, time doesn't exist" will sound to you like a philosopher—right up there with the sixties band "Chicago," who sang: "Does anybody really know what time it is?" To those of us who have grown out of that sort of thing, or who were mercifully spared it in adolescence, this is just one of the most boring movies since *Two Lane Blacktop*, the 1971 James Taylor vehicle that has got to be the most boring movie ever made.

Slacker has one promising moment in the middle where an aged anarchist and worshipper of various assassins and terrorists who obviously wouldn't harm a fly himself says: "There was a time when people acted on their beliefs." But it is hard to detect any irony in Linklater's presentation of him. In the context created by the film of scores of kids whose beliefs, insofar as they exist at all, are themselves opposed to action, he is just another in a parade of narcissistic jerks, playing with his own *schtick*.



In short, a wanker. If you don't know what that means you may well be able to figure it out from the salty dialogue of Alan Parker's new film called *The Commitments*. Here too the identity crisis is of the most benign sort: a bunch of Dublin teenagers get together to form a soul band in spite of the very reasonable protest timidly given voice to by one of them: "Don't you think we're, like, a little too white?" Not at all, as it turns out. Forget the political self-consciousness of their manager, Jimmy (Robert Arkins), who imagines an instinctive proletarian solidarity between the black ghetto and the Irish working classes, whom he calls "the blacks of Europe." It is the music alone that ratifies their assumed identity.

The picture is in a way an updating of the old Mickey Rooney–Judy Garland, c'mon-kids-let's-put-on-a-show type of thing. At least it does not flip all the way over into cliché by having the

James Bowman, The American Spectator*'s movie critic, is American editor of the* Times Literary Supplement.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

band "discovered" and made stars of. But I'm not sure that it is all that much better to have a quasi-authorial voice saying to Jimmy: "You raised their expectations of life, you lifted their horizons. Sure we could have been good and made albums and been famous; this way it's poetry." Wankers' poetry maybe. Nevertheless, the songs, which are beautifully done and given as much play as they are in the old musicals, impart an undeniable excitement to the film which, together with a genuine feel for the life of gritty, north-side Dublin, carries it through all such petty doubts.

Music like this, which is actually performed by the actors—including the remarkable Andrew Strong as the lead singer whom the film cleverly makes into a butt for the rest of the band—has that effect. It doesn't matter very much that the joke of having a pasty-faced Irish youth say "I'm black and I'm proud" does not have a lot of staying power, and that the point of the identity crisis, if there was one, is pretty much forgotten by the end.

The same thing happens, but with less happy results, in Charles Lane's high-concept film called *True Identity*. Here a black actor, played by the British comedian Lenny Henry, tries to avoid a mob hit by disguising himself as a white man. Once again, the mixed-identity jokes inherent in the situation wear pretty thin pretty quickly, and the pay-off—Lenny learns that "there's black, there's white, and there are meaningful shades of gray"—seems pretty gratuitous.

Perhaps this is the point: that the black-white switch ultimately has little meaning when put beside the generic human desire to stay alive and thwart an evil killer, well played here by Frank Langella as the mafia boss who himself has managed to efface his own outward identity with plastic surgery. The true nature of both characters shines through their irrelevant disguises. But the chase stuff here is second-rate, and a bland assurance that we are all human underneath the skin is not the stuff of which great art is made. If Lenny Henry's character's obsession with *Othello* had itself been more than skin-deep he might have seen in that play evidence that the accidentals of our identity are sometimes momentous in their importance.

The *Wunderkind* Kenneth Branagh's new film, *Dead Again*, is at once more serious and more frivolous as a meditation on the question of identity. For although the identity of the characters is both problematical and crucial to the outcome, it becomes an issue only on the assumption that two of them, Branagh and his real-life wife, Emma Thompson, are not only themselves—an amnesiac artist and a boyish private detective—but reincarnations of somebody else. A film within the film, shot as a forties-vintage black-and-white melodrama, tells the story of their previous life, in which they were married to one another. Branagh, an emigre German composer in Hollywood, had apparently murdered his wife and then been executed. Now they're back, and we are led to expect an appropriately bloody sequel to the drama of their earlier life.

Mention the word "reincarnation" to me and I react as I do to "aliens"—the words are charms to dissolve the counterweights on my suspension of disbelief, which then falls like a final curtain. Add to that fundamental implausibility lesser ones to do with an all-but-incomprehensible plot by an antique-dealer and hypnotist, played by Derek Jacobi, to foil trans-mortal justice for the 40-year-old murder and you would expect to have a dramatic Irish stew. Yet the plotting is so skillfully done, the characters so engagingly acted that Branagh could have thrown in a couple of aliens to boot and still have made an enjoyably suspenseful picture.

How it comes out is that we are convinced, first, that identity is soul-deep and repeatable in successive incarnations and then that it may easily be garbled in transmission. Love, for instance, which involves a couple in becoming "two halves of the same person," seems to have the power to render sexual identity irrelevant—as the politically correct will be pleased but not surprised to hear. If not for the fact that this is one of several things that you think about only after you've left the movie, I would say that it was spoiled by it. The thing is still fun, even though you can't believe in it.

At one point Robin Williams, who plays a defrocked psychiatrist turned grocery stock-boy, notices Branagh's inability to quit smoking and tells him that, as between smokers and non-smokers, "the trick is to know which one you are and be that"—words that have an ironic application to the larger question of identity in the film.

They might also apply to the situation Williams finds himself in in this month's film of the month, *The Fisher King*. There he plays a medieval historian in contemporary New York who, having witnessed the murder of his beloved wife by a mad gunman in a fashionable nightclub, flips out and takes to the streets with a new identity as Parry, "the janitor of God."

There he lives among sad homeless people and other social misfits whom he persists in seeing as happy, as he himself is with his past submerged in madness. He leads them in choruses of "I like New York in June, how about y-o-o-ou?" But a bubble of the old medievalist rises up to the surface as he imagines himself also to be a knight in quest of the Holy Grail—identified by himself through who knows what insane logic with a loving cup on the wall of a millionaire's house featured in an architectural magazine. He knows enough to know that the virtue of the Grail is "to heal the hearts of men" but not enough to know that it is his own heart that needs healing.

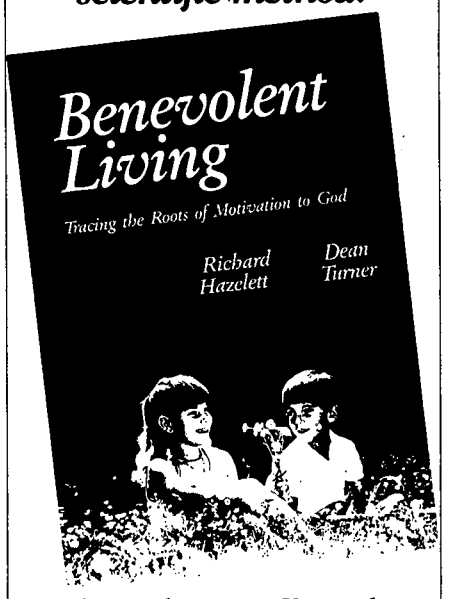
This is a film that shows what you can do with typecasting. Robin Williams is as clearly in his element as the manic quester, Parry, as Jeff Bridges is as the louche disc jockey, Jack, whose hip and flip comments over the air on the awfulness of yuppies provoked the shootings in the night-club and saddled him with a seemingly unshruggable burden of guilt. Nor does the inevitability of *The Fisher King*'s setup stop there. Robin Williams is as fond of inspirational therapy movies (*The World According to Garp, Awakenings*) as Jeff Bridges is of defiant failure ones (*Tucker, The Fabulous Baker Boys*); this is a seemingly impossible wedding of the two genres, neither of which by itself looks very promising.

To be sure, a little too much of the odor of inspirational therapy hangs about it, and I could have done with a less emphatic pointing out of the moral in the final scenes. But such occasional heavy-handedness seems to matter less, somehow, when healing is not simply the product of human ingenuity and determination but is bound up, as it is in the medieval legend, with the grace of God and atonement for sin. Williams's recital of a streamlined version of the story of the Fisher-King, whose agonizing wound could only be healed by a Holy Fool, is the centerpiece of the film and hardly suffers from the fact that Williams and Bridges are both Holy Fool and Fisher-King to each other.

It is also a very funny picture. A lot of good jokes arise out of the contrast between Parry's moments of lucidity and the sort of half-mad things that the sanest of us will do in moments of stress and preoccupation. "You're acting weird, Jack," says Parry, or "Who are you talking to?" The jokes are necessary to keep us as well as the characters at a certain emotional distance from the horror at the center of things, and they help us to face it along with them in the end. As in the medieval legend, they must fail first; they must take the long way round to healing. But when healing comes in the modern version it means for both men acquiring the courage to go back to being who they are: Parry must remember his wife's death to recover his self; Jack must obtain forgiveness in order to go back to disc-jockeying. The true identity crisis proves to have an ageless dimension and is not to be confused with adolescent experimentation. □

The Good News of the twentieth century

is that you can find the God of Moses and Jesus through the use of scientific method.



Read *Benevolent Living: Tracing the Roots of Motivation to God*. Gain religious knowledge that no one can take away from you. Achieve enduring calm and peace. Search for new joy in shared spiritual values, work, music, and intimacy.

This demanding book makes use of several disciplines. Yet no college training is necessary. You need only appreciation for rigorous thought, and love of the printed word.

It works. Why wait until old age to get wisdom when you can get it now? If you decide that *Benevolent Living* has failed you, return it within **90 days**, with proof of purchase from us, and the price will be refunded.

Help revive a dying civilization — your own

$19.95 in colorful quality hardback.*
Add $2 for shipping and handling.
California customers please add $1.45 sales tax.

800-326-2671
Fax 818-792-2121

Correspondents please state Visa/MC number and expiration date, with signature.

Distributed to religious bookstores by Spring Arbor.

ISBN 0-932727-32-8

Hope Publishing House
Southern California Ecumenical Council
696 South Madison Avenue, Box A
Pasadena, California 91106, U.S.A.

* Among the 443 large-type pages, scholars will find references to 1,200 carefully chosen works. 30 cartoons illustrate points.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOK REVIEWS

WOODROW WILSON

August Heckscher/Charles Scribner's Sons/752 pp. $35

Paul Johnson

Cathedocracy, or rule from the teacher's chair, the exercise of power by scholars, is a tempting theory of government. Is it not logical that the most learned should take the most important decisions? Cathedocracy worked well, for instance, in traditional Jewish societies. But, then, those were mere self-governing enclaves in Gentile states. They did not have to take ultimate decisions of peace and war—there is no word for army in Yiddish. Dr. Francia's Paraguay in the nineteenth century and Professor Salazar's Portugal in the twentieth were examples, albeit ruthless ones, of successful cathedocracies; both men ran their countries like highly disciplined academies, but only by isolating them from the contemporary world and at the price of storing up trouble for their successors.

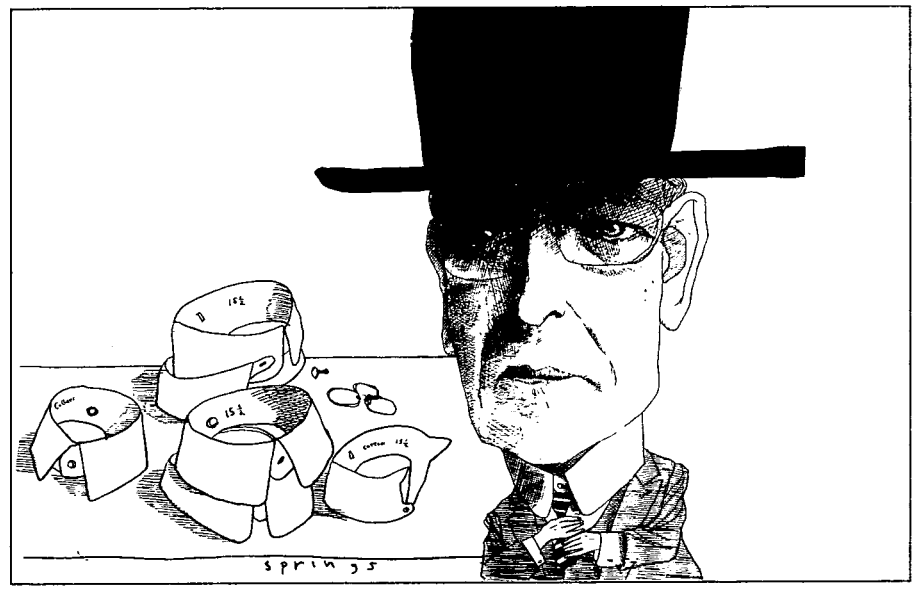
At first glance, no country could be more remote from cathedocracy than the United States, with its strong democratic and egalitarian instincts. Yet many of the Founding Fathers had an academic bent. Books as much as battles helped to create the new Republic, and scholarly interpretations of its constitution by learned judges have shaped much of its subsequent history. American society has always revered education, not least in its higher reaches, and college presidents are, or were until recently, among the most respected groups in the country. Yet what happens when a professor/college president actually takes over? The triumph and tragedy of Woodrow Wilson (1856-1924, and President 1913-21) is one of the most instructive stories in the whole of American history, and the appearance of August Heckscher's scholarly, thorough, and dispassionate biography provides an opportunity to draw some of its lessons.

Wilson came of Scots or Irish Calvinist stock on both sides of his family. His forebears struck roots in the South, which left some traces on his public persona, but his culture was essentially British-American. The statesman he most admired was the great reforming Liberal, William Ewart Gladstone, and his intellectual mentor was the worldly-wise banker-editor Walter Bagehot, who wrote so well on the practical problems of governing Britain and her empire. Wilson's Calvinism went deep. As a youth he experienced a characteristic "awakening," believing himself one of the Elect, and he retained throughout his life what he termed "faith pure and simple."

"My life would not be worth living," Wilson told a White House visitor in 1915, "if it were not for the driving power of religion." Religious certitudes certainly helped to bolster his political certitudes, not to say the self-righteousness with which he advanced his aims and which led the cynical French with whom he had to deal to call him "a lay pope." As Disraeli said of Gladstone, it was typical of him "not merely to keep aces up his sleeve but to insist God put them there," and similarly Wilson, who played hardball politics, insinuated he did so at the direction of Providence, likewise at his elbow when he wrote the Fourteen Points and planned the League of Nations. No one, not even Lincoln, used the quasi-religious rhetoric of the grand American tradition more effectively, or succeeded so often in conveying the impression that to oppose his policies was not merely impolitic but downright immoral.

Yet Wilson's family was also notable for teaching, reading, and non-conformity, and there were persistent liberal elements in his makeup as well. As Heckscher shows, he remained too much of a Southerner to do anything for blacks—quite the contrary—but he was almost totally without religious prejudice. Joseph P. Tumulty, his secretary and one of his closest advisers, was a devoted Roman Catholic, which raised many eyebrows at the time; and Wilson forced through, against much opposition, the appointment of the first Jew, the Boston lawyer Louis Brandeis, to the Supreme Court. Brandeis, for his part, had noted after their first meeting in 1912 that Wilson "has all the qualities for an ideal president—strong, simple and truthful, able, openminded, eager to learn and deliberate."

This tribute is worth setting against the image of Wilson as inflexible and arrogant. But the truth is there were many Wilsons. Though Heckscher sensibly does not engage in anything that smacks of psychobiography, the evidence he presents shows that Wilson was one of the most complex personalities ever to reach the White House. To begin with, he was not, as might be supposed from his mature career, an example of the relentless drive for success that Max Weber argued sprang from the "Protestant ethic" and, in particular, from its "salvation panic." He did not even learn to read until he was nine. Heckscher thinks he may have been dyslexic. More likely he was lazy and unmotivated. Upbraiding letters from his father suggest he long remained reluctant to work hard and, in particular, to become a successful lawyer, as Wilson Sr. wished. What he wanted to do, as he eventually discovered, was to teach and write, above all to teach and write about the workings of government.



Once he had discovered this calling, and had overcome his father's opposition, his career took off and he worked with staggering dedication. He came to academic life at exactly the right moment. The American university was coming of age and entering a period of unprecedented expansion. Johns Hopkins, where he taught, had just introduced the best traditions of German scholarship. Institutions like Bryn Mawr were rapidly extending higher education to women: Wilson taught there, too, and proved himself admirably qualified to bring women into the circle of academia. The growth of both the universities themselves and the variety of subjects taught there produced a huge demand for textbooks, and here, too, Wilson's arrival was timely. It would not be quite true to say that he invented politics as a subject. But he made it fashionable and supplied it with much of its working material. He launched himself with an expanded Ph.D. thesis, *Congressional Government* (1885), still in print over a century later, and he followed it with a number of highly regarded and much-reprinted volumes, including *The State: Elements of Historical and Practical Politics* (1889), a five-part *History of the American People* (1902), and *Constitutional Government in the United States* (1908). To a great extent he became the American Bagehot.

But Wilson was not content to be a successful teacher and compiler of university textbooks. At Princeton, of which he was a devoted alumnus, he discovered, when he joined the faculty in 1890, that fundamental changes were needed, and this led him to seek power. Here, too, he was part of a trend. Harvard was being transformed by Charles Eliot, Johns Hopkins by Daniel Coit Gilman, and Columbia by Seth Low, to give only three examples of the new breed of academic statesman then emerging. At Princeton, an old-fashioned New Jersey college noted chiefly for the training of Presbyterian clergymen, Wilson got his chance to join these illustrious men when in 1902 he was elected its first lay president. His vigorous attempts to transform it into America's and the world's greatest university —by no means wholly unsuccessful— were ultimately frustrated by what he saw as the malign exercise of the power of money. His grandiose plans met with

Paul Johnson's most recent book is The Birth of the Modern: World Society 1815-1830 *(HarperCollins).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

opposition; and his opponents learned to entice wealthy alumni into providing huge conditional endowments skillfully designed to make Wilson's philosophy of education ineffective. Heckscher's account shows Wilson, hitherto interested chiefly in how government worked rather than in what it ought to do, driven by his anger at this abuse of money-power into becoming a liberal reformer. It was the tremendous internal rows at Princeton that led to his resignation in 1910 and turned Wilson from a student of politics into an active performer.

And an astonishingly masterful one, too. Within three years, this academic theoretician, who had compiled *Congressional Government* without once having visited Congress, was installed—via a spell as governor of New Jersey—in the White House. It is a paradox that the austere-seeming Presbyterian college president was brought into the squalor of New Jersey politics at the invitation of the Democratic party bosses, who ran one of the most corrupt machines in America. But Wilson, then and later, showed himself extraordinarily strong and wily at exploiting just such opportunities. He allowed the bosses to put him into the governor's mansion, then turned on them with righteous fury. Here, too, he took advantage of a trend. The city machines had been all-powerful since the Civil War, but in the year before Wilson emerged, bosses like Croker at Tammany Hall, Ruef in San Francisco, Platt in New York state, and Quay in Philadelphia had been stripped of their feathers. Wilson quickly discovered that his lecture-room skills served him well for platform oratory. Heckscher describes how, in the days before amplification, his fine voice and admirable, often spontaneous, choice of words could hold audiences of up to 35,000 spellbound. In fighting machine politicians he developed his own dignified but nonetheless ruthless brand of populism. He emerged as the hero of the notorious Democratic party convention at Baltimore in 1912, one of the longest, most dramatic, and fiercely contested ever held, at the end of which he beat the Missouri boss, James "Champ" Clark, decisively (though, as Heckscher notes—and it is another paradox—under the more recent "democratic" rules, Wilson could never have won).

The Republican party had dominated American politics since the Civil War, and throughout Wilson's day it remained, in numbers of registered voters, much the larger organization. But until Theodore Roosevelt came along, the Republicans had chosen a series of duds. The Democrats had done little better, though in Grover Cleveland they at least produced a man of some integrity. But Cleveland had had to contend with the destructive rivalry of the great orator William Jennings Bryan, whose pseudo-intellectual crankiness made him a favorite with Democratic militants, won him the party's nomination three times, and—for the same reasons—made him unelectable.

Bryan's last great service to his party, however, was to help secure Wilson's nomination, which at last gave the Democrats a candidate of outstanding ability. Moreover, as a Southerner of liberal views, he was able to construct, for the first time, the classic coalition of Southern conservatives and northern and western progressives that was to remain the Democratic mainstay until the end of the 1960s. But the Republican following was such that Wilson was able to win in 1912 only because Roosevelt's Bull Moose party split the Republican vote. Wilson scored a miserable 41.8 percent, the lowest for an elected President since Lincoln's 39.9 in 1860. Even in 1916, after a successful first term, he only just squeaked home against a poor opponent, and again with a minority (49.3 percent) of the votes cast.

Yet Wilson's victory in 1912 was a turning point in American political history. He successfully stole Teddy Roosevelt's progressive clothes and gave back to the Democrats the political image they had possessed in the days of their founder, Andrew Jackson—identification with "the people." Not that Wilson was incapable of wheeling and dealing; quite the reverse. He rewarded Bryan by making him secretary of state, a hard-to-defend choice that smacked precisely of the "corrupt bargain" between Adams and Clay that had outraged Jackson and given birth to his Democratic party in the first place. All the same, the first Wilson Administration, in putting through a successful and coherent plan of much-needed reforms, has remained the model of all Democratic Presidents ever since. The Republican split not only put Wilson into the White House but also gave him a Democratic Congress. This was good fortune, but the way in which Wilson, who never sat in Congress, made himself the undisputed leader of the Democrats in both houses and persuaded them—along with many Republicans, too—to enact the legislative program he laid down, is without parallel in American history.

In Wilson's first year in office, the Underwood Tariff Act reversed the protectionist trend of sixty years, and the creation of the Federal Reserve system finally buried some of the most rooted prejudices in U.S. fiscal history. In the following year, 1914, the creation of the Federal Trade Commission and the Clayton Anti-Trust Act brought the Robber Baron era to an end. In 1916, the Federal Farm Loan Act (which created cheap agricultural credits) and the Adamson Act (which introduced the eight-hour day) completed the legislative foundation of modern American democratic capitalism. It is, by any standard, an impressive record. By the end of his first term Wilson had not only overcome the handicap of being the first Southerner in the White House since the Civil War, but also enjoyed a degree of personal respect, and indeed popularity, that far surpassed that of the still lowly regarded Democratic party.

The emergence of the mature Wilson, stern, aloof, almost awesome, high-principled, incorruptible, was not entirely a natural process. Heckscher traces the stages whereby the original Thomas Wilson, known universally as Tommy, became Thomas W. Wilson, then T. Woodrow Wilson, and finally the Jovian deity, Woodrow Wilson. The patrician Wilson of the White House overlay an earlier and more meretricious figure, not afraid of being thought dressy. Heckscher has unearthed a memorandum in which the young Wilson itemized his wardrobe, listing 103 articles, including pairs of spats, pearl-colored trousers, and a blue vest. The earlier Wilson was boisterous, joked, sang songs, and told stories brilliantly. Until his second term, Wilson retained this last gift: along with Lincoln and Reagan, he was the President who used the apt and funny tale to most effect. But he was also fond of women, highly sexed, even passionate, and capable of penning memorable love letters. His first wife, Ellen, was a proto-feminist, and their marriage a grand love affair. But it did not prevent Wilson from striking up, in due course, an acquaintance with a frisky widow, whom he met in his favorite vacation haunt, Bermuda. This developed into a liaison, which led in time to a bit of genteel blackmail. Ellen's death was nonetheless a bitter blow. But Wilson soon recovered and found a second wife, another merry widow, the 42-year-old Edith Bolling Galt, like Ellen an emancipated woman, who owned Washington's most fashionable jewelry store and was famous for being the first woman in the city to drive her own car. She was tall, Junoesque, and "somewhat plump by modern American standards," as one of the President's secret servicemen put it. Having secured this statuesque lady, President Wilson was described by an associate as jigging dance steps on the sidewalk and singing the current vaudeville hit "Oh, you beautiful doll, you great big beautiful doll!"

This light-hearted Wilson, however, retreated into the shadows as his second term involved him in war and, eventually, failure. Another Wilson, aggressive and even bellicose, jostled for the spotlight with Wilson the moralist and world statesman. Like many prominent academics, Wilson had long possessed a talent for irritable abuse. During his second presidential campaign, he cabled the Irish-American leader, Jeremiah A. O'Leary, who had accused him of pro-British sentiments: "Your telegram received. I would be deeply mortified to have you or anybody like you vote for me. Since you have access to many disloyal Americans, I will ask you to convey this message to them." When, at the beginning of his second term, Wilson proposed a bill to arm merchant ships in response to the German U-boat campaign, a group of senators staged a filibuster, and Wilson issued a statement that made sensational headlines: "A little group of willful men, representing no opinion but their own, have rendered the great Government of the United States helpless and contemptible."

There was, in short, a mean streak in Wilson, and a tendency to resort to force when he felt his moral principles threatened. He tried to compel Mexico to conform to his democratic notions and sent General Pershing on a punitive expedition deep into the country that might well have ended in disaster or full-scale war. He intervened in Central America and the Caribbean more than any other President before or since. He was no pacifist; on the contrary. That being so, it is curious and tragic that he failed to take the United States into the European war in 1915, when the sinking of the *Lusitania* provided a valid pretext. Earlier American intervention might have shortened the war and prevented the fearful catastrophes of the

Want to brush up on a foreign language?

With Audio-Forum's intermediate and advanced materials, it's easy to maintain and sharpen your foreign-language skills.

Besides intermediate and advanced audio-cassette courses – most developed for the U.S. State Department – we offer foreign-language mystery dramas, dialogs recorded in Paris, games, music, and many other helpful materials. And if you want to learn a new language, we have beginning courses for adults and for children.

We offer introductory and advanced materials in most of the world's languages: French, German, Spanish, Italian, Japanese, Mandarin, Greek, Russian, Portuguese, Korean, etc. —198 courses in 63 languages. Our 19th year.

Call 1-800-225-5400 for FREE 36 page catalog, or write:

AUDIO-FORUM
Room 2326, 96 Broad Street,
Guilford, CT 06437 (203) 453-9794

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years 1916-18, which changed the course of world history.

But here we come to the central paradox of Wilson: the way in which his moralism and his political pragmatism competed for mastery. During his first term, he developed an almost uncanny gift for perceiving the drift of U.S. opinion and giving it form, rhetoric, and a moral rationale—for leading it firmly in the direction where it was edging anyway. This skill underlay the success of his legislative program. For the first two years of the Great War, Wilson saw that most Americans wanted to keep out, and that there was no prospect of winning re-election except on a peace platform. So, with some difficulty, he held the balance between the combatants, and campaigned in 1916 on an aggressively pacifist platform. He avoided the charge of being indifferent to what was becoming a horrific struggle by identifying the United States, in a lofty, vague, but impressive way, with the long-term interests of the entire world. "In the days to come," he ended his closing campaign speech, "men will no longer wonder how America is going to work out her destiny, for she will have proclaimed to them that her destiny is not divided from the destiny of the world, that her purpose is justice and love of mankind."

Hence for the first time—but by no means the last—the Democrats won an election on a peace policy, and then proceeded to make war. Indeed, Germany's resumption of indiscriminate submarine warfare early in 1917 made U.S. intervention more or less inevitable. But if Wilson did not exactly enter the conflict with relish, he did so nonetheless with great determination and thoroughness. He not only created a vast war machine but also penalized—some would say persecuted—those who opposed it, culminating in the first of America's modern witch hunts, led by Attorney General Mitchell Palmer, perhaps the worst of Wilson's many bad appointments. Moreover—and this is a point that Heckscher deals with inadequately; it is the most serious weakness in his book—the kind of war Wilson chose to wage created for the first time a federal appetite for a growing share of the GNP, and it set up the institutions and devised the methods whereby that insatiable appetite has since been fed. It was another turning point in American history, for though Big Government went underground under Harding and Coolidge, it reemerged under Franklin Delano Roosevelt and has strengthened ever since. As the pacifist Randolph Bourne warned Wilson at the time, "War is the health of the state."

Wilson, to do him justice, saw some of these dangers. To meet them, and to distance his America from the (as he saw it) disreputable war aims of Lloyd George's Britain and Clemenceau's France, he devised the Fourteen Points and the League of Nations policy. But to wage war with all America's enormous resources, and at the same time to construct a peace that was not Carthaginian, was a difficult balance to maintain. It became more so as German behavior, up to and beyond the Armistice, led Wilson increasingly to distrust and despise the enemy. Hence Europe came to occupy all Wilson's attentions and energies. Therein lay his, and the world's, tragedy. It was not that most Americans did not support the war, or Wilson's efforts to make a just peace. The evidence suggests that, properly led, Americans would have done all that Wilson could reasonably have required, including participating in a world security organization. But his obsession with the affairs of Europe, and his actual—quite unnecessary—presence there during the Versailles negotiations, indicated that he had ceased to take note of what Americans were saying. He no longer intuited the American mood, then shaped and led it. Indeed, he did not lead at all: he commanded, and his commands were not obeyed.

Wilson began to make mistakes when he stopped listening, a corruption of power from which all rulers are liable to suffer—Margaret Thatcher is a recent example.

The first sign of disaster came in the midterm elections of November 1918, which Wilson handled in a lackluster manner, and which produced a Republican Congress. Here was a clear signal to Wilson to bring the Republicans, who scented a revival in their fortunes, immediately into the peacemaking process and into the shaping of the postwar security plan. Wilson did no such thing. He had always tended to autocracy in foreign affairs. When Bryan resigned, he appointed a feeble official, Robert Lansing, as secretary of state, and when even Lansing proved difficult, sacked him and put in his place a personal crony, a nonentity named Colby Bainbridge. He treated the new Senate majority leader, Henry Cabot Lodge, as an enemy, and of course he became one. It has long been apparent from the evidence, and Heckscher's recension confirms it, that through the League of Nations Wilson was the architect of his own destruction. American membership—and thus an American involvement in Europe that in all probability would have prevented a Second World War—might have been negotiated through Congress. But Wilson refused to compromise, or indeed to negotiate at all. He declined to make concessions that even the British, the strongest supporters of the League, would happily have accepted. As a result he got nothing, and the last, most disastrous, phase of American isolationism began.

Wilson's behavior was so far from his earlier ability to get Congress to enact contentious domestic legislation, and so contrary to the constitutional practice he taught in his books and lectures, that it suggests a rapid decline in judgment, itself the result of a physical deterioration. One of the merits of Heckscher's book is that he collates carefully all the medical evidence available on Wilson throughout his life. The evidence shows that from a comparatively early age he suffered from deep-seated, possibly inherited, circulatory problems. These produced a series of crises, one of which made him virtually blind in one eye, and which were plainly aggravated by overwork and strain. The President had great willpower, and could and did make extraordinary efforts to recover from these crises, but it is evident that for much of his second term he was unfit to hold office. Admiral Grayson, his personal physician, should accordingly have advised resignation, in the interests of both his patient and the nation. But he owed his rapid, and much resented, naval promotion to Wilson's patronage, and the last thing he wanted was to see Wilson quit the White House. The President's deteriorating health made him irritable, resentful of criticism, and quite unwilling to dissipate any of his remaining energies on conciliating his opponents. His physical condition effectively cost him the battle for the League of Nations some time before a massive stroke at the end of September 1919 destroyed his remaining usefulness as a public servant.

What followed was a scandal, from which no one emerged with credit. Edith Wilson had, from the moment of her second marriage, taken a close interest in the presidential power structure. She had helped to oust Wilson's chief crony, Colonel House, and had stripped Tumulty of much of his influence. She now engaged with Grayson in a conspiracy to conceal from Congress and the public the true state of the President's health and his incapacity to conduct the nation's business. This involved playacting in which the helpless invalid collaborated, insofar as he was able, when anxious congressmen were brought into his bedroom. It also involved Mrs. Wilson's taking many executive decisions herself, and forging her husband's signature on public documents. The fraud should have been prevented by Lansing. But he proved pusillanimous and, even when sacked, failed to expose it. The man who had the right and duty to take over, Vice President Thomas R. Marshall, also flunked his responsibility. Marshall was a singularly unambitious man, quite content with his humdrum role. Thus, in effect, an unelected woman governed America, insofar as it was governed at all, for the last year-and-a-half of the Wilson presidency.

The stricken Wilson made a limited recovery, oddly enough surviving his unfortunate Republican successor, Warren G. Harding, and dying in 1924. His widow Edith lived on until after John F. Kennedy, another President handicapped by serious illness, entered the White House. In the meantime, the world paid a heavy price for Wilson's obstinate refusal to admit the political consequences of his physical state. It is a daunting story, and Heckscher tells it plainly, truthfully, and without sensationalism.

Wilson's career, as I say, holds many lessons. One is that intellectuals sometimes make successful rulers: a man who teaches the art of government can also practice it. Cathedocracy can work, at least in peacetime. But governing is a two-way street. Wilson began to make mistakes when he stopped listening, when he continued to lecture but ceased to converse, a corruption of power from which all rulers are liable to suffer—Margaret Thatcher is a recent example—but which in his case was catastrophically accelerated by illness. Hence, not the least of the lessons is the need for objective medical supervision of anyone who holds as much lawful power as an American President. I say objective because the political supervision of a ruler's health is open to the strongest objections: for example, following Lenin's first stroke, it was Stalin who got the Central Committee to appoint him medical superintendent of Lenin's well-being, a maneuver that led directly to the final breach between the two men. But the fact that as recently as the early sixties a U.S. President became seriously dependent on amphetamines, as the result of reckless medication of which even insiders knew nothing, shows that the "Wilson Problem" is recurrent. And, since the great of the earth habitually develop a close, often fiercely personal relationship with their medical adviser, its solution will not be easy. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PETER LAWFORD: THE MAN WHO KEPT THE SECRETS

James Spada/Bantam Books/504 pp. $22.50

M. G. Lord

The first time I saw Peter Lawford on television was in the late sixties. I was twelve or thirteen, and even with a child's susceptibility to trendiness, I sensed that this withered actor with Beatle bangs, gray mutton-chop sideburns, and a Nehru jacket could be dismissed as an old fool. So if I was shocked by James Spada's new biography of Lawford, it was not because of any disclosures about Lawford's late-in-life substance abuse: it seemed perfectly logical that a washed-up actor who fought bankruptcy with gigs on "The Gong Show" would seek solace in chemicals. Nor was it because Lawford, who was once married to John F. Kennedy's sister Patricia, procured starlets for in-laws Jack and Bobby: the former President and attorney general were indiscriminate about sexual partners; why should they have been fussy about a go-between?

No, what astonished me was that anybody—especially a style-conscious creature like JFK—had *ever* taken Lawford seriously. Without irony, Spada tells us that, just as Kennedy assembled "the best and the brightest"—people like Theodore Sorensen and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.—as his presidential advisers, he turned to Lawford, the soon-to-be slobbering juicer and junkie in the Nehru jacket, for tips on dress, in recognition of Lawford's "sophistication, his savoir faire, and his sartorial flair."

True, at the time, Lawford's look was a little different: more Cary Grant, less Timothy Leary. And he had powerful Hollywood cronies, like Frank Sinatra, leader of the infamous Rat Pack, a group of overgrown juvenile delinquents who used the word "dig" when they meant "understand." Thanks to Kitty Kelley's widely reported allegations of a romantic link between Old Blue Eyes and Nancy Reagan, it's hard to remember a time when Sinatra had Democratic sympathies. It's also hard to figure out why the mob-connected crooner and his untalented friends captured the imagination of the American public.

Spada doesn't make it any easier. To insure that his gossipy, tabloid tone is untainted by profundity, he steadfastly refuses to interpret any of his facts or even place them in context. His style as a biographer is to bulldoze dirt onto the reader, without ever sifting through it or relating one shovelful to another, as when he piles up the details of the sexual affairs between Marilyn Monroe and the Kennedy brothers—first Jack, then Bobby. This is unfortunate, because important nuggets are lost in the debris: To this day, how many Americans know that Bobby paid Marilyn a visit on the day of her death and left Los Angeles a few hours after her alleged suicide? Or that Lawford, who introduced Monroe to the Kennedys, combed through the sex goddess's apartment while her corpse was still warm to remove all evidence of the "Catholic family men." Spada also implies that, by ignoring Monroe's desperate phone calls on the night of her death, Lawford hastened her demise, knowing that she had threatened to tell all and wreck Bobby's career.

The Monroe coverup was the nearest thing in Lawford's life to a finest hour. An unaccomplished actor, philandering husband, and disastrous father (he gave his son cocaine as a present on his twenty-first birthday), Lawford could at least do something right: procure women. He not only hooked up his high-ranking pals with top-of-the-line sexual appliances like Monroe, he made sure nobody took a fall if the appliances started to break down.

Lawford stands in sharp contrast to Stephen Ward, the other notorious procurer of the 1960s, whose bungling brought down an entire British government. Ward was a social-climbing osteopath who fixed up Conservative Minister of War John Profumo with chorus girl Christine Keeler. (This was before one referred to political bimbos as "model/actresses.") Unfortunately, Keeler also had a thing going with an accused Soviet spy, and when the story leaked to the press it led to Profumo's resignation, Ward's suicide, and the election of a Labour government. Lawford's skill and discretion are all the more impressive when he is compared with a less efficient practitioner of the same craft.

Although Spada doesn't mention Ward, his prologue suggests another provocative analogy: that Lawford was a sort of male Marilyn—an insecure, pretty man with gender-identification problems (when Lawford was a child, his mother dressed him as a girl) who was destroyed by a weakness for drugs, booze, and the wrong guys. Although Spada drops the analogy, the reader can't help but stumble upon clues to substantiate it. Lawford married and had many girlfriends, but his strongest attachments seem to have been to men—specifically Sinatra and JFK. In fact, one of the few moments when Lawford's behavior strayed from the reptilian to the vaguely human was when he learned of President Kennedy's assassination: he wretched and sobbed on the floor of his Lake Tahoe hotel room.

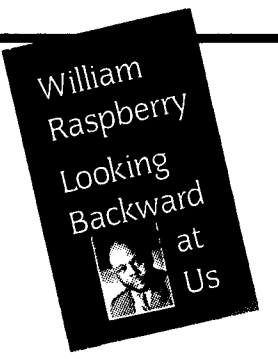
Certainly Lawford's mother contributed to his misogyny. Even a feminist opposed to the practice of blaming Mom would have to admit Lady Lawford was trouble. A serial marrier, vindictive drunk, and ruthless social mountaineer whose frigidity drove her first husband to kill himself, May Lawford (née Bunny) never wanted to breed. While married to her second husband, however, she overcame her aversion to "that horrible, messy, unsanitary thing that all husbands expect from their wives" and conceived Peter adulterously in order to snare her third husband, Sir Sidney Lawford, and, with him, the title "Lady."

Peter's childhood was played out against the backdrop of her alcoholism. Thwarted in her own theatrical ambitions, she pushed him toward the stage. When he was ten, she ordered his tutor to stop teaching him math and Latin so that his career options would narrow. Her pushing finally paid off, but, curiously, once he obtained a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, she turned on him. At a time when studios could break contracts if performers violated a rigid moral code, she once tried unsuccessfully to convince Louis B. Mayer that Peter was homosexual.

Whatever modest affection Lawford might have felt for her was replaced with loathing. Although Spada never makes the connection, one has to believe that the intensity of Lawford's passion for the Kennedys was a function of his mother's enduring antipathy toward them. Long before Peter tied the knot with Patricia—back when Joseph P. Kennedy, Sr., Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, urged appeasement of Hitler—Lady Lawford referred to the clan as "those barefoot Irish peasants." "The fire of hell," she spat, "isn't too hot for old Kennedy." In 1960, she threatened to take to the streets with a "Vote for Nixon" banner.

It's hard to say whether the Kennedy connection made or destroyed Lawford, whose career from the sixties on fizzled to the point that he was largely forgotten by the time of his wretched death in 1984. If he hadn't been distracted by the responsibilities of pimping, throwing orgies, and covering up, would he have been remembered as a great—or even a competent—actor? Did he guzzle, snort, and toke to blunt fantasies of what he might have achieved? Or was it to blunt memories of what he had, in fact, done? □

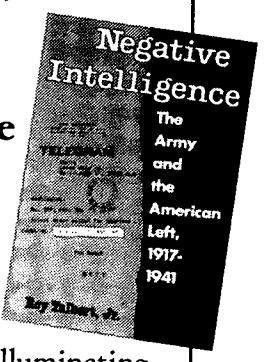
M. G. Lord is a columnist and cartoonist for New York Newsday.



WILLIAM RASPBERRY

Looking Backward at Us

Justice and injustice, race and gender, people and programs—to these subjects loaded with discord and heated opinion, the noted *Washington Post* columnist gives objectivity and balance in this collection of the best of his columns.
$17.95



Negative Intelligence

The Army and the American Left, 1917-1941

BY ROY TALBERT, JR.

"Penetrating, illuminating and well written"—*Library Journal*. From recently opened Military Intelligence archives, an incredible story disclosing military espionage against U.S. civilians and leftist groups.
$37.50

MasterCard/VISA

Shipping: $3.00 first book, $1.00 each additional book.

University Press of Mississippi

3825 Ridgewood Road
Jackson, MS 39211-6492
(601) 982-6246 / Fax (601) 982-6217

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MY FAVORITE SUMMER 1956
Mickey Mantle and Phil Pepe/Doubleday/246 pp. $18.95

I HAD A HAMMER:
THE HANK AARON STORY
Henry Aaron with Lonnie Wheeler/HarperCollins
333 pp. $21.95

Matthew Scully

It's a part of the charm of Mickey Mantle autobiographies—there are now at least four of them—that the Mick can never quite figure how an ordinary guy like himself ever inspired such deep, unshakable devotion. *Being* Mickey Mantle somehow places him outside the whole experience, so that, to this day, a generation after his retirement, he can only express boyish amazement at it all. Of all people to tell The Mickey Mantle Story, he at times seems the least competent.

Nor has the Mick been well served in this one by veteran *New York Post* sports columnist Phil Pepe. The best to be said in Pepe's defense is that he's not such a hack as whoever assisted in the 1984 *Mick*, which ended with the sentence "Until I see y'all around again, I'll just say so long for now," followed by Mantle's signature. The awful tendency is to exaggerate Mantle's Oklahoma idiom, so that the book reads more like something from his composition class at Commerce High School than the mature recounting of a great career.

Uncheapened by hack writing, the Mantle story is a drama of paternal sacrifice: Mutt Mantle slaving in the coal mine day after day so Mickey would never have to go there; naming him after the Tiger catcher Mickey Cochrane, and placing a little mitt in the boy's crib; coming home each evening to pitch to Mickey until dusk, insisting he learn to be a switch hitter; and then dying, a young man, just after Mantle's first World Series. Here, in one of the better moments in *My Favorite Summer 1956*, Mantle recalls the time when, after going 0-for-22 in his rookie season, he called Mutt to say he'd had enough:

> I said, "Dad, I want you to come and get me, I can't play."
>
> "Where you at?" he asked. . . .
>
> He got to the hotel and knocked on the door. I opened the door and he just walked in and the first thing he did was grab my suitcase, one of those old cardboard jobs. He slammed it on the bed and started throwing my clothes in it. . . .
>
> "What are you doing?" I asked.
>
> "I'm taking you home," he said, and I could see there was a tear in his eye. "You can work in the mines with me. I thought I raised a man. . . ."
>
> We sat up that night and we talked quite a bit and the next morning he went back to Oklahoma and I stayed.

That last sentence, obviously Mantle's unaided voice, has a Hemingway-like quality: spare, simple, but powerful when you think of Mutt driving back home to obscurity, and the boy, after toughing out another stint in the minors, succeeding Ruth, Gehrig, and DiMaggio.

The rest of the book is pretty standard baseball fare, interesting only if you didn't know already that Whitey Ford was a cut-up; Billy Martin a carouser, but like Whitey "a great guy" with whom Mick "liked to party a lot"; Roger Maris a "great guy" and reluctant hero; Yogi a funny guy given to malapropisms like calling Mick's ability to hit both ways "amphibious"; or Casey Stengel, hard to follow sometimes, but a great old guy and like a father to the Mick.

There are some good stories about '56—his favorite year because that's when he edged out Ted Williams for the Triple Crown and when the Yanks beat Brooklyn in a subway Series. But mostly the book reads like this:

> Billy and I kept water pistols in our locker, and some nights Billy would fill his pistol and begin squirting water at me. Then I would get my pistol and fill it with water and I'd start shooting at him. This would go on for hours. We'd try to hide from one another, taking cover behind a trunk or in a locker and try to ambush each other . . .

Though you would not want him to expand much further on the topic, there's a wonderful innocence in this passage. So too in Mantle's account of walking through Central Park and over the Harlem River to get to the Stadium back in '56, or taking the subway all by himself, unaccosted. Such images help explain why the name Mantle will always have an aura that, say, the name Jose Canseco will not: a happy, uncomplicated kid traipsing through the park, suiting up, and, at the appropriate moment, depositing one high in the seats and then trotting modestly around the bases—with none of today's high-fives, curtain calls, and post-game whining. Mick recalls:

> After the 1955 season the Yankees sent me a contract for $32,000. To me that was all the money in the world. My dad probably didn't make that much in all the years he worked in the mines. I didn't even try to get the Yankees to give me more. I just signed the contract and sent it right back. I couldn't wait to go to spring training to get ready for the 1956 season.

About Martin, though, there's something ominous in Mantle's recollection that "occasionally, Whitey and I would sneak out with Billy." Readers of the more confessional *Mick* will recall that his good buddy Billy led him into adventures that were alarming, especially to Mrs. Mantle. Mick says he resented owner George Weiss's fear that Martin was "a bad influence" and "not the Yankee type," because, after all, Billy was such a great guy and fine competitor and, in those early years at least, the team did so well. But Mantle repeats here that he regrets having had to retire at 37 "because I didn't take care of myself." Without arguing that you can't be a Yankee great and a reckless rounder too—the Babe, at least, challenged that proposition—it's hard to believe the Mick's career, to say nothing of his marriage, would not have prospered more without Martin's social tutelage. However fond Mickey may have been of his friend, one suspects Mutt would have led the bum away by the scruff of the neck.

The touching thing about Hank Aaron, by contrast, is that he avoided all of Mantle's mistakes, broke just about all the records, and yet, he tells us, got nowhere near the same adulation and ended up feeling somehow unfulfilled. In part, this is because he is plainly a man of greater depth than Whitey and Billy and Yogi, for all their amiability. But it also attests to the influence, not entirely helpful, of friends who entered his life as he approached real fame in 1974, and of a ghost-author, Lonnie Wheeler, who writes well but insists that the man's achievements be measured by their political significance—a measure bound to end in disappointment. The question is, we're reminded several times, "where baseball fits in the greater scheme."

Despite the inevitable trite conclusion to which this approach leads (the struggle for social justice means "more than a bunch of home runs. I can only hope, and keep hammering"), the book is a moving personal testimony. Wherever baseball might be in the "greater scheme," there is no doubt that one of the game's finest gentlemen had to put up with unbelievable abuse. Following Jackie Robinson by just a few years, Hank was favored with the same warm epithets from the stands. At one point, the future baseball legend was literally chased out of a Southern town for presuming to walk down the main street. Another time, Aaron and Willie Mays were driving along when some unfriendly-looking police officers stopped them—smiling only when they recognized Willie. "It was okay to be black as long as you were Willie Mays," Aaron writes.

And then there are memories like those Aaron has of a Washington, D.C., diner, where they were willing to serve a black man, so long as they didn't have to keep the dishes afterward: "I can still envision myself sitting with the [Indianapolis] Clowns in a restaurant behind Griffith Stadium and hearing them break all the plates after we were finished eating. What a horrible sound."

It is understandable, then, that in the small slights that even famous men encounter Aaron can still hear the crashing of plates. On racial matters, he says, "I make it my business not to be content," which "rubs some people the wrong way." Although in fact this attitude doesn't really rub one the wrong

Matthew Scully is assistant literary editor of National Review.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

way, such is the man's integrity and sincerity, the racism theme does undergo a bit too much hammerin'.

He gripes, for instance, that people see him and say, "There goes the man who broke Babe Ruth's record," instead of simply, "There goes Henry Aaron." But Maris experienced the same thing with his 61 that Aaron did with his 755. After a big salary hike, Aaron discovered, "the Atlanta fans weren't shy about letting me know what they thought of a $200,000 nigger striking out with men on base." Doubtless the jeers were given a distinctly Southern flavor, but fans *always* hurl abuse at the big-money player who whiffs at the critical moment. Fans are like that, and, save for a Jimmy Piersall, one is expected to ride it out and silence the idiots next time at bat, as indeed Hank usually did. Or again, Aaron is angry at not being hired as a manager after retirement. But the Babe himself—who also absorbed his share of uncharitable commentary from the bleachers—went to the next world in 1948 still resentful because the Boston Braves had laughed off his repeated offer to become manager in the thirties.

At exactly what point do Aaron's arguably fair grievances with professional baseball—disproportionately few blacks in management, almost no black managers—become the familiar diffuse, unanswerable indictments of society? Hard to say, though a reliable indicator in *I Had a Hammer* is the arrival in his life of Jesse Jackson.

Jesse, we discover, had also befriended Ernie Banks just as "Mr. Cub" was nearing the 500-home-run mark, as he apparently befriends just about every black man who is due some media attention. Even as he recounts how Jackson secured him endorsements from companies accused of discrimination, Aaron seems never to suspect that his new friend might have motives unrelated to the cause of civil rights. It attests to Jackson's own unique gifts that he could turn baseball's all-time highest achiever into a political dependent.

Gripes aside, though, one likes to think the real character of Henry Aaron is revealed in the book's better passages, as when he recalls the evening he hit number 715:

> When I was alone and the door was shut, I got down on my knees and closed my eyes and thanked God for pulling me through. At that moment, I knew what the past 25 years of my life had been all about. . . . I didn't feel a wild sense of joy. I didn't feel like celebrating. But I probably felt closer to God at that moment than at any other in my life. I felt a deep sense of gratitude and a wonderful surge of liberation all at the same time. I also felt a stream of tears running down my face.

If there is any enduring "social relevance" to Aaron's achievements, it lies in this example of a persevering and grateful spirit, not in the truculent spirit of his friend the King-hanger-on-turned-professional-media-hound. Nor indeed, if we had some way of determining who has brought more good into the lives of black Americans, or provided a better example of character and manhood, is it at all certain that Mr. Jackson would beat out Mr. Aaron, Mr. Cub, or, for that matter, Mr. Mantle. □

THE UNITED STATES OF AMBITION: POLITICIANS, POWER, AND THE PURSUIT OF OFFICE

Alan Ehrenhalt/Times Books–Random House/309 pp. $23

Peter Hannaford

"The oddest riddle of American politics in recent years," says Alan Ehrenhalt in *The United States of Ambition*, is that Republicans have won five of the last six presidential elections, while Democrats consistently control Congress and most state legislatures.

Ehrenhalt half-accepts one familiar explanation: that voters may have different expectations of different offices. For the presidency, we vote for values we are comfortable with nationally—Republican values. At lower levels—where election is a matter of "delivering services" and "generating programs that voters, on a day-to-day basis, refuse to give up"—the Democrats excel.

But Ehrenhalt thinks the media wisdom that Americans simply have an unquenchable desire for two-party government is wrong. What has happened, he says, is that men and women are no longer elected on the basis of party or ideology. Most elective jobs are full-time, and people enter politics for "sheer enjoyment," a far cry, of course, from the ideal of public service. "What matters most is ambition"—energy, time, willingness to work for little money, and (not least) enthusiasm for government. Democrats tend to have these qualities in spades; Republicans tend to channel their ambitions into business and other non-political careers.

Below the presidential level, Ehrenhalt contends, "there is no reason to believe that voters are trying to tell us much of anything. They are responding in an essentially passive way to the choices placed in front of them." The choice is usually between (1) a person who is articulate, energetic, committed, and fighting for a *career* in government, and (2) a person who lacks these qualities. The former, usually a Democrat, wins.

Ehrenhalt traces the new politics of ambition to the breakdown of hierarchical political structures: machines and "downtown" business groups in the case of cities, parties in the case of state legislatures. These gatekeeping structures screened candidates for dependability in what were then part-time jobs. They were supported by disciplined organizations that could make policy decisions quickly and quietly.

All that has been swept away. There are several reasons why, among them a loosened grip on power by the machines as old leaders died and retired; one-man-one-vote court decisions; and, not least, sixties campus radicals itching to change the world. Today, many, perhaps most, candidates are "self-nominating." Ehrenhalt writes:

> Equality, individualism and openness are the crucial values of American politics in the 1990s. They are the values of the participants—the people who, having helped discredit old-fashioned hierarchical leadership, have taken advantage of the absence of leadership to nominate themselves to office and begin immediately to govern.

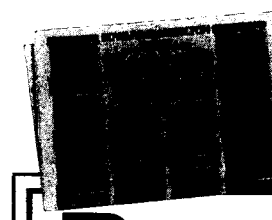
In careful and absorbing detail, the author traces the change over the last three decades, through the experience of four states (Wisconsin, Connecticut, Alabama, and Colorado) and four cities (Concord, California; Sioux Falls, South Dakota; Greenville, South Carolina; and Utica, New York). Although he is even-handed in his depiction of individual cases, he betrays a faith in ever-expanding government. Indeed, he considers occasional victories by limited-government candidates as aberrations, reflecting nothing more than a "backlash." He ignores the ongoing conflict between those who see government as a potential solver of all problems and those who are skeptical about its ability—or its right—to do so.

So, clearly, Ehrenhalt's "new politics" will be less useful in explaining presidential races. He divides presidential candidates into the "self-nominating" breed (Jimmy Carter, Gary Hart, Richard Gephardt, Michael Dukakis) and the "standard-bearers," who represent a set of ideas or a well-defined theme (Robert Taft, Ronald Reagan). George Bush comes out a hybrid: self-nominating in 1980, standard-bearing in 1988. Carter was perhaps the first to run "as the reflection of his own ambitions and values, representing no established interest in the society." (If so, his undoing provided voters ample reason to opt for standard-bearers in all three elections since.)

The author admires the drive and commitment of the new-breed pols, but sees a critical flaw in the system that has developed since the breakdown of party hierarchy in the 1960s: "It has allowed power and leadership, at many levels, simply to evaporate." Ehrenhalt, who thinks higher taxes are the only way to cure deficits, clearly likes ever-expanding government. He leaves the impression that, for him, an ideal system would combine the efficiency and discipline of the machines with liberal tax-and-spend legislation. Alas (for him), *ad hoc* coalitions have replaced solid constituencies, leaving elective representatives to perform a precarious balancing act. The decline of political networks allows more scope to the new-style candidate; it also gives him nothing to fall back on once he is forced to govern.

The resulting paradox is that public opinion polls show large numbers of Americans disgusted with Congress as a body, while voting patterns tend to insure the re-election of incumbents. For those non-careerists who think government's role should be more limited, there is a way out of this paradox: term limitations. □

Peter Hannaford has been active in Republican politics for many years.



FREE CATALOG
Huge Selection
Lowest Prices

Bargain Books

Choose from recent publishers' overstocks, remainders, imports and reprints—up to 8,000 titles each month, including 600-1,500 new arrivals—most at savings of 50% to 80%.

We publish a new catalog every 4 weeks, each offering an immense selection from all major publishers, and with more books at $1.95, $2.95, $3.95 than you'll find anywhere else: **Politics,** Biography, Science, Art, Literature, Fiction, Health, Movies, Nature, Gardening and more. Something for everyone, from yesterday's best sellers to titles you never knew existed, most in limited supply. We normally ship within 24 hours with a moneyback guarantee.

Please send me your Free Catalog of Bargain Books.

Name

Address

City

State Zip

HAMILTON
Box 15-590, Falls Village CT 06031

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIEDS

BOOKS

SWEET AND SOUR CAPITALISM
How capitalist will the new China become? Author Dr. Donald J. Senese reveals what is really happening in China today. With informative introduction by Senator John Warner. 160 pgs., $15.00. Council for Social and Economic Studies, 6861 Elm St., Suite 4H, McLean, VA 22101

PRESIDENTIAL BIOGRAPHIES. Send 29¢ stamp for monthly listing of available titles. New & out-of-print books. American Political Biography, B-39 Boggs Hill Road, Newtown, CT 06470.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS located. Whitted, Box 603-SP, Fairmont, NC 28340.

After Gorbachev?
Soviet-born prof. Ernest Raiklin examines the turbulence in the USSR and explains why he foresees the emergence of a totalitarian form of state-capitalism. Well-documented w/charts, paperback, $9.50. Council Soc. & Econ. Stds., 6861 Elm St., Suite 4H, McLean, VA 22101.

OLD BOOKSCOUT locates outof print books. Write Greenmantle, POB 1777 AS, Culpeper, VA 22701.

USED BOOKS. Christian, History, Military, Free list. BN&T, 2021 Maleady, Herndon, VA 22070-4019.

Education and Ethnicity
The U.S. Experiment in School Integration
By Ralph Scott Ph.D. Scholarly studies reveal that American education is deteriorating partly due to legislated school desegregation. 128 pages, paperback, $15.00 (postage incl.). Council for Soc. and Econ. Studies, 6861 Elm St., Suite 4H, McLean, VA 22101.

AIDS: Has God visited this scourge upon mankind because of transgression? Read CREATION AND CULMINATION by Arthur Standard. Hardcover, $10.80. D&S Distributors, P.O. Box 296, Chester, NJ 07930.

JAYNE'S BOOKSEARCH

OLD & RARE BOOKS

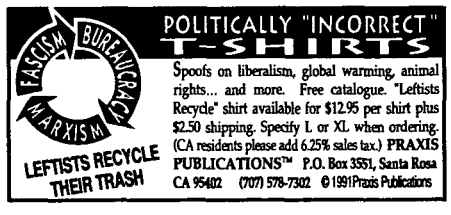
Bought • Used • Sold • Searched

Estate Libraries

325 Valley Rd.
Havertown, PA 19083
(215) 449-1679

Adam Kaplan, Prop.
Open 9-5:30
Monday-Saturday

MERCHANDISE



POLITICALLY "INCORRECT" T-SHIRTS

Spoofs on liberalism, global warming, animal rights... and more. Free catalogue. "Leftists Recycle" shirt available for $12.95 per shirt plus $2.50 shipping. Specify L or XL when ordering. (CA residents please add 6.25% sales tax.) PRAXIS PUBLICATIONS™ P.O. Box 3551, Santa Rosa CA 95402 (707) 578-7302 ©1991Praxis Publications

MERCHANDISE

BABY MILK PLANT IRAQ

All cotton, U.S.-made T-shirt with the above inscription, IN PERFECT ENGLISH, as seen on CNN on smocks worn by stylish Iraqi workers in former Baghdad Biological Weapons/Baby Food Factory. Specify size (S,M,L,XL) and send $12.00 postpaid (N.Y. state residents add sales tax) to: Morbius Laboratories, Box 82, Sloatsburg, N.Y. 10974 (custom fire-damaged shirts $3.00 extra!)

MISCELLANEOUS

RUSH LIMBAUGH FAN CLUB, P.O. 44470, BR, LA 70804-4470.

SICK OF QUAYLE JOKES? Join the Lay the Hell Off the Vice President Society. SASE to LHOVPS, 5648 Riverdale Avenue, #79, Riverdale, NY 10471.

VACATION

MAUI VACATION. 2BR 2BA white-sand beachfront condo on Maalaea Bay. All amentities. From $90/night dbl 619-447-6538.

EDUCATION & INSTRUCTION

GENDER ISSUES QUIZ

Are conservatives smarter than liberals?

What do prehistoric "families," some tribal societies, housing projects and barnyards have in common? Chaos! caused by loss of the *gender contract* between men and women.

What is the *gender contract?* It is the delineation of intra-family rights and responsibilities whereby a woman is (was) assured by a man of protection and sustenance, in return for legitimate, inalienable children. This *contract* is the foundation of civilization.

What went wrong in modern times? Government negated the *contract.* Divorce courts, following the liberal imperative of redistributing wealth, routinely evict and pauperize fathers. The welfare empire aspires to replace them.

Other prejudices are double standards in crime punishment, e.g. the right to kill husbands, affirmative action job schemes and negative image portrayls.

Of what consequence to society is all this? Deprived of respect for paternal discipline and self-sufficiency, children often fall into delinquency and dependency.

Who are more responsible for the mess, liberals or conservatives? Both; liberals on principle, conservatives from disregarding the *gender contract,* influenced by perverted chivalry. Having more common sense, conservatives may be more educable and society's best hope.

What conservative publication promotes this new perspective? *The Liberator* 17854A Lyons, Forest Lake, MN 55025. Sample issue $2.00

EDUCATION & INSTRUCTION

Speak French like a diplomat!
Comprehensive, self-instructional audio-cassette courses used by U.S. State Dept. Programmed for easy learning; 63 languages in all. Call or write for free catalog. **1-800-243-1234** Our 19th year.
audio-forum® Dept. 748, 96 Broad St. Guilford, CT 06437

FINISH YOUR DEGREE
IN ONE YEAR OR LESS
60 Sem. credits req'd. Finish BS, MBA, MA, PhD, JD/Law Degree. BA Challenge Exam (3 yr. prior college req'd). Year round. No classroom attendance. Free information.
CITY UNIVERSITY LOS ANGELES
3960 Wilshire Boulevard
Los Angeles, CA 90010-3306
1-800-262-8388
1-213-382-3801

ELECTRIC MUSTARD MATH TRAINER™ helps your child master arithmetic facts. $14.95 (poster, audiotape). Algebra Tutoring, Dept. TAS, 505 Hollywood Dr., Knoxville, Tenn. 37919.

SPEAK FRENCH OR ANY LANGUAGE AS U.S. DIPLOMATS DO!
Self-study audiocassette courses developed for U.S. State Dept. now at **savings up to 60%!** Call or write for FREE catalog **1-800-722-6394.**
AUDIO-LANGUAGE INSTITUTE®
516 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 622, Suite 507, NY, NY 10036.

COLLECTIBLES

OWN A PIECE OF HISTORY
Historic letters and documents signed by the greatest history makers who ever lived. Free Report. History-Makers™, 5435 N. Emerson Way, Dept. 21G Indpls., IN 46226 317/542-9480 Ext. 21G

VIDEO

RARE VIDEO
Discover the *Facets Video* collection of 12,000 foreign, classic American, silent, documentary, fine arts videos. Purchase or rent-by-mail. *Free* sampler catalog.
FACETS VIDEO • 1517 W. FULLERTON • CHICAGO 60614
CALL TOLL-FREE: 1-800-331-6197

PUBLICATIONS

CONSERVATIVE REVIEW
An incisive, authoritative, traditional (not *neo*-!) Conservative bi-monthly, now in its 2nd year. Institutions $56.00 per year; Private Subscribers $28.00. For a free sample copy send $2.00 (postage/ handling) to: CR, 6861 Elm St., Suite 4H, McLean, VA 22101.

JEFF MACNELLY INTERVIEW, humor, satire; $3.00. WAKE UP MAGAZINE, 1912 Timberview, Arlington, TX 76014.

PUBLICATIONS

THE FUTURE OF FREEDOM FOUNDATION

WE DON'T COMPROMISE!

For a free sample
of our work, write
Future of Freedom Foundation
P.O. Box 9752, Dept. A
Denver, CO 80209
(303-777-3588).

Or send $15 ($20 foreign) for a one-year subscription to our monthly publication, *Freedom Daily.*

IT'S TRUE!

JOHN LOFTON does have a newsletter now and some folks will be horrified because he's telling the truth about liberals and conservatives -- and from a Biblical/ Christian viewpoint: "The Lofton Letter," Box 1142, Laurel, Md. 20725. $100 a year.

ADVERTISE AND GET RESULTS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

JAPANESE WOMEN seek friends, marriage. Other Orientals too! Free brochure: PACIFIC CENTURY, 110 Pacific #208-JX, San Francisco, CA 94111. (816) 942-1668.

RECEIVE SPECIAL BLESSING. Send $1, SASE: Sister Stokes 484 Lakepark #284 Oakland, CA 94610.

MEET WOMEN WORLD-WIDE

FREE 32 page catalog from America's most respected correspondence service since 1974.
CHERRY BLOSSOMS
Box 190AN Rainbow Ridge
Kapaau, Hawaii 96755
1-808-961-2114

ATTRACTIVE ORIENTAL LADIES seeking correspondence, marriage. Dignified presentations since 1984. Asian Experience, Box 1214TR, Novato, CA 94948. (415)897-2742.

PERSONALS

SCANDINAVIA-RUSSIA-USA, etc.: Worldwide correspondence, romance for bright, sincere professionals (since 1980). SCANNA Int'l., POB 4-AS, Pittsford, NY 14534 (716)586-3170.

MEET CHRISTIAN SINGLES: Local, Worldwide by Phone or Mail. Find Friendships, Love, Dating, Marriage the Sensible way! Free Brochure, Samples: 1-800-323-8113 Ext. 297.

ASIAN LADIES DESIRE CORRESPONDENCE! Overseas, sincere, attractive. World's #1 Service! Free details, photos! SUNSHINE INTERNATIONAL-Dept. HE, Box 5500, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745. (808) 325-7707.

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Rates: $1.10 per word

($5 extra for *TAS* box number if desired.)

$35 per column inch for classified display ads.

Pre-payment required for all ads.

Special Discount Offer:
Pre-pay for 3 ads—
get a 4th ad free.

Enclosed is: $_____ for ____ insertions

Ad classification: _____

Name: _____ (please print)

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____

Zip: _____

Send ad copy with this form to:

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR
Classified Department
P.O. Box 549
Arlington, Virginia 22216-0549

MOVING?

Don't forget *TAS* Address Changes Made Easy

1. Please write your new address in the space provided.
2. Attach the mailing label from your most recent issue.
3. Return this form to us at the address listed below.

That's all there is to it. Just be sure to allow six weeks for your change to take effect.

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR
Circulation Department
P.O. Box 549
Arlington, VA 22216-0549

(Please attach address label here.)

IMPORTANT
Allow six weeks for address change.

☐ Renew my subscription for one year (twelve issues—$33)

☐ Payment enclosed

☐ Bill me later

Name: _____ (please print)

Address: _____

_____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

Date of change: _____

CORRESPONDENCE
(continued from page 7)

Bruce's article, "Cuba's Open Boats" (*TAS*, September 1991), was a notable and high-quality study of the continuing effort of many Cubans to get out of an oppressive country.

The only criticism I would have is the suggestion that a significant number of the Marielitos were "criminals, psychiatric cases, and sex offenders." As Rojas notes, about 125,000 Marielitos left the island in 1980-81. However, most accounts indicate that the number of "undesirables" was about 2,000. That means that 98.4 percent of the Marielitos were quite decent people who will make a substantial contribution to the United States. How "pure" can you get? Even Ivory Soap is only 99.44 percent pure.

—Thomas F. Conlon
Washington, North Carolina

***Rust* Removal**

I take exception to Terry Eastland's interpretation of the *Rust* ruling ("Gag Rulers," *TAS*, September 1991). I agree that the administration's regulations are not best viewed in terms of the First Amendment, but this does not automatically qualify as support for the constitutionality or appropriateness of the restrictions on medical advice received at health centers.

There are, as I see it, two serious objections to the restrictions. First, the administration did not appropriate the money for the health services—Congress did. If the Congress had desired restrictions on medical advice, then the Congress could have added them with a majority vote. Due to the President's veto power, Congress can now remove the restrictions only with a two-thirds majority.

My major objection to the administration policy, and the Supreme Court ruling, is the injection of the bill-payer into the doctor-patient relationship. This is an incredibly dangerous precedent, and should be opposed by all conservatives. Let me give two possible extensions to this ruling. First, into the lawyer-client relationship. All public defenders are paid by government funds. Would it be proper for a state to save money by restricting the right of public defenders to discuss appellate procedures with defendants? Secondly, into private doctor-patient relationships. Most of us enjoy medical care that is mostly funded through insurance plans. Would it be proper for an insurer to demand, as a condition of payment for service, that doctors not discuss expensive medical treatments with their patients? In all of these cases, third-party monetary payments could turn the professional into an agent of the money-provider instead of an agent of the patient/client.

The sanctity of the doctor-patient relationship predates the Constitution. It ill-behooves the Supreme Court to allow the administration to interfere with this tradition.

—Frederick Sands
Woodinville, Washington

If It Ain't Broke . . .

I am in receipt of your most recent circulation appeal, which casually reveals the decision to drop the tabloid-sized format of *The American Spectator.* The intent, you say, is to bring the look of the magazine into the 1990s.

That is PC piffle. What is so hot about the 1990s, stylewise? Are we in a design renaissance of some sort? If so, mention in avant-garde journals has failed to reach me.

Was this decision actually made by the production department which your letter indicates has now taken control of the magazine? Fire the bastards. Our glorious Congress is less dangerous. Did any of these social engineers suggest a round format? Or triangular? Or trapezoid?

What in the hell is a standard-sized magazine anway? My coffee table is unable to tell me. Do you intend to copy *Time*? Will you go head-to-head against *Architectural Digest*? Have you been smitten, God forbid, by the *National Geographic*? . . .

—George McArthur
Vienna, Virginia

Coming January 1992

The new AMERICAN SPECTATOR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The American Spectator
Special Holiday Gift Rates

In celebration of our 25th anniversary, we offer special holiday savings. Your first gift order is just $29.95 for 12 issues and additional orders are only $24.95 each (a savings of over $8.00 off the basic rate). You can even include your own renewal. We will send a handsome card announcing your generosity during the holiday season and gift subscriptions will begin soon after.

☐ Please send ***American Spectator*** gift subscriptions to the people listed below. My cost is $29.95 for the first gift and $24.95 for each additional order.

☐ Include my own renewal for 12 issues at this special rate.

☐ Bill me later ☐ Payment enclosed
(Add $4 for each subscription sent outside the U.S.)

☐ Charge my: ☐VISA ☐MasterCard

Card #: _____

Exp. date: _____

Signature: _____

My Name _____
(please print or attach mailing label)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Send a special Holiday Gift Subscription to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Gift Card to read "from _____"

Send a special Holiday Gift Subscription to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Gift Card to read "from _____"

Send a special Holiday Gift Subscription to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Gift Card to read "from _____"

Send a special Holiday Gift Subscription to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Gift Card to read "from _____"

Send a special Holiday Gift Subscription to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Gift Card to read "from _____"

XM91H1

In a hurry? Call 1-800-341-1522 to place your gift orders.

The American Spectator • P.O. Box 549 • Arlington, Virginia 22216-0549

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CURRENT WISDOM

New York Times

On the front page of the leading gazette of racially tranquil New York, an apparent call for affirmative action on Death Row . . . or race riots. You figure it out:

Nearly half a century and at least 1,000 executions since it last happened in the United States, a white person was executed yesterday for killing a black.

[September 7, 1991]

Washington Post

The inscrutable gibbering that passes for thought at a National Endowment for the Arts grant-making orgy:

Nine days before the advisory council met, the review panel was reconvened by telephone. Frohnmayer explained that "the record was not as complete as it might otherwise be" with respect to the Hughes, Miller and Fleck grants and said he wanted to deal with "the artistic issues."

The panelists praised all three artists and again voted unanimously to award the grants. "Though there may be backlashes and pain as a result of this, I really feel it's extremely important that we embrace the arts. . . . We mustn't be afraid," one unidentified panelist said.

"Let me ask the very crass and difficult political question," Frohnmayer said. "What am I going to say when one of our critics comes in . . . and says, 'Geez, they funded a guy who whizzes onstage?' "

A panelist answered: "Who knows? Who cares? They're good."

[September 18, 1991]

Vancouver Sun

The *Vancouver Sun* reports on another Toronto tourist trap:

Two lesbians, who say they enjoy bondage, order a drink and retire to the club's whipping bench. They take turns thrashing each others' behinds as one at a time they arch their backs over the leather-bound table, securing their wrists in buckled stirrups. . . .

For Gallo, Fetish Night is like a sexual supermarket where she can spend the evening shopping around before making a final selection. She says it's one of the few places in Toronto where she can find what she's looking for—a man who wants to be controlled.

"If you go to [an average singles club], it's hard going up to a guy and saying: 'Excuse me, do you mind tying me up?'

"Here, I'll approach people, find out what they're into and arrange to meet them later if we're in sync." . . .

Heymes notes that police regularly check the club and have made no complaints.

"We're offering a venue for people who are into that lifestyle to show themselves off.

"Isn't it fantastic that Toronto has something like that to offer?"

[August 13, 1991]

Toronto Globe and Mail

Miss Jodie Foster, inspired by genius:

As we await the dawn of this kinder, gentler era, the gaps between the haves and the have-nots seem to be widening. Foster concedes the point, and stresses her concern for "those who are marginal," a concern mirrored in her choice of roles and advanced during her stint at Yale: "There was a strong emphasis on humanism at that time [the early eighties]. So I'm disturbed by the rebellion against political correctness in colleges these days, all those white boys in suits who are upset because there are new values emerging, because they might have to read Virginia Woolf." When it's suggested that the new values may be displacing equally valuable traditions, that even Virginia may be consigned to the scrap heap of Dead White European Females, Foster shakes her head and, ever so slightly, bristles: "No. The changes were necessary. The truth is that George Bush went to the same college I went to, and what he learned about humanism then is reflected in what he does now."

[September 11, 1991]

Federal News Service

The *Wall Street Journal* passes on another oratorical masterpiece preserved by the Federal News Service some time after its point of origin, the Hon. Joseph Biden, finished his three-martini lunch:

Senator Biden: "Okay. I'm beginning to understand. So, natural law informed the notion of liberty. You and I have both read—because of our backgrounds, I suspect—we've both read—I won't get into Aquinas and Augustine and all that, but Locke looked back to the concept of natural law as an evolving notion. Montesquieu talked about it. Jefferson understood it. He was in Paris. He was probably the only one that fully understood it. But others who were there writing the Constitution, they talked about it, they had what they wrote—both the Declaration, as you say, in other places and in the Constitution—they reduced these broad notions of natural law—the natural rights of man to this document."

[September 12, 1991]

New York Times

The sage, Anthony Lewis, once again quite full of himself, or, as the phrase has it, full of feces:

There are ironies for Americans in the victory of democracy over Soviet Communism. During the years of the cold war the United States often seemed to lack faith in the power of its idea. Washington consistently undervalued the attraction to people elsewhere of the American system of constitutional government and individual rights.

We relied on weapons to win what was essentially an ideological struggle. And in the third world we repeatedly embraced tyrants in the name of anti-Communism.

Moreover, we compromised our libertarian ideals at home in order, we were told, to fight Communism. We traduced the First Amendment's promise of free speech and association in order to stamp out anything that certain politicians said was tainted with Communism.

McCarthyism has never looked more shameful, or more self-defeating, than it does now.

[August 30, 1991]

New York Times Book Review

Another bizarre communiqué from Robert S. Pirie, New Age archeologist:

I read with interest Angela Carter's review of "Peter Doyle" by John Vernon (July 14). The novel's subject matter—a quest for Napoleon's amputated penis—is more accurate than Mr. Vernon or Ms. Carter apparently realized.

Napoleon's penis was removed from his body by the surgeons attending at his death. The penis eventually came onto the market with other relics from the estate of Abbé Ange Paul Vignali, Napoleon's chaplain on St. Helena, and was offered by the Rosenbach Company in a 1924 catalogue where it was item No. 9—described as "a mummified tendon taken from Napoleon's body during the post-mortem." The penis then found its way into a prominent New Jersey collection and is now owned by a surgeon at the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center.

—Robert S. Pirie
New York

[August 18, 1991]

Kansas City Star

The sound of 1968:

If I had children, I would explain Pee Wee Herman's arrest by telling them that the police who raid adult movie theaters are fascists who entrap innocent people.

I would also tell them that in the United States people are supposed to be considered innocent until proven guilty, but it doesn't always work that way, because it sells more newspapers the other way around.

I would consider it a good time to talk to them about not feeling guilty when they masturbate. Masturbation comes naturally to children; killing does not.

The heroes I would warn them about would be Schwarzenegger, Schwarzkopf and Rambo.

—Larry Peugeot
Kansas City

[August 8, 1991]

Club Sandwich

A report in the Paul McCartney fan magazine proves that the highest form of civilization is the leaf-eating gorilla:

We were in Zurich at the time, early days on Paul and Linda's 1989-90 World Tour, and Linda was backstage debating vegetarianism with one of the roadcrew.

"It was OK to eat meat, Man had always eaten meat; it was traditional," ran the argument against her.

"Why," the crewman continued, "it's not as if they're anything but cows. You're not being cruel to animals by eating beef. You're not eating somebody's pet."

"Well why not?" said Linda, "Why not take your puppy, stun it, slit its throat as its little heart still beats and roast it? Why not serve it up with potatoes and peas, enriching the gravy with the puppy's own blood?"

"But that's horrible," said the crewman.

"But that's exactly what you do with roast lamb," said Linda, "that's how a lamb gets to your dining table . . ."

IT MADE YOU THINK.

Months later, in Tokyo, Paul was reflecting on how certain riggers on the tour had almost rebelled at the idea of being fed the vegetarian diet that we all ate before the shows.

"We need our meat," they'd told him, "we're big guys, we need our protein, we need to be kept pumped up."

"Listen guys," said Paul, "do you know what the butchest creature in the animal world is? A gorilla. He's big, he's huge, he's pumped up, he's muscular . . . and he eats leaves."

IT MADE YOU THINK.

[Spring 1991]

The Great Books Series

In the greatest autobiographical eruption since Pepys's *Diary*, Dan Rather reveals himself as essentially a Real Guy:

Did I change my identity in the process to edit out my Texas core? Nope. My talk is still not purged of Texanisms. I'll say of a faker or fraud, "He's all hat and no cattle." Or, "If you believe that, you'll believe that rocks grow." Or, "If you believe that, you'll believe that you can find a stick with one end." Sometimes strangers mistake this habit as an affectation. It's not.

If something strikes me as super-rough, I may call it "hellacious," which is not in the dictionary. As in: "U.S. Marines along the Persian Gulf highway are in a hellacious fight tonight." If it's merely audacious, I may label it "bodacious." As in, "The Army's 101st Air Assault force made a bodacious move into the Euphrates Valley."

I remember that when my pals and I went to see *The Outlaw* with Jane Russell, whose bosoms had been called "hypermammiferous" by *Time* magazine, one of us, it could have been me, talked admiringly of her "bodacious ta-tas."

It was a phrase popular among boy/men in our part of the country at that time. I was amused to hear it used years later in the film *An Officer and a Gentleman.* The film writer used it in the dialogue of a character from Oklahoma. He was marveling at the feminine attributes of a young woman similar to Jane.

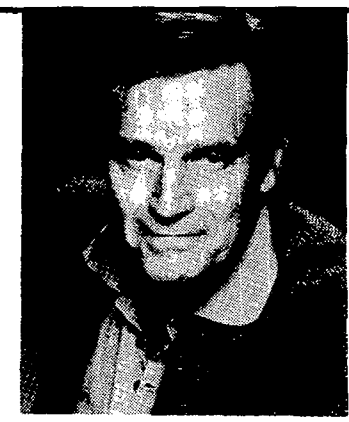
Bodacious echo from the past.

[from I Remember, *by Dan Rather with Peter Wyden. Little, Brown, 261 pp., $19.95]*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INTRODUCTORY
$1.00 OFFER

The World's Great Philosophers *Talk To You*



Charlton Heston Narrates *The Giants of Philosophy*

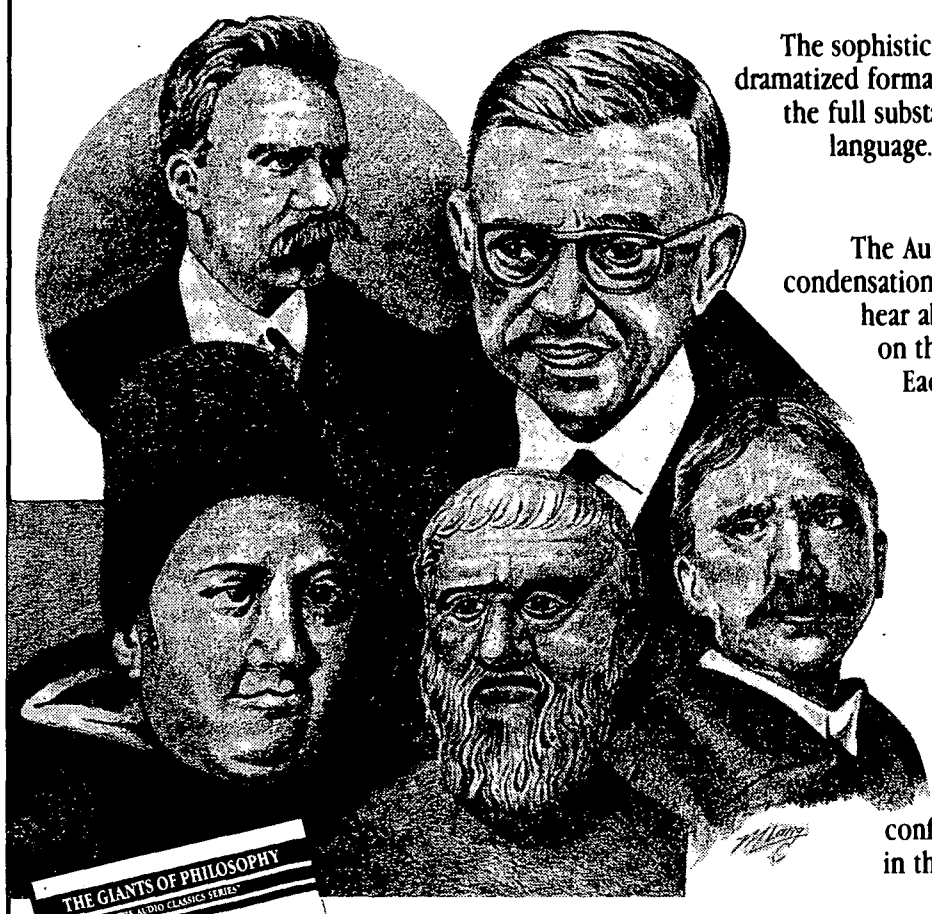
$1.00 Trial Offer

Every 4 weeks you'll receive almost 3 hours of enlightenment and entertainment. You can receive the first selection, *Plato,* at the special price of $1.00 plus $2.00 shipping and handling — a savings of $13.95. All selections are guaranteed, and you have the right to return the current album, for any reason, within 15 days. Try the Audio Classics to stimulate your mind, broaden your horizons, and enrich your life.

"Moderation in all things."
"I think, therefore I am."
"The unexamined life is not worth living."
"And it is this that everyone understands to be God."

In *The Giants of Philosophy,* you'll survey 13 of the world's greatest philosophers (plus others who worked with or against them). You'll see how each philosopher created a complete and coherent system of thought, including their views on ethics, metaphysics, politics and esthetics. You'll learn about their epistemology — how we know what we know. And you'll learn how each thinker related to his times and to the work of other philosophers over the centuries.

The sophisticated, complex and subtle ideas of great philosophers are now available in a dramatized format that entertains and informs. Yet like all Knowledge Products productions, the full substance and content of these ideas are presented in clear and understandable language. Each presentation invites the intelligent listener to ponder the great ideas without struggling through an academic or simplified writing style.



DRAMATIZED PRESENTATIONS

The Audio Classics are not simply readings of great books — they are dramatized condensations of philosophy, politics, economics, war, and other timeless topics. You'll hear about the lives of classic authors and great historical leaders, the influences on their work, the criticisms and praises of observers, and much more.

Each presentation combines the skill and imagination of talented actors with the narration of leading American journalists like ***Charlton Heston, Walter Cronkite, Louis Rukeyser, George C. Scott*** and ***Harry Reasoner.*** The Audio Classics Series™ is an efficient, enjoyable way to acquire knowledge. You can listen to these cassettes again and again with fresh insights and renewed enjoyment each time!

THE AUDIO CLASSICS SERIES™

Hear *The Giants of Philosophy* pursue answers to life's most provocative questions. From later cassettes in the Audio Classics Series, you'll discover the insights of *The Giants of Political Thought,* relive the creation and adoption of *The U.S. Constitution* (narrated by Walter Cronkite), more keenly understand economic progress and conflict in *The Great Economic Thinkers* (narrated by Louis Rukeyser), and explore the roots of crisis and conflict in *The United States at War* (narrated by George C. Scott). Every tape in the Audio Classics Series recreates a fragment of history, brimming with the importance of our past, present and future.

CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-876-4332
TO START YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TODAY!

☐ **YES!** **Send me,** for $1.00 plus $2.00 shipping and handling, *Plato,* and begin my no-risk subscription to the Audio Classics Listening Library. I will receive an album of two cassettes every month, and you'll charge my credit card $14.95 plus $2 shipping and handling ($6 outside the U.S.) for each album. If I'm ever displeased, I have the right to return the current album within 15 days and owe nothing. I may drop out of the program at any time without penalty.

Sales tax must be added for residents of TN and IL

Introductory Offer $1.00

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

☐ Charge my credit card.

☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa ☐ American Express

EXPIRATION DATE

ACCOUNT NUMBER

SIGNATURE

#0076

KNOWLEDGE PRODUCTS™ Customer Service Center • Box 305151 • Nashville, TN 37230

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED